

Strangely He Feels at Home in this Place

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Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
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Categories:	F/F , F/M , Gen
Fandoms:	Minecraft (Video Game) , DreamSMP - Fandom , Minecraft diaries - Fandom
Relationships:	Aphmau & Garroth Ro'Meave , Aphmau & Laurance Zvahl , Aphmau & Levin , Aphmau & Malachi , Zoey & Levin , Aphmau/Zoey Taltatheil , Levin & Malachi (Minecraft Diaries) & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Garroth Ro'Meave & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) & Laurance Zvahl , TommyInnit & Aphmau , Tommyinnit & Zoey , Aphmau & Aaron Lycan , Donna/Logan (Minecraft Diaries) , TommyInnit & Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Tommyinnit & Toby Tubbo , Katelyn (Minecraft Diaries) & TommyInnit , Lucinda & TommyInnit , Aaron Lycan & TommyInnit , Kenmur/Emmalyn (Minecraft Diaries)
Characters:	Aphmau (Minecraft Diaries) , Zoey (Minecraft Diaries) , Levin (Minecraft Diaries) , Malachi (Minecraft Diaries) , Garroth Ro'Meave , Laurance Zvahl , Dante (Minecraft Diaries) , Aaron Lycan , Travis Valkrum , Donna (Minecraft Diaries) , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Kawaii~Chan (Minecraft Diaries) , Katelyn the Fire Fist (Minecraft Diaries) , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Floris Fundy , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Lucinda (Minecraft Diaries) , Yip (Minecraft Diaries) , Brian (Minecraft Diaries) , Kenmur (Minecraft Diaries) , Emmalyn (Minecraft Diaries) , Kristin Rosales Watson
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[one can tell us we're wrong](#), [Tommy and Aaron duo my beloved](#), [Witch TommyInnit \(Video Blogging RPF\)](#).

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Part 1 of [Protect Me From the World I Used to Know](#)

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Strangely He Feels at Home in this Place

by [Brownie_Bear_Apocalypse](#), [StoryWarrior](#)

Summary

After exile, TommyInnit runs. He won't be welcome in L'Manberg, nor will he be welcomed by his eldest brother. It seems like salvation is impossible until Tommy finds a portal leading to another dimension. A dimension where a warm home, and a future, loving family is waiting for him.

Or: Tommy gets adopted by Aphmau and raised as Levin and Malachi's big brother.

Notes

Hi everyone! This is my first Dream SMP fic, and it is especially centred around Tommy and- giving him a healthy family. I also adore the idea of an Aphmau/DreamSMP crossover and there aren't many so I have to do it myself. Updates will be inconsistent, every chapter will also be named after a line in a song. The name of the fic is from Cavetown's 'Home'.

Hope you guys enjoy.

WE HAVE A DISCORD FOR THIS STUFF:

<https://discord.gg/XRVHw9UT>

COME JOIN US!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

I Just Want Somebody Near Me

Chapter by [StoryWarrior](#)

The wind tore through the thin remains of the young boy's shirt, causing him to shiver, letting out a quiet whine as he tried desperately to move, stumbling, ignoring the cold that threatened to stop him in his tracks. Left, right, left, right. His greasy, matted blonde hair blew about wildly while he ran.

Of course, the boy, by the name of Tommy knew what he was inviting by running away. Away from his exile, his punishment. If he was caught...

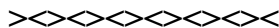
He tried desperately not to think about what that masked man would do. Just keep moving. If he could find a place to rest for even a *day*, just somewhere he could take some healing potions or even some armour or tools, he would be fine.

The boy cried out as he collided with the thick snow, pushing himself up as he gazed upon the cottage in the snowy clearing, smoke wafting from the chimney. He brought a hand in front of his face to try and stop the snow from blasting into his face, further numbing his face. The crows that settled on the branches unnerved him, almost as much as the figures he saw from the window. All at once, the cacophonous voice of his eldest brother rang into his ears.

"You want to be a hero Tommy? THEN DIE LIKE ONE!"

The fear drove into his heart, stopping his movement. His ears went flat, fluffy tail curling tightly. He couldn't go *there*. Not there. Images of the pit, the blood-stained sword, and the hissing flashed through his mind. He took one more look back at the cottage, before he turned tail and continued running further away.

No crows cawed. They remained silent spectators. Every single one was fast asleep. If only they could have seen the boy's fragile frame disappear into the blizzard.



The wind still tore at Tommy's frame. Since running he proceeded to lose one of his shoes, the sock damp and sending cold needle pricks through his foot. Too many times he tried to turn back, before the fear drove him further on.

Maybe he should go back? And yet...and yet...

“Put your things in the hole, Tommy.”

He wouldn't go back there. But what 'there' was he thinking of now? Tubbo exiled him, he lost L'Manberg, Wilbur- his brother was dead, his father wouldn't care, didn't care. And Techno-

Well, the piglin hybrid made it *crystal clear* how little he cared for his youngest brother.

“Shit-” The curse left the boy's chapped lips as he tumbled down a hill, wincing as the rocks cut against his already fragile skin, wincing as he stopped moving. For a moment, Tommy wondered whether he should get up. Wouldn't it be easier if he just lay there?

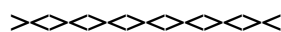
As the wind ceased, a low, resonant hum entered the boy's ears, faint, but he couldn't quite tell if that was because it was far away, or the fault of the explosions he heard and suffered day after day after day after-

He pushed himself up, following the hum. The snow slowly began to settle, the wind calming, yet still freezing him where he moved. And for the second time that day, Tommy froze.

His gaze moved across the large quartz archway in front of him, almost camouflaged by the spruce trees that littered this environment, flowers and mushrooms littering the ground. It shone with a portal. But unlike the darkness of the End Portal, or the purple of the Nether of which Tommy was always so hesitant to approach, it was a soft blue, particles landing on the ground, melting the snow.

Tommy stretched out a hand, letting one of them fall on his hand. It felt warm and inviting. Was this the way out of the SMP? Tommy looked back, remembering everything. The warmth that slowly turned to a biting cold. Loving people that now turned their backs to him. What did Tommy have left? He looked at the compass around his neck. *Your Tubbo* . It stared back at him. Tommy looked back at the portal, fear gripping at his heart at the uncertainty facing him. He chuckled, wincing as it ended in a barking cough, shaking his form as he struggled to regain himself.

“Look after yourself big man.” He smiled, letting the compass clunk back against his chest, and as he moved forward, the cold finally managed to claim him, as darkness began to reach from the corners of his vision, before enveloping the whole, as Tommy fell asleep to the feeling of the cold slowly turning into warmth.



“Thank you for letting me help you with this patrol, Garroth.” A raven-haired lady spoke softly, smiling to the larger blonde-haired male beside her, who smiled back at her.

“Of course Lord Aphmau, I enjoy the company. What with Laurence and Dante having their competition with who can train the new guards better.” Aphmau laughed, her eyes shining. As Garroth began to turn another way, the guard turned back to see his lord staring at the spruce mushroom forest beyond their border.

“Have we ever gone past this Garroth?” She spoke gently, caramel eyes glittering with curiosity. Garroth tilted his head.

“No, I don’t believe we have. I’m sure it’s just forest-” As he turned around, his blue eyes widened as his lord disappeared, just noticing her hand disappearing around a tree. “-Wha? Lord Aphmau!”

Aphmau didn’t pay attention as she kept moving, curiosity calling her. She could hear Garroth calling to her from the forest entrance, but his voice soon faded out as she kept moving, but she knew he would be following through. She shivered, despite the weather of Ru’aun being warm; directly in the middle of spring.

She kept moving, as she heard magic calling to her, the black markings on her tanned skin glowing their soft white, effectively causing the woman to hurry further through. Her hands ran across mushroom stems and wood as she moved gracefully.

Her movement halted as she gazed upon the quartz archway, slowly trailing down the blue coloured portal to the frail form lying at the bottom of it. Her eyes widened, bending down to the form. It was a young boy, with a fluffy raccoon tail with ears as well looking no older than 16, frail, too frail, with greasy and matted blonde hair, deep set bags under his eyes that were almost more prominent than the natural darker circles, and pale skin that shared more scars than she wished to ever see on a child.

“C-Can you hear me?” She murmured softly, placing her hand on the boy’s neck to feel a pulse, gasping sharply as she retracted her hand. He was almost *ice*. Steeling herself, she placed it back, sighing in relief as she faintly caught wind of one. Her hands began to glow softly as she placed her hand on the boy’s head. Despite knowing of her powers and standing, she was still getting used to many of them. Nor did they always work when she wanted.

Nevertheless, she managed to soften the pain she felt the boy would be feeling, watching as he seemed to settle, breathing a little easier.

“Aphmau!? Where are you!?” She heard Garroth still calling to her. The lord turned.

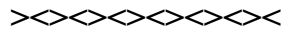
“Garroth! I need help over here!” It didn’t take long for her to hear the armoured footsteps of her friend and guard. He panted as he stopped running.

“I’m here, what-” The blonde trailed off as he stared at the boy which Aphmau was still kneeling in front of, before registering the portal. “-What in Irene’s name is-?”

“I don’t know. I’ll get Travis, Katelyn and Aaron to explore it later. For now, this boy needs help. Can you-?” She didn’t need to finish as Garroth nodded, bending down as he picked up the boy gently, heart cracking at how light he seemed to be, and the knight didn’t like how he could feel the child’s ribs from underneath the thin and torn clothing.

“We need to get him to Lucinda.” Aphmau nodded, before noticing a tiny compass resting on the ground near the portal. As she picked it up, her fingers traced the engravings on it.

““ *Your Tubbo?* ”” She murmured. “Who on earth is that?” Regardless of her confusion, the lord pocketed the compass, proceeding to hurry after her knight.



The boy winced, eyes twitching despite remaining asleep as he realised the cold had seemed to begin to disappear, replaced with a comforting warmth. The raccoon hybrid’s ears twitched as he heard voices near him, and he almost panicked, thinking he was back there, back with *him* , before he realising the voices weren’t recogniseable, at least to his ears.

“And you said the portal was just- there?” It was a soft voice, one that sounded closer to him, and it was then he realised there was a hand running itself through his hair. He should have woken up, should have panicked, but it was so warm, and so, so familiar to the way his father- Phil- would have done the same when Tommy was young.

“Yeah. It was strange. I’ve never seen anything like it. I asked Travis, Katelyn and Aaron to check it out. Maybe I’ll check with Emmalyn too. She might know what kind of portal it is. Do you recognise it Zoey?” That voice was a bit deeper, but still female, still soft.

“No...a quartz arch with a blue portal...I’ve never heard of such a thing.” The voice sighed.

“Darn...” There was a soft hum from the one combing a hand through his hair, and Tommy couldn’t help but let out a quiet whine as the hand moved itself. *Fuck*. Realising his cover was blown, Tommy winced, opening his eyes.

The first thing he realised was the sun was shining in through a curtained window. The walls were a gentle lilac, and the floor had a soft white carpet. The next was the soft bed he was resting in, and the boy traced a hand over the bandages that now seemed to litter his form, where both old and new scars rested. His torn clothes were gone, replaced with foreign but-warm ones. A soft red tunic with patches of white, and simple brown trousers.

“Welcome back. How do you feel?” Tommy turned his head around, finally facing the two who seemed to own the voices. The one who was combing a hand through his hair, the one who just spoke, had lightly tanned skin, platinum blonde hair that draped over her shoulders, with blue eyes. The next thing he noticed was her pointed ears.

The other woman was shorter, with raven black hair, caramel eyes, and tanned skin that adorned strange black markings across her arms and face.

"It's alright," she murmured softly, smiling. "We won't hurt you. My name is Aphmau, this is my girlfriend, Zoey." Tommy swallowed, running his tongue over chapped lips.

"...Tommy." He was hesitant, but they seemed to relax more. As Zoey moved her hand towards him, the boy found himself shrinking away, causing the woman's eyes to soften as she moved back calmly, the other- Aphmau- looking at him sadly.

"Where are you from?"

"Well where am I? Pretty sus that you'd knock me out and bring me here." He replied smoothly, his voice becoming guarded. Aphmau blinked, her head tilting to the side confused.

"You were unconscious and freezing at the edge of a portal. My friend Garroth and I brought you back here, to my village, Phoenix Drop, so you could be healed. You're in my home." Tommy nodded, and looked aside. "So where is it you're from then?"

The hybrid thought of the laughter, the sun. He thought of the cold, the explosions, the pain, the panic.

"...Nowhere important." Aphmau seemed to nod, and shared a look with Zoey.

"Very well. Are you good to rest here for now?" Zoey smiled. "You're still not out of the woods...I'll bring you some food." Tommy nodded, fiddling with his tail. The two women then stood, walking out of the room, closing the door gently.

He swallowed, tugging at his hair as he pushed himself up, wincing. He moved the doorknob, blinking as he realised it was unlocked. He then moved to the window, shocked to realise it was unlocked as well. *I'm not trapped...good.* Tommy sighed, placing a hand to his chest, panicking as he didn't feel the cold metal of the compass around his neck. He whipped around, settling as he saw it was on one of the bedside tables. Tommy sat back down, moving the compass back to its rightful place around his neck.

It was then that the boy allowed himself to lie back down, and finally, *finally* breathe. And somewhere, there was a part of him, broken and cold, that secretly hoped this help wouldn't just disappear after he was better. That for once...at least one of them would stick around.

I'm a New Soul (I Came to this Strange World)

Chapter by [StoryWarrior](#)

Chapter Summary

Aphmau discusses the portal with Garroth and Aaron. And it's country aunt, british aunt and drunk uncle time my friends

Aka, Tommy gets to meet my favourite side characters in the whole diaries series.

Chapter title is from the song 'New Soul' by Yael Naim. Chapter 1 was from Nobody by Mitski.

Chapter Notes

Guys- I gotta say, it was so fun waking up this morning to 11 kudos when the fic had only been up for like- a couple hours yesterday. I'm so glad you guys are enjoying it! So I hope you enjoy this chapter! Next time the brothers get to meet Tommy.

[Also as a note- I am just messing around the timeline to what I want for the Diaries world and I like the idea of Yip, Brian and Tommy all being a trio, with Yip and Tommy getting into shenanigans and Brian desperately trying to stop them. He's gonna make so many correlations between people in this crossover it-it's gonna hurt me]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Aphmau sighed as she closed the door, sharing an anxious look with her girlfriend, walking downstairs. She smiled, seeing Garroth walking up to the house with Aaron, while Levin and Malachi raced about excitedly beside them. Zoey chuckled.

“You talk with them, I’ll take care of Levin and Malachi. I have no doubt they’ve heard about the new arrival too.” Aphmau nodded thankfully, watching happily as Zoey moved out, taking the boys to their mini playground, before inviting two of her most trusted guards in, the two sitting down.

“So...what did you find out?” Garroth and Aaron shared a look before nodding. The werewolf flicked his tail, clearing his throat.

“Yeah. Well it’s strange. None of us decided to go through, obviously. But we’ve never seen one quite like it. We told Emmalyn of it, and she said she would research what she could, but at some point she’ll want to see it with us.”

“Right.” Aphmau nodded, tapping her fingers on the table softly. “Well. I would like some extra guards, perhaps Brian and Dante patrolling the area. At least two to three guards.” Aaron nodded.

“Course Aph. Speaking of, what’s that boy’s condition like?” The lord sighed softly, running a hand through her hair.

“He woke up. Apparently his name is Tommy.”

“Where’s he from?”

“He said ‘nowhere important’. I didn’t push...he sounded worried. Scared.” Aaron nodded. The werewolf knew what it was like to not want to talk about where someone came from.

“Right. Well, I have no doubt you and Zoey will make him feel at home...” Aphmau shared a comforting smile with Garroth. The two were still close friends, and despite Garroth having had feelings for the lord for quite some time, but upon her confiding in him about her feelings for the elf, the knight soon realised what he was feeling was- less romance and more a warm respect and admiration for her kindness and compassion, and the way she had taken the role of lord without knowing much about them.

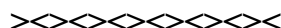
It’s almost like she was sent to us by Irene.

“Well, at least until he’s healed.” Aaron stated blankly, looking down before back at them. “After all, he came from that portal meaning he has a home somewhere else.” Aphmau sighed, looking away.

“I don’t know...Aaron you...you didn’t *see* him. He was...Irene he, he was so *small* . So thin and- a-all of those scars...if he *did* come from somewhere Aaron I...I don’t believe it was good for him.”

“Regardless, it all depends on how this turns out. I’ll get to setting up guards in that area.” Aphmau smiled.

“Thank you Garroth. Now if you two don’t mind, I need to fix up some food for him.” Aaron nodded, bowing his head before heading out with Garroth, the two knights saying goodbye to the children playing outside with Zoey as she worked on Tommy’s food. *He seemed quite thin...it might not be good to give him a huge meal just yet.* The lord nodded to herself, humming as she began to work on his meal.



Tommy winced as the sun shone in, hissing in discomfort as he rubbed his face, dull blue-grey eyes opening weakly.

“Dumb fuckin’ curtains...” The hybrid grumbled, standing up as he pulled the curtains. Since they were thin, they were still letting in light, but it was at least keeping a fair majority of it out. The boy walked about the room, sighing in relief. Though, he was a little shocked. Despite knowing many of his injuries were still healing, he felt- *good* . Certainly not entirely healed but he was walking without feeling like he was about to double over and collapse.

The boy’s ears twitched as he heard a knock on the door, which opened slightly to reveal Aphmau, smiling warmly. Tommy almost started drooling as he tasted the scent of the food she was holding in the air wafting towards him.

“You’re moving. That’s good.” She smiled, caramel eyes shining. “How are you feeling?” Tommy shrugged.

“A-A bit better I guess. But I’m big man TommyInnit so-...”

Aphmau chuckled at his words, eyes shining softly. “I’m glad. Lucinda’s magic certainly does wonders, and I used my own healing powers to calm your pain when Garroth and I found you, so that may have helped.”

“Who the fuck’s... *Garroth* ...” The name sounded strange on his tongue, and Aphmau blinked at the boy’s voice of words, giggling at how he said her friend’s name, pulling the ‘a’ and ‘o’ out.

“Garroth is my head knight. *The* head knight of Phoenix Drop. He and I were on patrol when we found you. And thank Irene we did. Oh- that’s the goddess of this region; the world is divided into regions...this one is called Ru’aun. There is also Tu’la and Gal’ruk.” Aphmau spoke slowly, not like she was babying him, or treating him like he was dumb, but to make sure he did understand, as if... *understanding* what it was like to not know anything about where you were.

“Huh...” *Regions. I guess that’s a bit like ho- the server.* Aphmau nodded, before putting down the plate.

“It’s a bit confusing, I won’t lie. It took me a while to understand myself. But, if you like we can teach you all that later, or let you borrow one of Emmalyn’s, our librarian, books. For now, you should eat. I don’t want you feeling sick so...we might leave bigger meals for now, til you feel a bit better.”

Tommy nodded, looking down to the bread and small berries on the plate in front of him. He looked aside, swallowing. He didn’t want to stay cooped up. It wasn’t that he was *scared* of this place, he was big man Tommy-fucking-Innit! But-

Well- he wanted to see the shifty individuals here. Maybe there were people who sold drugs. He didn’t know.

“Thanks.” He murmured. “Would- Would I be able to...look around the place?” Aphmau hesitated, before nodding to herself.

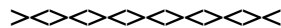
“If you feel up to it, of course. You aren’t restricted here. Just- don’t do anything strenuous...and come back after a little while.” The raccoon hybrid’s ears rose, blinking. After all his time in exile, he hadn’t expected the lady to allow him. He’d gotten used to people keeping him in one area.

Did he even remember what to do with freedom?

“I’ll give you privacy to eat.” Aphmau smiled, walking out as she closed the door again. Once alone, Tommy immediately dug into the food set out in front of him, purring to himself. It had been so *long* . He was appreciative of the fact that she hadn’t overwhelmed him.

It was nice. Was this what care looked like? It frightened him that he had forgotten what it felt like to be cared for. Tears pricked at his eyes that the hybrid desperately tried to wipe away.

Upon finishing, he sighed, looking out the window to the village. From the look of things, it seemed like the house was on a hill, with a lit wooden path leading down to it. He was itching to explore the place, and within moments, he was outside, walking down the path.



What shocked the boy was how friendly people seemed to be. They had no clue who he was, but they were smiling and waving. He watched as those in armour, presumably other knights- since they were a thing here, he supposed- were training, a bluenette male and brunette male supervising, shouting out some responses occasionally.

He walked past a tavern, the library, many, many homes. He almost hid his raccoon tail, before his eyes widened, seeing a tall man with wolf ears and a tail flicking about as he patrolled the area. “Poggers.” The boy whispered, continuing to walk.

His ears twitched as he heard shouting.

“Dammit Dale! Again!? Molly, I thought you were with him this time.” An exasperated, female country-accented voice spoke.

“I was! I turned away for a *brief* moment and then he was gone! Dale, come on!” The next female voice was more british, and Tommy found himself heading closer. One of the ladies

had light brown hair and a pale complexion, while the other had blonde hair and green eyes.

“I swear, this man is gettin’ on my nerves. We fixed this damn well so this wouldn’t happen!” Tommy made a confused noise, causing the women to turn. The first, the one with light brown hair, smiled.

“Well, hey there darlin. You must be the boy Garroth was talking about...my name’s Donna. This is Molly. And this drunken excuse of a male-” She murmured, gesturing down the well. “Is Dale. Molly’s husband.” Tommy looked down, seeing a brown-haired male with silver eyes, wearing a guard uniform.

“I’ll get out when I’m *dead!*” He slurred, appearing to sound like he was crying. Molly- the blonde haired lady- sighed.

“Dale come on, get out of there! For the last time Brian and I are *alive.*” Tommy blinked.

“Uh- does this happen on a daily basis?”

“Unfortunately yes.”

Tommy snickered, looking down. Dale groaned from the well, thankfully floating.

“You don’t understand Emma! My wife is *gone!*”

“I *AM* your wife you *idiot!* I’m not Emma!” Molly sighed deeply. “I’m gonna go get Garroth. Irene give me the strength to deal with this man.” She groaned, heading off. Donna chuckled.

“Oh dear. Now, what’s your name darlin?” She smiled, and Tommy couldn’t help but feel comfortable. She had a warming presence, and a kind smile. For a moment, his eyes widened, as this woman- Donna’s- form changed to that of a hybrid with fluffy hair that always sported the same kind smile. *Puffy...*

He wondered how Puffy was doing. Tommy swallowed, pushing back the tears threatening to spill out.

“Tommy.” He choked out. Donna blinked, tilting her head sadly.

“Well it’s a pleasure to meet you Tommy. I live here in the town with my husband Logan, and our son Yip.” Tommy blinked, finding himself smiling slightly. “You ain’t from here are you?” She murmured.

“N-No...this is all fuckin’ weird to me. All this talk of guards and such- it’s weird.” Donna chuckled softly.

“Well, hopefully you adjust. If you ever want to have a chat, just come find me. I like bakin too, and tend to help Kawaii~Chan in her bakery. So feel free to join me.” And with that, Donna moved back to the well.

“Oh don’t be sobbing down there! You need to get your act together! Dear Irene, you are so lucky that woman loves you.” Tommy chuckled softly, seeming to smile.

He liked this lady. She seemed headstrong and a bit stubborn, but also kind. She reminded him of Puffy. And Puffy had been kind to him- when he had interacted with her that is. He looked around, continuing to walk before the energy started to slowly drain from him, and the hybrid soon began to walk back, feeling- a tad bit more comfortable.

This place was strange. *Very* strange. Tommy was new here. But already...they seemed to- not know where he was from, but understood where he was coming from, somewhere new in a strange place. And they were kind. He knew back in the SMP that kindness would have been used and squeezed dry. So he was glad, very glad, that no one here would ever learn of what went down there.

In a way, that small part of him was excited. Excited to possibly have a new chance at life, somewhere he could grow. Somewhere he could *live* again. Not just survive, not just keep on moving for the sole reason of spite to another, but to *survive*.

And he hoped to God- well, whatever God was watching over him- that the chance could, and *would* , be taken.

Chapter End Notes

Tommy; *almost cries talking to Donna*

Donna; I will fucking die for you.

Also my brain made connections to Puffy and Donna and- now I'm sad. I am now imagining Tommy accidentally calling her 'Puffy'. and I am even more sad.

Also- Tommy finding Aaron cool my beloved.

Hope you guys enjoy! Have a good morning, afternoon or night wherever you are! Take care <3

I'm Scared but Delighted (Afraid but Excited Too)

Chapter by [StoryWarrior](#)

Chapter Summary

'Staying away' isn't in a young toddler's vocabulary. What else is Levin meant to do? Not see the stranger who's now resting in their home? Poor Malachi has to tag along, but he can't deny his own excitement.

Or: Tommy gets to meet his future little brothers.

Chapter Notes

Damn I am popping these chapters out like hotcakes. Thanks so much to everyone enjoying this story, I adore seeing your comments and kudos, it makes me so happy. Thanks so much. Chapter name is from 'Strange Sight' by KT Tunstall.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Malachi was more mature than his spectral 8-year-old form. He supposed that came from being a ghost trapped in a teleporting house for around 900 years. So naturally, he understood when Zoey- his *other* mom- told him that there was a stranger who was still adjusting and most likely wouldn't appreciate being bombarded by two children.

Levin, on the other hand, did not understand a single thing. Of course, he was only a toddler, a sweet 4-year-old child. So naturally, when *he* got told there was someone staying in their house...

He immediately wanted to meet them. Which meant Malachi, being the mature older brother, was roped into following the toddler on his mission to see this stranger.

Now, Malachi had always been scared of strangers, especially after his death. Maybe it came from being tossed off of a tower by a stranger who his parents- *birth* parents, not Aphmau and Zoey- for things the young boy couldn't even control. But he had seen the stranger walk down to the town while being talked to by his mother.

The messy yet flat mop of blonde hair. The blue-grey eyes that seemed so flat yet held a tiny spark of curiosity. The thin form, still covered in bandages, yet moving *somewhat* without

issue.

Despite Malachi's rational fear and uncertainty, he couldn't deny there was something about the stranger that drew Malachi to him. Maybe it was the fact that the boy seemed pulled in, silently scared of *something* jumping out and pulling him into some unspeakable darkness. It was both a look *and* a feeling Malachi understood too well, shaking and wailing from within the confines of the house, desperately praying to Irene for someone, *anyone* to free him.

Maybe it was because- well, the stranger was a child just like them. Granted, Levin was a toddler and Malachi was still simply a child while the raccoon-featured boy- a hybrid, Zoey had called him- was a teenager.

So when Levin said 'see, see!'; Malachi knew he should have calmed his brother down and said 'no, the guest wouldn't appreciate that.'

But he didn't, so now he was trying to help his brother climb up the stairs to say 'hi'. When would Malachi learn? Probably never.

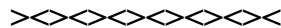
Levin, on the other hand, didn't have as complex a thought process just yet. Zoey, his mama, said there was a guest they needed to treat nicely, as he was very new to this place. And oh boy, did he want to meet the stranger. After all, the last person his mummy had brought home was Malachi, and now he was Levin's own brother!

So he wasn't that scared at all. He was rather excited. The toddler giggled as his older brother helped him up. Malachi was *incredibly* thankful that being out of the house allowed him to be touched and held and hugged, and vice versa.

"Just- be careful, okay Levin?" Malachi smiled softly, and his brother nodded excitedly.

"See!" Malachi sighed.

"Okay okay." Oh, Irene help him.



Tommy sighed, sitting by the window, fiddling with the compass around his neck, the engraved *Your Tubbo* staring back up at him. The compass arrow had just- stopped. Also like it was broken, but the hybrid *knew* it wasn't. *Guess it wouldn't work, considering we aren't even in the same dimension.*

He supposed this town- Phoenix Drop- was kind enough. Though without a doubt, Tommy knew there was definitely a wrong'un or two in some alleyways. And if they tried anything.

He could always kick at their kneecaps and run.

The boy's ears twitched as the door moved a little. He turned around, frowning while nothing was really seen. He turned back, before panic spread through his body at a tug on the shirt he was now wearing. He flinched slightly, turning around, eyes wide-

Before settling down on the tiny forms from behind him. Tommy blinked, panic subsiding as he looked over the toddler-sized boy, with curly blonde hair and bright blue eyes staring curiously up at him. He wondered, was that what he looked like as a child? The next was a ghost, much like Ghostbur, except he seemed translucent, with long, white hair and white eyes. The ghost was smiling, showing small dimples, and seemed happy, despite the ragged clothing he was wearing. Tommy also noticed despite him apparently holding the smaller one's hand, the ghost's hands were partly invisible.

"Uh..." Tommy immediately bit down on his tongue before the next words out of his mouth were 'who the fuck are you?'. "Hi?"

"Hello." The ghost replied, with a strange sense of maturity for what looked like and sounded like an 8 year old.

"Hi!" The toddler looked up, giggling as he smiled. Tommy blinked. How was he supposed to interact with small children? He'd never done this before. What kind of sorcery was this?

"Sorry, my brother wanted to say 'hello'. I'm Malachi, this is Levin." The ghost spoke plainly, a soft smile on his face. "Mom told us not to bother you since you were still healing."

"Uh...It's fine little man. I'm Tommy." Tommy smiled a little. It was nice, seeing that ghosts existed in this world too. Even though Malachi definitely looked different to Ghostbur.

He missed Ghostbur. Ever since Pogtopia...Tommy had preferred the ghost compared to his actual brother.

"Let's be the bad guys Tommy!"

Tommy flinched to himself a little, shaking his head to clear his brother's paranoid and manic voice from his head. Malachi's head was tilted a little.

"Are you okay?" Tommy huffed, plastering a grin on his face.

"Course I am! I'm a big man!" Malachi seemed to smile a little, eyes shining curiously. Tommy let out a hiss as he felt a tight grip onto his tail. Turning around, he came face to face with the little toddler's bright and happy face, giggling as his fingers held a tight grip onto his tail.

"Uh- heh, you mind letting that go? Please?" Tommy shook his tail, hoping to dislodge the boy. Levin instead, however, let out a happy giggle. Malachi sighed.

"Levin- come on..."

"Play!"

"You can play with me in the playground outside."

"No!" The toddler whimpered, causing Tommy's ears to go back. He didn't know how to deal with *regular* children, how the fuck was he going to deal with a crying one?

"Levin? Malachi? Boys, where are you?" Tommy let out a sigh of relief as he heard Aphmau's voice drift up the stairs. She opened the now ajar door entirely, chuckling softly.

"Boys, I thought your mother talked to you about bothering our guest." Aphmau sighed, though unlike an exasperation Tommy recognised well- too well- that came from Phil occasionally, there was a fondness in her voice. Like she had expected them to come up to Tommy at some point, knowing that their curiosity couldn't be kept at bay.

"Mama!" Levin squealed, immediately letting go of Tommy's tail as he stumbled over to his mother, who beamed as she picked him up. Tommy felt a tug at his heart. When was the last time his father had held him with the same amount of tightness?

"Hi mom." Malachi smiled. "Levin wanted to meet Tommy." Aphmau chuckled.

"I should have known," She giggled, tickling the little blonde-haired toddler, earning a happy squeal as he wriggled in her grip. "I hope they didn't make you feel uncomfortable Tommy." Tommy blinked. She hoped they hadn't made *him* feel uncomfortable?

"Uh- No it-it's fine. Just made me jump a little when they first came in." Tommy smiled, noticing how the lord seemed to relax.

"Oh good." She sounded relieved. "Zoey'll bring up some more food for you soon since it's close to dinnertime. Or- well you're welcome to join us if you like. It's up to you, you can

refuse if you like.” *He can- refuse?* Tommy hadn’t been given choices before. It both scared him and warmed that broken heart that beat within his chest.

“I...I think I’m okay up here for now.” He winced at his stutter. Aphmau smiled and nodded.

“Alright. We’ll check on you afterwards. Come on boys.”

Malachi nodded, turning. “Bye Tommy, it was nice to meet you.”

“Bye bye!”

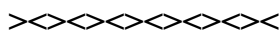
Tommy smiled, and found himself waving as the door shut. He was so confused but- he hoped the care wouldn’t just disappear. He couldn’t go through another moment like exile, he couldn’t. He’d already almost given up before, watching as the lava bubbled and called to him, beckoning.

“It’s not your time to die, Tommy.”

Tommy swallowed, going silent. He only smiled slightly as the elf came in with a plate of food. He felt okay for the night. He enjoyed how warm the bed was. He’d forgotten how soft beds felt. He’d gotten so used to the hard and cold snow and dirt of Logstedshire. The cold ocean air of a heavy morning when he felt so tired he couldn’t be bothered to get up, before that masked bastard dragged him up by the remains of his collar.

After eating, the boy drifted off, warm and safe. He was so deep in his sleep that he hadn’t noticed Aphmau and Zoey come in, smiling softly as they tucked the boy in further, whispering goodnights to the child who they could tell was so broken, and wanted to help heal.

For once, Tommy didn’t dream of darkness, or of Wilbur, or of Dream. He didn’t dream of those withers, Techno’s laughter and roaring. He didn’t dream of the TNT littering the ground, exploding day after day after day. Instead, he dreamt of the place he was staying. The warm sun, people sitting beside him on a hill that he couldn’t see, but he felt warm, safe, *loved*.



Tommy's ears twitched as he finished his breakfast. Two days. That was how long he'd been resting. Zoey and Aphmau had started giving him smaller, yet full meals. He was surprised he could stomach it. He could hear happy shouting and laughter from outside.

It reminded him of the days before L'Manberg, when he was a child, and it was just him, Wilbur and Techno, their father resting on the porch. He especially had loved the days his mother could come down from her job as the Goddess of Death.

He wondered if she could see him in this world. If her domain stretched across from the SMP. Looking out of the window, he saw Aphmau and Zoey sitting on a blanket close to each other, while Malachi and Levin played on a playground, laughing and running about happily.

That little part of him longed to join in. Would they even let him? Despite his fears, Tommy soon found himself walking outside, watching quietly, before Zoey's blue eyes drifted across to him.

"Tommy...! Everything alright?" She smiled as her ears rose, as though she was *happy* to see him. When was the last time anyone was happy to see him?

"Yeah." He nodded. Aphmau smiled, and he watched as the two boys ceased their playing, looking over to him with wide eyes.

"Yay!" Levin was the first to smile, running over, tugging on Tommy's shirt slightly. "Play! Play!" Tommy smiled a little, and for a brief moment Levin's form shifted into that of a tiny fox hybrid, begging his 'uncle' to play hide and seek with him.

He missed Fundy. He hoped the boy was doing well. He hoped that if he couldn't be treated well, then at least hopefully Fundy was.

He looked up to Aphmau and Zoey in confirmation, who both smiled happily. "If he wants to Levin." Aphmau beamed. Tommy felt his tail begin to wag- a sentiment he would deny until the end of his days- as he let the toddler lead him to the playground. Malachi smiled.

"Hi Tommy!" He liked Malachi. He reminded him of a more mature Ghostbur. Still seeming to find wonder in things, but he understood he was dead, and the world around him. He seemed in touch with both the happiness and wonder of the world, and the darkness and corruption it could hold as well. "Are you here to play with us?" Tommy nodded.

He was- a little nervous to say the least. The last time he had been around a small child was Fundy, but being a fox hybrid, the kid went from a bubbly 4 year old to a full grown adult within days. Had it been days? Tommy couldn't remember. So much of his memory was fuzzy. All he could remember was the pain and suffering he went through. And yet- these two

excited him. He was curious. He was *no one* to them, he could hurt them. But they didn't see that. They just saw someone fun to play with. Someone new. He was both excited and frightened.

He liked feeling excited. It had been so long.

"Alright. What do you two want to play?" Tommy surprised himself. He seemed to be falling back into the way he would play with Fundy. Levin looked to his brother, who smiled.

"What about hide and seek?" Tommy grinned.

"Sounds good, big man!" Tommy laughed, and covered his eyes, beginning to count, as his ears picked up the boys giggling as they ran away. It didn't take him long to get to '10', and he began looking around for them.

Meanwhile, Aphmau and Zoey watched happily. They watched the young teenager play with their boys. Watched him find Levin first, and lift him onto his shoulders while they went to find Malachi, who had used his ability to fly to get up into a tree. They played tag, in the sand-pit, and the day soon ended with Aphmau telling a story, with Zoey sitting calmly with Malachi pushed into her side, and Levin asleep, flopped against Tommy as he sat in his lap.

It was that afternoon that Tommy looked down at the young toddler, fast asleep while Aphmau continued the story. And the raccoon hybrid definitely didn't make a silent promise that he would protect these boys with everything he had, as fiercely as he had once tried (and failed, a small voice crooned) to protect his nation, his home, his family- who was once his family.

That tiny part of him sat still, asking Tommy a silent question.

Could they be our family?

Chapter End Notes

Tommy, holding Levin: I've only had Levin for a day but if anything happened to him I would kill everyone in this place and then myself.

Aph, watching Tommy interact with her boys: Hello new son.

I am also genuinely shocked at how easy I find it to write Tommy. Maybe it's all the angsty DreamSMP fanfics I've read. Thanks for reading, see you all next time! <3

I Wanna Know About These Strangers Like Me

Chapter by [StoryWarrior](#)

Chapter Summary

Guard time babys. And what else is more poggers than a huge wolf warrior? Nothing, at least in Tommy's eyes.

Chapter Notes

Hi again everyone! Thanks everyone for the kudos and comments, I'm so happy people enjoy this. I'm always faster on stories that I know other people love, and I am so obsessed with this au. It's so goddamn enjoyable, which is why I'm finding it easy to write these chapters. Now, the notes at the end will explain the mythology thing, and how I have had Kristen as Goddess of Death still mentioned in this au. This is something my friend helped me write too so- yeah. This is also my longest chapter so far, up to 3000 words.

Enjoy!~

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Are you sure you want to come into the village with me Tommy?” Aphmau smiled warmly, adjusting a flower crown Zoey had made her onto her head. The boy shrugged.

“I mean- I gotta get movin’ around you know.” So far, Tommy’s days had consisted of thinking about the SMP, those who he was certain wouldn’t be missing him, and who was he to miss them either?

They hadn’t bothered to visit, hadn’t bothered to stand and say ‘no, this is wrong’. So why should he miss them too? Maybe he was right to miss Tubbo and Fundy. Sure, Tubbo had exiled him, but Tommy *knew* that he could never hate Tubbo. He was his second half.

And in a way, he wanted that again. He didn’t mean he wanted to replace Tubbo, he never wanted to replace Tubbo, no one ever *could* replace the wild energy his friend had.

Tommy just wanted someone he could consider a best friend again. Maybe one that he knew wouldn’t exile him this time. One that he knew would hold his hand and never leave him

alone.

“Gotta see what kind of wrong’uns are here.” Aphmau chuckled. That was another thing. She never questioned how he spoke. None of them did. It made him feel normal. Though, he *was* careful not to swear in front of the children.

Who knows how they would react to that. He remembered Wilbur hitting the back of his head whenever he accidentally swore in front of Fundy.

Had it ever been the mark of a friendly brother? Or was it a premonition of what was to come? Tommy didn’t like to dwell on it. He was just thankful for the change. Every moment made him want to stay more and more.

Want to stay. He huffed in amusement. As though he could ever go back. Dream would be waiting. Dream would be angry- no. Dream would be *livid*. He’d drag Tommy to a darker, more isolated place. Their game would continue, but Dream would never leave him alone. He’d hurt Tommy, until that final life was no more.

Sometimes, Dream would plague his nightmares, dragging him from the warm bed into the dark. He hoped that was all they stayed as; nightmares.

“Come on then.” The hybrid blinked, before following her out. He enjoyed walking around the town. He’d done it occasionally. Though it seemed more than often he would see Molly screaming at Dale down the well. He saw Donna occasionally, mainly around the market where merchants appeared to be, standing beside a blonde-haired man. The way she was smiling, and how her hand was on his, Tommy assumed that was her husband that she had mentioned; Logan.

“What do you do as a Lord anyway?”

“I make sure everything is running smoothly, and that places are built and fixed when needed, solve disputes, make sure everyone is doing their job.” *Huh. So it’s like a President...*

Tommy nodded. “Have you always been lord?” Aphmau chuckled, shaking her head.

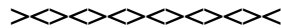
“No. It’s strange...I woke up in the field near here, no memory at all when Garroth and another knight- his name was Zenix- found me. After a while I started to just...help the town. They soon adopted me as their lord. I don’t regret allowing them to, though. It feels like I was always meant to help here. Like it’s my calling.”

“Right...” Tommy nodded. He wished his path was that clear. Maybe then he’d understand why he had gone through what he had. If it was a stepping stone for a higher calling, he might accept it easier. Or maybe the gods up there just hated him as much as he did.

“So...I understand.” Tommy blinked, looking confused. Aphmau continued, her caramel eyes clouded and yet focused at the same time. “I understand what it’s like...not knowing where you are, or what’s going on. Everything had to be explained to me too. I didn’t know where I was, who Irene was, anything. All I knew was my name; Aphmau. Even now I...I don’t even know why I ended up here. So-” She moved to place a hand on his shoulder, moving it back to the side as the boy flinched away- “I know what it’s like to be a stranger, and yet be curious about all of those who appear to be just like me.”

Tommy smiled. It was comforting to know he was understood. Has anyone ever understood him before? How he was feeling, and comforted him to know it was normal? He didn’t know. Seemed he didn’t know much nowadays.

“Thanks.” Was all he said. It was a whisper, but his gaze caught the faint smile that appeared on her face.



Tommy continued to walk with the lord, Aphmau showing him every part of Phoenix Drop. He felt himself smiling, growing warmer, happier. He was still surveying the area, his gaze shifting about warily, watching every corner for a scrap of that damn smiling mask, or that faded green hoodie.

“And this is where the guards train. Their barracks are just at the end down there.” She pointed to the large tower, and Tommy watched as everyone was in the yard. His eyes glistened as he caught sight of the same werewolf warrior. But what enchanted the boy more was his *sword*. Now- Tommy was used to fighting with axes, but he’d seen a couple diamond swords, some iron, hell- he’d even seen a *netherite* sword once.

But this sword? It was *huge*. More like a broadsword that he’d read about once, when his dad- when Philza- would read him a bedtime story about daring nights. It was a deep glistening purple. He felt his fingers twitch. What he wouldn’t give to take it. But looking at the man’s huge form, he very properly decided against it.

He watched as the werewolf swung, his opponent leaping back. Tommy let out a gasp as he flipped in the air, landing easily. The opponent was the same dark blue-haired guy that

Tommy saw his first time walking about. His outfit was different too; a brown chainmail with grey chest plate, a holster belt for his swords and a red cape. His swords were different too. Not only was he *duel-wielding* swords, but they were thin, almost like katanas, and were a glistening red colour, unlike the sword and shield he saw from two other knights, and many others.

Tommy felt himself move to the fence, eyes shining excitedly as Aphmau stood with him. He had named them both; Wolf Man and Blue Guy. So far, Tommy's money was on Wolf Man. he watched as Blue Guy raced towards him, moving with the Wolf Man's spin, swords grinding against each other.

Blue Guy seemed to smirk as he pushed against Wolf Man's sword with both of his, moving one through and- almost like chopsticks- spun the sword to slam into the ground, holding both of his swords criss-crossed at Wolf Man's neck, both of them panting.

Tommy watched in amazement as Wolf Man put his hands up, but the moment Blue Guy moved aside, Wolf Man leapt, sweeping his foot under Blue Guy's, grabbing his sword and aiming it at his neck while placing a foot on his chest.

"YEAH!" Tommy cheered, causing the two to look over, now aware they had an audience other than the knights they were supposedly training. Aphmau chuckled, smiling affectionately as they got up.

"You almost had him...!" A brown-haired knight teased. "For once I thought it was finally gonna go from 6-nil to 6-1!" Blue Guy huffed, glaring at the brunette as he laughed. Aphmau chuckled, beckoning both of them over. She smiled, and Tommy shrunk back as the werewolf sheathed his sword onto a holster on his back, while Blue Guy's went to his sides.

"Tommy, this is Dante," she gestured to the blue-haired knight. "And Aaron. They're both guards of Phoenix Drop." She gestured to the werewolf next. "Dante, Aaron, this is Tommy." Dante smiled, bowing his head towards his lord just like Aaron before turning to the boy.

"It's nice to meet you." Aaron nodded in agreement, chuckling.

"You enjoyed that demonstration then?" His voice was deeper, yet held an air of warmth to it. Tommy nodded excitedly.

"Hell yeah! That was absolutely poggers big man! The way you were done, and then bam- you fuckin- spun around!? Oh it was poggers!" Tommy was beaming, and he found himself bouncing on the balls of his feet. The werewolf- Aaron- looked confused, trying to decipher what Tommy had said.

"Th...Thank you?" Aphmau chuckled, shrugging at her friend. Dante chuckled, before heading back.

“Alright, you all take notes, and train with your partners. Just as- *Aaron* demonstrated, don’t let a lost weapon be the end of you. Use your other skills to your advantage.” The knights in training all headed off, being monitored by Dante, the brunette and blonde-haired knight. They all had the same armour as Dante, but the blonde sported a blue cape, where the brunette sported an emerald green one. Just like him too, they had different swords as well; a blue with some strange patterns, and a green one. None as big as Aaron’s, but Tommy had to admit that they all looked pretty poggers.

“I need to get back to helping monitor the trainees. But it was nice to meet you Tommy. Lord Aphmau.” Aaron bowed his head as he followed after Dante, monitoring the other guards as well. Tommy grinned, still watching in excitement.

“You enjoyed that huh?” Aphmau smiled. Tommy looked up, and nodded.

“Fuck yeah! That was awesome!” It reminded him of watching his dad and Techno spar, how much he always wanted to join in...

And every statement from Techno that he wouldn’t last a second since he wasn’t strong enough, and Phil telling him he was too young.

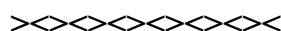
In a way, Aaron fought with some of the same strength as Techno. He wondered if the werewolf would be able to win against his brother. He doubted it, but he bet it would be close.

“Well, if you want, when you’re better and have a bit more strength, I’m sure they wouldn’t mind if you watched sometimes.” Tommy’s eyes sparkled.

“Really!?”

“Sure!” She smiled, and leaned against the fence, introducing the others to him. The brunette was called Laurence. The blonde was called Garroth. As they kept walking, they saw a robed, white-haired male, who Aphmau said was called Travis. And finally, he saw a light blue-haired woman talking with a pink-haired girl with cat ears. She introduced the bluenette woman as Katelyn the Fire Fist, which Tommy thought was an absolute *banging* title, and the cat-girl was called Kawaii~Chan. He remembered Donna talking about her.

Needless to say, the boy was excited. He really wanted to see the guards fight again. Especially Aaron. *Man* that dude was poggers.



The next day, Tommy had basically raced out of the house. Aphmau had told Zoey about the guards training, and he could hear their laughter as he ran by with a quick 'hi'. It wasn't mocking. It was the same way his mother would laugh at him as he ran outside when Techno would call him that he was gonna spar with dad. Affectionate, warm, happy.

He leaned against the fence excitedly. He still wasn't strong enough to fight as well, but he was happy with just watching. None of them were exactly fighting yet, they were all talking. That Katelyn was there too. She didn't have a sword. Instead, she had these awesome looking gauntlets. Her armour was grey with light blue sections, and black gloves. Tommy's eyes shone as Aaron's ears twitched, and he smiled seeing him.

"Back again huh?" Aaron chuckled softly, the rest of them looking up.

"It's Tommy right?" The brunette- Laurence, Tommy remembered- spoke. He was grinning. The blonde, Garroth, nodded.

"Aph and I were the ones to find him. It's good to see you moving around." Garroth's voice was soft and warm. "How are you feeling?"

"Uh- pretty good." Tommy found himself relaxing. The guards were all tall and powerful, it reminded him of his companions who fought with him during the war for independence for the first L'Manberg, despite the way it turned out.

"It was never meant to be."

"Are you here to be a spectator again?" Aaron smiled slightly, and Tommy nodded excitedly, trying to stop his tail from wagging. Aaron chuckled, looking at Katelyn.

"What do you say? Put those gauntlets to work." Katelyn scoffed, cracking her knuckles.

"Bring it on wolfy." She grinned, leaping over the fence into the area. Tommy watched excitedly as Aaron winked and walked in, pulling the sword from his sheath.

"Wait- isn't it unfair that she has a different weapon?" Tommy tilted his head. Garroth chuckled, shaking his head.

"Those are her gauntlets; called the Pugilist Knuckles. She can punch so fast her fists turn into flames that could melt a sword easily."

"Wouldn't that burn her fuckin' hands!?"

"No. They have a flame ward which protects her." Tommy nodded, remembering how Aphmau called them 'flame resistant'. He grinned, watching as Katelyn and Aaron began to

circle each other, before she leapt up, punching at the air. Tommy winced as the sword ground against the gauntlets, Aaron pushing her back, smirking.

“Come on then!” He laughed, as Katelyn’s eyes narrowed in frustration, she darted forward, zipping and dashing about, earning a few well-placed punches. Tommy’s eyes were wide in admiration. Maybe if she and Aaron teamed up they could *definitely* take Techno. Man what he would pay to see that.

The fight took a while, moving from Katelyn’s favour to Aaron’s, before they stopped. No victor was declared, the two panting. The two chuckled, shielding their weapons as they shook hands, Katelyn punching the man’s arm playfully.

“One day I’ll knock you on your ass.” Aaron scoffed in response.

“I’d like to see you try.”

Tommy was bouncing in excitement. “That was absolutely poggers!” He shouted, earning confused chuckles from the others. “Where did you all learn to fight like that!?” They all looked between each other.

“Well,” Garroth was the first to start. “Many of us were trained in the academy. Others have been trained as apprentices in towns like this. Katelyn trained with the Jury of Nine, for example.” Tommy nodded, watching how Katelyn’s eyes clouded with grief but at the same time narrowed with anger, her fist clenched at her side.

“O’Khasis?” He tilted his head. Garroth nodded.

“Right, you aren’t from here. O’Khasis is essentially the powerhouse of the Ru’aun region. It’s the most powerful place, and were it to fall- it would be devastating.”

“Poggers...” Tommy whispered. Laurence snorted.

“Something tells me you might want to learn with us when you get better huh?” Laurence chuckled, clapping a hand on Tommy’s shoulder, causing the hybrid to flinch violently and push back Laurence in a hurry. The man’s blue eyes were wide, before softening, looking a little guilty. “Sorry, I should have been careful.” He chuckled. Tommy didn’t respond. Gathering his thoughts back he looked up. Tommy wasn’t in the wrong for doing that? Didn’t he have to apologise? Apparently not, because Laurence’s face went right back to a comforting smile.

It warmed the fear that started to grab at him, chasing away the darkness.

“You know, Emmalyn should have some books on the regions and myths if you want to borrow them.” It was Travis’ voice that brought him back to reality. Tommy’s eyes shone brightly as he nodded, wasting no time racing off. The guards chuckled, all sharing affectionate looks. They liked the kid. He had an infectious bright energy that seemed to burst through at the most random of moments. It left them all in high spirits the rest of the day.



Tommy spent the rest of the night reading. He hadn’t liked it all that much before. He would always bully Techno for being old, for reading all those Greek Mythology books. But for some reason...this world interested him. He wanted to know about it.

He read about the so-called Divine Warriors. From some of the illustrations he drew comparisons between Garroth to Esmund the Protector, and Travis to Enki the Keeper. Emmalyn was- a bit of a ditz he supposed. She rambled on a lot, which didn’t help his confusion. But she explained the Divine, and that the pantheon stretched across other realms, as certain gods would stretch their following over multiple realms.

Which is why he was especially happy to see an illustration of his mother, whom Emmalyn explained was seen across multiple realms and regions. If a realm already had a death god or goddess, they typically separated. He didn’t mention it was his mother (the last thing he needed was someone prodding him. It reminded him too much of his time with Dream prodding him awake at exile), but he was happy to know she was watching over him.

These people were strangers, and yet they were so like him. He wanted to know more about them, about Zoey, Aphmau, Malachi, Levin, Aaron, Katelyn, Travis- all of them. He *wanted* to know them. And oh XD- he finally remembered the name of the god of the SMP that seemed to escape his mind before- did he want them to want to know him too.

Well- maybe not know *him* . Who knew what they would do? They would most likely abandon him if they knew what he was like; selfish and loud. The boy who was sent into exile for burning a house, for taking the fall and leaving a new friend to innocence- how was Ranboo anyway he wondered? Probably didn’t even remember him. Maybe it was better that way.

Regardless, he found this place unique and mysterious. It beckoned him, but unlike the sickening croon of the lava of exile, or the tower from where he collapsed into the water before taking off, it was warm. It was like when he was learning to walk, and his mother had beckoned him to her open arms.

It was a safe feeling. And sure- maybe he'd be told to leave at some point, but until then?

He was going to see as much as he could. He wanted memories that would carry him through the nights alone, things he could manifest into dreams.

Things that would keep him *happy* .

Chapter End Notes

Tommy: Wow this is so poggers you were absolutely pogchamp my guy.
All of the guards; What did he sayyyy????

Also Aphmau Wiki my beloved. Katelyn's knuckles need a goddamn description I swear-

~

Myth Explanation; Now, my friend and I make jokes called the MCCU - Minecraft Cinematic Universe. Since so many crossovers add multiple things, such as Diaries, SMP, Hermitcraft (that I have never seen but plan to), I decided that many people or gods or warriors etc, are sort of myths in another realm. This is also helped by the Divine Warrior Kul'Zak The Wanderer, who would share these tales on his journeys. So essentially, other people or gods may be these huge figures in another realm's mythology. Kristen the Goddess of Death is connected throughout all realms, as explained. It will be used in another chapter, but the Blade aka Techno is known through the Shadow Knights as a servant of the Blood God, and being Shadows Knights are evil- you can assume how they take that specific mythology. It's a bit like the changes in modern mythologies as translations and times change. Hope you guys enjoyed, and I hope this explanation is enough. Leave a comment if there is anything else you don't understand, I'll do my best to explain :)

I Was Born the Second Child (With a Spirit Running Wild, Running Free)

Chapter by [StoryWarrior](#)

Chapter Summary

Tommy starts his descent into Raccooninnit. And meets a new friend.

[Chapter title is from 'Second Child, Restless Child' by the Oh Hellos]

Chapter Notes

Holy shit we've reached 100 kudos. Guys, thank you. I adore this story with so much passion, and I am so thankful so many people like it too. Thank you, everyone. I adore all of you.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy was good at counting. Counting seconds, days, weeks. It was what he did during Exile. Counting the days that no one would visit, every day he lost hope. Now? He had counted two weeks since coming here. The bandages were off. He was able to eat full meals.

He remembered the first time Zoey came up, asking if he wanted to join them for dinner. Remembered the happy spark in her bright blue eyes as he said yes. Remembered Levin's happy laughter as Aphmau made sure the toddler didn't make such a mess. Remembered that this was how his family used to be when he was a child; with him the toddler Phil was struggling to feed, with Techno and Wilbur fighting over the potatoes, and Kristen laughing, entirely in bliss as she spent another day with her family.

He could tell he was brighter too. He looked in the mirror once, shocked to see the bags under his eyes had started to drift away, and his eyes. His eyes were what shocked him the most.

They were such a vibrant blue. Tommy had forgotten what his eyes looked like. Was this what it felt like to feel- *good*? Happy? Safe? It both scared him and warmed that broken heart he swore had stopped beating ages ago.

He mainly enjoyed the guard barracks and training yard. He would run over there, they would give him warm welcomes and let him even choose who was to demonstrate from time to time (He especially enjoyed watching Katelyn slam Laurence onto his ass after he made a crude comment).

He also did enjoy spending time with Aphmau and Zoey. Zoey enjoyed going out to the forest sometimes, where she would explore and find some animals. He was meaning to ask if he could go one time. He remembered Friend and Henry. He missed them.

But now? He was walking to the training yard again, smiling brightly. Aaron's ears twitched as he turned slightly, chuckling. Tommy's tail wagged happily as he raced over.

"Hi big man!" Tommy grinned. Aaron smiled slightly, leaning against the fence slightly, his tail flicking.

"You know, Lord Aphmau and I have been talking. Your healing has gone well, and if you feel up to it..."

"Well, you can join us for a little lesson today." Tommy's eyes shone as he started bouncing a little.

"Fuck yeah!! That'll be awesome! When do I get my own sword!?" Aaron snorted, laughing slightly.

"Easy, slow your roll there. You still aren't *entirely* out of the woods, so for now...you'll be joining the other guards-in-training. But we'll see how you go, and then you might get to test your metal against Garroth or Laurence."

"I bet I could take you." Tommy scoffed proudly. Aaron raised an eyebrow, smiling amused. It reminded Tommy of the days little 6-year-old him would proudly declare that in front of Techno. Techno would then snort and ruffle his hair.

Nowadays he would absolutely hate it if that happened. Aaron seemed to notice that, moving his hand back to his side instead of doing what Tommy would wish he would. Oh, did Tommy *wish* he could handle that touch he desired. He wanted to be held, he wanted his hair to be ruffled, a warm hand on his shoulder. But every single damn time, he just imagined Dream or Wilbur. Not his brother Wilbur, who helped raise him whenever Phil would leave with Techno for weeks to even months on end, but *bad* Wilbur.

He prayed that one day he'd be able to handle it. Aaron seemed warm. Maybe not as warm as the natural heat that radiated off of the piglin hybrid who now terrified Tommy to think of, but warm to a point. And he watched when Aphmau and Zoey would wrap their arms around Levin and Malachi, laughing and smiling as they held him close. It hurt, and tugged at his

heart. He wanted that back. But he just had to keep praying that he'd one day be able to have a hug that seemed like it would feel comforting.

"Sure. We're about to start. You can go over there if you like." Aaron smiled, gesturing to where a group of people were. Tommy looked about, nodding, before his eyes settled on another werewolf, whose tail wagged happily. He had tanned skin, and a messy head of black hair with bangs, with dark red tips. His dark green eyes met Tommy's as he smiled brightly.

"Hi! You must be Tommy right!?" Tommy blinked.

"How the fuck-?"

"-Oh, my mom Donna mentioned you when she was talking to Logan a few days ago! And I've seen you watching the guards, and the lord called you Tommy. I'm Yip!" *Oh. So this was the kid Donna mentioned.* Tommy smiled. Yip seemed happy, his tail wagging. In a way, he reminded Tommy of a certain goat hybrid back home.

The compass suddenly never felt heavier.

"It's nice to meet you big man." Tommy grinned. Another tanned boy huffed nearby them, dark blue eyes looking at them.

"Both of you pay attention." he had a more serious voice, but there was still a light tone to it. Yip rolled his eyes, leaning to Tommy, comically whispering to the raccoon hybrid.

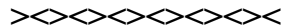
"Don't worry about Brian. He's always a stick in the mud. Comes from being Garroth's apprentice. He's just a grumble-butt." Tommy snorted as Brian flashed Yip a glare, the werewolf simply smiling innocently, batting his eyes. Oh yeah. Tommy liked him already.

"Alright everyone. Do you have your training swords? If not, grab them from the rack. They're only wooden, so it won't hurt, and find a partner." Laurence's voice rang out, and it shocked Tommy to hear the usually light-hearted guard sound serious.

"Do you wanna be partners Tommy? It'll be nice to fight with someone other than Brian." He chuckled, causing Brian to roll his eyes amused, before walking off to another. Tommy nodded, grabbing a wooden sword. He remembered using these, it was light and familiar.

"Good." Laurence was talking again. "Now watch Garroth and I." Tommy's tail began to wag as he watched with wide and curious eyes, Yip standing close to him, occasionally commenting, earning some snorts from the blonde-haired boy, before they were told to quiet

down from Dante. But it wasn't a cruel thing. Just a warm reprimand with a smile. Tommy liked it. To him, it meant he wasn't going to be hurt.



“Don't forget to use your strengths, everyone!” Garroth called. Tommy winced, panting as he stumbled back, holding the sword in a defensive position as Yip swung his. Normally the actions would have scared Tommy, causing him to flinch, or freeze, or *something*. But they didn't. He knew if Yip thought he did any damage, he would have immediately made sure Tommy was okay.

And he knew, he *knew* no one here would hurt him. And a part of him continued to warm. If he could handle this, maybe one day he could handle more.

“Come on Toms!” Yip chuckled. Tommy blinked. He liked the nickname. “Come at me!” Tommy smirked, remembering when his brother taught him.

Immediately, Tommy ran, holding his weapon to slash from the right, the same as with his holding hand. Yip chuckled, predicting it, holding his sword up. Tommy then remembered to swap hands, and in a brief moment, slammed the sword into Yip's side, sweeping a punch to the back of his knees, knocking the werewolf down.

It was then he noticed everyone else was silent, the guards blinking as they watched him. His ears went flat, thoughts ringing in his ears.

You idiot, things are done differently here. You're gonna get in trouble now- you IDIOT-! He was snapped back to reality with a laugh from the boy on the ground.

“Holy Irene!” Yip cackled, coughing as he pushed himself up. “That was awesome Tommy! Where did you learn to do that?!”

“M...My brother taught me. He was an awesome fighter.” Tommy shuddered as he remembered the Pit. Techno was too good. Looking back at the guards watching, he noticed another thing.

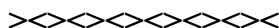
There was no contempt, no anger. There was shock, some surprise, but most importantly, they were *impressed*. They looked happy, before settling back to those who needed help. He was okay. He was still wanted. Turning back, he blinked, noticing Yip holding up his hand, tail wagging.

Tommy knew what it was. He felt his hand slap against Yip's, giving the boy a high-five. Yip laughed happily. "Come on! You gotta show me how you did that!"

"Alrighty, but I doubt you'll be able to handle such a poggers technique."

"Ha! I don't know what you just said there. At all. But I reckon I will!"

"Sure wolf boy. Sure."



Tommy yawned as he headed back. His bones were aching, the wooden training sword in his hand. He had said goodbye to Yip a bit ago, and even Brian had congratulated him. He liked Yip a lot. The boy was confident and playful. He wondered if Yip liked pranks. He'd have to see.

As he walked in, Aphmau lifted her head up from the couch, Levin on the floor playing with Malachi. "Hi Tommy."

"Tommy! Tommy!" Levin cheered. Tommy chuckled, ruffling the boy's hair, warmth blooming at the boy's giggle.

"Zoey's in the kitchen working on dinner. How was today?"

Tommy nodded in response, still grinning. "Oh it was awesome! I got to train, and I met Yip!" Aphmau's caramel eyes shone happily, and Tommy easily caught the pride in her eyes.

"A friend? That's good. I had a feeling you and Yip would get along." Tommy nodded, before settling on the floor to play with Levin and Malachi, the ghost beaming as the boy sat down. He wondered if this was how Techno and Wilbur felt with him. He wondered if they ever felt proud that he looked up to them.

Look *ed*. He didn't anymore. He knew he still cared about them, but as for looking up to them? He just- didn't. And the boy didn't really know how to feel about that.



“Yip!” Tommy grinned. The boy’s werewolf ears twitched, turning. He beamed, showing his display of sharp teeth.

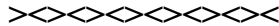
“Hi Toms!” The werewolf laughed happily, walking over. “What are you doing? There isn’t really any training today.”

“Well- I was wondering.” Tommy’s eyes shone excitedly. “What if we were too...cause some mischief?” The boy tensed, before relaxing as something glinted in the other’s dark green eyes.

“That depends,’ he chuckled. “What did you have in mind?” Tommy smirked, looking about, noticing the guard tower nearby.

“Oh...I got a pretty vague idea, big man.” Tommy’s hands flexed, and he grinned, watching as Yip held the same grin.

“Enlighten me.”



Oh these boys were so dead , was Brian’s first thought upon chasing the two around, shouting profanities as they ran away, cackling with glee. Yip had come to the tower, and asked for a lesson in holding his crossbow properly, let alone using it. Brain, being the only one so far, though Dante and Travis were inside, obliged, forgetting that Yip’s newest friend was a raccoon.

Turned out, Tommy had *scaled the goddamn tower* , ducked in, managed to SOMEHOW steal a whole slew of weapons and armour, wearing one of his head, and race past Dante and Travis, who were laughing their asses off. (“oh no, we’ve been robbed” Brian remembered Dante muse, not bothering to do a thing. Meanwhile Travis had fallen off his seat and was hitting the floor.)

Next thing he knew, Tommy was shouting for Yip, and while Brian looked up, the werewolf managed to steal his coin pouch and sword, taking off.

And well? Brian now understood why his dad was an alcoholic. And he also knew if these two kept it up, he was *going* to become one as well.



Tommy cackled, he and Yip managing to find a hidden little cave near a huge tree. “That’ll be an awesome place to build a hideout.” Yip grinned. Tommy nodded in agreement, laughing to himself.

“Oh man- did you *see* Brian’s face!? Especially when you took his coin pouch!? Oh man-”

“Hey, I just distracted him! You stole- how much stuff!? You know that we’ll have to take some of this back though.” Tommy snorted.

“Yeah, but we can build a nice hideout and keep some of it!” He laughed, flopping back. “But really- I haven’t had that much fun in ages! Oh man- I had Dante and Travis in *stitches* big man! Oh it was poggers Tubbo!”

“Whose Tubbo?” All at once, Tommy seized, turning. For a moment the werewolf’s form shifted into a short, messy brown-haired boy with small horns. The compass hung heavy on his neck. Yip blinked, noticing tears his new friend had yet to notice.

“I-I’m sorry Tommy. I didn’t mean to bring up bad memories-”

“*NO!*” Tommy didn’t want to lose his new friend. He calmed himself, looking aside. “Tubbo’s the name of my old friend. We’re best friends.” The boy’s ears were flat as he showed the compass, Yip’s finger tracing over the ‘*Your Tubbo*’ slightly. “He was- is- was- I don’t know but we were halves of each other. He was beside me constantly...then- things happened and...he exiled me from my home.” *And then everything went to shit...*

“I-I’m sorry Tommy...” Yip swallowed, looking aside. “But- if seeing that friend in me helps, I don’t mind.” Tommy looked up, chuckling.

“Thanks big man.” His blue eyes shone happily, the werewolf whimpering happily as he stayed beside the other, before they could hear shouts calling their names, calling them back. Picking up the items, they began to walk back, causing the other guards to start laughing again, Brian bright red in embarrassment.

“You both are cleaning the weapons in the barracks. Starting tomorrow.” The two boys shrugged innocently, and followed as Brian swore under his breath, pinching the bridge of his nose. Tommy chuckled, looking aside at Yip.

It really- in a way *did* help him to see Tubbo in the werewolf. He was seeing so many of those he knew in his old friends and family. He saw Puffy in Donna, Fundy in Levin, Techno (to a point) in Aaron and Katelyn. It helped. He felt wanted, and safe. It helped him feel calmer, that this place could be so strange yet allow him to let his hair down.

And besides, as long as they were all happy, safe and healthy, well, that was all Tommy wanted. And Tubbo was good at choosing people. He wouldn't be alone. After all, Tubbo was a big man. He'd be perfectly fine without Tommy.

Right?

Chapter End Notes

Brian; I am going to become an alcoholic and it is your fault.
Tommy and Yip: *smiling innocently*

Oh we're reaching part one of four other angsts sections. The angst is finally gonna hit and it will -hurt-. It will hurt both of us.

Also guys! I wanna say, the SBI (Sleepy Boi Inc) stuff I have planned and thought of, is heavily inspired by Ao3 user 47bats story "Tommyinnit; the three ends and two beginnings" because- their lore my beloved holy god. It is so angst filled but I highly recommend you guys read it. Anyway, stay safe, and I can't wait to see you next chapter. I apologise in advance ;)

You're a Part of Me (and I'll Never Be the Same Here Without You)

Chapter by [StoryWarrior](#)

Chapter Summary

Tommy was Tubbo's brother, his second half. Without Tommy, what was Tubbo?

[Chapter Title is from 'Gone Too Soon' by Simple Plan]

Chapter Notes

Hoo boy. This nearly made me cry. I apologise in advance. Also, my friend can't be added as a co-creator but if any of you get a reply to a comment from the account Brownie_Bear_Apocalypse, she is my friend, and basically the co-author, since she has helped me so much. The most she will leave is a vague ;) because that is what she does to me when I am watching a show she has already watched and I start panicking.

[Me, writing this chapter; Hey is Tubbo a ram or goat hybrid?
Brownie; do you have a coin?]

Aka; Tubbo is a ram hybrid because it was heads for goat tails for ram and it landed on tails.

TW for this chapter: Blood/Gore, implied suicide, very vague implied self-harm, screaming, disgusting imagery, gross bugs (like maggots). If you can't read this chapter, I have a summary in a comment I wrote replying to a comment. Please be safe. <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tubbo winced, lifting himself off of the ground, ears going down. He looked around. He was in L'Manberg but- it also wasn't his L'Manberg. It was back when Wilbur was the leader of the resistance. The ram hybrid looked down, noticing his old uniform on, instead of the suit he now adorned from the presidency.

"Tubbo!" His ears rose, hearing a familiar cheer of a voice. Tubbo looked up, blue eyes widening.

“Tommy!? Tommy, where are you!?” The boy stumbled about, trying desperately to find his friend.

“Tubbo!”

“Tommy please!” The boy cried, starting into a run. He froze as he saw a mop of blonde hair turned away from him. Tubbo felt tears line his eyes as he broke into a sprint. “TOMMY!” He felt his heart lighten. “Tommy! I missed you so much!-” Just as the hybrid leapt at his raccoon-featured friend, he winced, feeling himself hit a colder stone. He looked up, shocked to see a suited up version of himself standing in front of Tommy, smirking.

“No...this is...” Tubbo watched the suited version of himself.

“TommyInnit, you are to be sent to exile!”

“NO!” Tubbo screamed, trying desperately to lunge at his past self. “Don’t do it!! PLEASE!” He watched as everything dissipated, and Tubbo felt himself falling, falling, faster and faster, the fear pulling at his chest-

“Ow- shit!” The boy groaned, hitting sand with a loud ‘thump’ . He looked about, hearing the gentle crashing of waves. He felt cold, instinctively pulling his arms around his chest, noticing he was back in his suit, his attire he found himself mainly wearing.

He started walking, looking around. He could see a figure nearby, of the same blueish grey tint that Ghostbur was. “H-Hello?” Tubbo murmured. The stranger turned, and the boy had to bite back to urge to vomit.

Tommy stared daggers into him, the boy’s skin the same as the friendly little ghost. His hair was longer and matted, coated in blood. There were bloody marks coating his skin, mainly on his arms, scratch marks, the same thick blood coating his fingers. Maggots and other bugs writhed on and through him, there being a gaping hole in his chest, tears rolling down his face, mixing with blood. Tubbo couldn’t see any eyes though.

“O-Oh XD. T-Tommy...?”

“Why didn’t you visit Tubbo?” Tubbo blinked. Tommy’s voice was ragged and hoarse, echoing. But unlike Ghostbur’s happy wispy voice, Tommy’s sounded guttural, like he was constantly grinding on stones.

“I-I tried-”

“I NEEDED you Tubbo.” Tommy hissed. He took a step closer, lumbering almost with the same slow movements as a zombie, his head tilting to the side, too far for a normal person. “I needed you, I called for you. And you didn’t hear.” Tubbo stumbled back, wincing as he felt a shatter under his foot. He lifted it up, paling drastically.

The cracked compass with the words ‘Your Tubbo’ gazed up at him. He grasped his own, the engraving of ‘Your Tommy’ staring at him. Tubbo screamed as it started melting, throwing it off at the ghost, watching as it went through the hole.

“Why didn’t you come?”

“I-I tried- but Dream-” Tubbo was cut off as a bloodied hand grabbed his throat tightly, the ghost’s eye-less face somehow staring daggers into him.

“YOU ABANDONED ME!” The ghost screamed, a cacophonous roar booming in Tubbo’s ears as Tommy squeezed.

“YOU LEFT ME! YOU TOSSED ME ASIDE! LIKE I WAS NOTHING!” Tubbo was starting to panic. He couldn’t breathe. He tried desperately to clasp at the boy’s hand, tears falling freely from his eyes.

“T-Toms-Toms pl-lease-” He choked out, causing Tommy to laugh, sinisterly.

“I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! YOU DID THIS TO ME! YOU DID THIS! YOU LEFT ME TO THIS FATE! AND NOW?!” Tubbo winced as he felt his gaze fading away.

“I’ll make sure you JOIN me!” Tubbo’s vision faded as he heard a sickening crack, with a feeling of falling-

Tubbo screamed, sitting upright in his bed. The hybrid panted heavily, grasping at his neck. The compass was still there. He looked down. He was in his pyjamas. He looked around. He was safe. He was back in L’Manberg. The boy ran a shaky hand through his hair.

The memory of sending his other half, his best friend, into exile had always haunted him. But a nightmare like that? He’d never had them.

“F-Fuck...fuck...” The boy breathed in, then out, trying desperately to calm down, trying to ignore the memory of the ghost of his friend from his mind. He stood. He got dressed, and looked out the window. He needed to do something.

But what?



The ram hybrid scratched his head, messy brown hair flopping in front of his face as he looked about the nation. He smiled, noticing a masked man walking about the streets.

“Dream!” He shouted, hurrying over. The masked man turned, lowering the green hoodie, light brown hair flopping in front of it.

“Ah, Mr President.” He smiled teasingly. “How are you Tubbo?” The boy fiddled with the compass, looking aside.

“I was wondering- *please* , can I see Tommy? Even if it’s just- for a couple of minutes. I need to see how he is, I need to apologise-” Tubbo’s rambling was cut off by a long, heavy, drawn out sigh.

“Tubbo, just like I’ve told you *before* , Tommy- he doesn’t want to see you. He’s still very angry you sent him into exile. I’ve tried talking to him.”

“I know but- can you try and convince him to let me see him!? Please...”

“I can try. But don’t get your hopes up. He’s quite bitter.” Tubbo winced. He never wanted to entirely hurt him. The boy nodded as he turned away, before looking to the ground.

“Dream? Was I...too harsh?” Dream shook his head.

“No. He burnt down a fellow player’s house. This was the right thing to do.” Tubbo swallowed. The man had never given him a wrong steer since all of this, the memories of the first war gone with the wind, smoothed over. Tubbo watched as Dream walked away, silently continuing his walk.

Tubbo bit back a sob as he looked down at the compass. And after really looking at it, the boy’s eyes widened.

It wasn’t moving.

He remembered Ghostbur giving it to him, stating that it would always lead him to where Tommy was. But now? It wasn't moving. The pointer remained still. Tubbo tapped it frantically, but nothing. The fear settled as Tubbo raced about, trying desperately to find the ghost. He made it, he would know what happened.



“Ghostbur!” Tubbo called. The beanie-wearing ghost turned from where he was sitting, the blue sheep eating the grass beside him. He wished the ghost was always around. He hated having to wait an entire day.

“Hello Tubbo! How are you!?” The ghost sounded chipper. Then again, he always did.

“Well- I wanted to know about the compass you made me.” Tubbo took it off as he showed the ghost, who held it delicately in his hands. “It isn't moving. Is it broken?”

“Oh- Oh that isn't good. No- No that isn't good. Oh no no no- *I should have gone- I should have- this isn't good. I don't like this* .” Blue tears started to fall down his face, causing Ghostbur to cry out in pain, rubbing at his face. Tubbo panicked, taking it back.

“I-I'm sorry!” He murmured, trying desperately to calm the ghost down. Ghostbur pet Friend a little, holding some 'blue' (which Tubbo knew was Lapis Lazuli they had mined for him), and soon sighed.

“Sorry Tubbo. But I don't know. It should always be working. Maybe I just messed it up.” Tubbo shook his head.

“It's okay. Thanks Ghostbur. I'll figure it out.” Tubbo grinned, seeing the ghost finally beam again, and left Friend a quick pat as he walked off. He grabbed out his communicator, turning from 'public' to his 'private' chat. He needed to chat with Tommy.

Tubbo_; Hey Toms, you there? I need to see you.

Tubbo_; Dream says you don't want to see me.

Tubbo_; I understand, but I really need to see you dude.

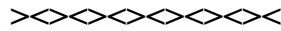
Tubbo_; Tommy?

Tubbo_; you're probably sleeping in. You always liked doing that. :P

Tubbo_; Just- answer me when you get this. Please.

Tubbo sighed. He didn't understand what was going on. He was scared. He put his communicator away again, sighing as he looked up at the sky.

Oh Tommy. What is going on?



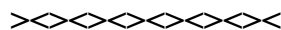
Tubbo had enough. Three more days. Dream still refused to let him see Tommy. And the boy had looked at the messages. Tommy hadn't responded. Was his communicator taken away? No. It wouldn't have been.

The admin wasn't here right now. Tubbo knew it was now or never. Walking through the halls, he passed a familiar, yet now scarred, duck hybrid.

"Quackity, I need to go do something. You're in charge while I'm gone." The man blinked, before grinning.

"Gotcha Tubster. Be careful aight?"

"I will." Tubbo bloomed a little at the affection, before walking out, looking at the huge map of the server. He knew where Dream had put Tommy's exile. And so, Tubbo steeled himself, and proceeded to make his way to Logstedshire, a boat in his inventory just in case he needed one.



Fear began to grasp at Tubbo's chest as he approached the area. Looking around, he paled. There were explosion marks everywhere, craters littering the area. "No..." The ram's breathing picked up as he began running about.

"TOMMY!? TOMMY ARE YOU HERE!?" The boy was panicking further, wincing as he tripped. A stick cut across his cheek, hurting his scars from ages ago. As he looked up, he paled.

A torn, green bandanna was waving from the stick. It was the same kind Tubbo had given him. Tommy had given him a red one. Tubbo hadn't worn it in ages. His friend had been a

traitor, why would he wear it? The president carefully unwound it, holding the bandanna close to his chest, letting out a shaky breath. He was sure Tommy would have had it still. He would have. Pushing himself up, quickly tying the bandanna around his wrist, he began to keep moving.

“Tommy!? This isn’t funny! Seriously, where are you man!?” He stopped again, as a shadow loomed over him. Looking up, the boy’s ears flopped, as he went limp.

Staring up at him, was a huge tower. Under the tower was some blood. Dry, as though it had been there for a while. Tubbo shook his head. There was no way. No. It was just- Tommy was always bad at building. This was just something he abandoned. There was no way. He wouldn’t have actually- his best friend, his *other FUCKING half* wouldn’t just-

There was a crunch under Tubbo’s foot. *Please don’t be a bone. Please don’t be a bone. Or the compass. Please, for the love of XD don’t let it be-*

The communicator’s frazzled screen stared up at the boy from the ground. It’s stickers that showed his family. A black feather for Phil. A crown for Techno. A guitar for Wilbur. A bee for Tubbo. It’s red and white covering.

And Tubbo’s unread messages resting on the glitching screen. There were no footprints, nothing.

The world started to spin in Tubbo’s vision. There was no way- his friend wasn’t *dead* . And yet- his dream came back to him.

“*YOU DID THIS! YOU LEFT ME TO THIS FATE!*” Tommy’s words echoed in his ears. Fear spread like ice through the boy. Was that a nightmare...? Or was it a premonition? Was that fate telling him that his friend was dead by his own hands, and it was Tubbo’s fault?

“T-Toms...” His voice was shaky. Tubbo wasn’t much of a crier. He didn’t like it. It made him seem weak. Or- well that’s what Wilbur had told him and Tommy, while Niki comforted them after nightmare after nightmare. But as he stared at the tower, everything slammed

down onto him, heavy tears starting to pour, as a rainfall quickly came over the SMP, pelting down onto him.

His friend was... *gone* . Tommy had lost two canon lives already. They all only had three. That meant-

He would never see Tommy again. Tommy had- XD he had- he was *gone* . And it was Tubbo's fault.

He should have fought Dream against his words. He should have demanded to see Tommy otherwise. Even if Tommy screamed and cursed at him, he should have shown up at least *once* , to apologise, even if they fell upon deaf ears.

But now he would *never* get that chance. His best friend, his *BROTHER*, was gone. And it was Tubbo's fault. It was all *his* fault.

Tommy had killed...

Tommy killed himself.

And as soon as that cold, terrifying realisation settled down into Tubbo's bones, he untied the bandanna, clutching it so tightly he felt he would tear the fabric with his nails. His knuckles were white.

The boy's knees buckled, falling onto the ground.

The communicator stared up at him. Messages that would never be read.

Tubbo felt like he was drowning. He couldn't breathe. Why- Why couldn't he breathe? He grasped for air, everything crumbling.

He remembered growing up with Tommy, Phil supervising as they laughed.

Phil scolding Tommy and Tubbo as they came home with scraped knees and dirty faces.

Tommy and Tubbo causing havoc and pulling pranks on the SMP together.

Tubbo had hoped, he had hoped that once exile was over, he could start again.

He planned on clutching his friend tightly, echoing sobs as he promised to never leave the boy alone again. That they would always be together. He would keep the boy beside him, make Tommy his Vice President, and protect him from anyone who would hurt him, just as Tommy had done to him.

But now he would never have that chance. Everything he wanted to do was impossible now.

He was gone.

His precious brother, in all but blood.

His other half.

His *best friend* .

Tubbo screamed.

I apologise heavily for this chapter. The next couple will be more on Tommy before the next SMP p.o.v.

Hope you all have a good day! And wanted to specify in case, my pronouns are she/her, but I do not mind masculine nicknames :)

See you all next time!

We Didn't Start the Fire

Chapter Summary

Tommy decides to help bake with Donna and Kawaii~Chan. Sides, Niki only banned him from HER bakery.

What could go wrong?

[Chapter Title is from 'We Didn't Start the Fire' by Billy Joel]

Chapter Notes

New chapter! I wanted to update this days ago but a cold decided to slam me for three days. I am still sick but at least now I can focus on something. Also, my friend I mentioned in chapter 6 has officially been added as a co-creator so! If any of you get a reply from Brownie_Bear_Apocalypse, that is my friend so, no need to worry.

I am so happy you guys are enjoying this story. I love it and all of you so much! Take care guys! :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A couple more weeks soon went by. Tommy had casually mentioned a little place to build for him and Yip, and instead of being torn down, stating that he didn't have permission, Aphmau simply smiled and said she would help, and she'd get Logan to help as well.

He was happy. So unbelievably fucking happy. It was still being built, and he and Yip had explained what they wanted (which included *so* many chests and hiding places. Did they say why? No. This was their spoils in their pranks) and now they just had to wait.

Tommy- enjoyed it here. He did more and more. The people were lovely, but he knew that while he spent all of his time at the guard barracks watching the training and occasionally taking part with Yip, causing Brian to get his first grey hairs (most likely), he remembered Donna's words when he had first met her and Molly.

"I like bakin too, and tend to help Kawaii~Chan in her bakery. So feel free to join me."

Now, back on the SMP, Niki had banned him from helping cook ages ago, during the fight for L'Manberg's freedom (it wasn't his fault the fire started! It just spontaneously occurred! He was watching it and everything was fine, then he turned his back and oh no. Fire.), and he hadn't been allowed to step foot in her bakery since.

But this wasn't the SMP. It wasn't her bakery. And XD-damn-it he could bake if he bloody wanted to.

So here he was now, making his way to the bakery. And Tommy certainly didn't get lost for about 10 fucking minutes as he wandered about the large town. Besides, he needed to do other things than just stay around the guards. If he spent too much time with one select group they were bound to get tired of him. And he didn't want anyone getting tired of him.

Looking about, he smiled, catching a glimpse of Donna's light brown hair walking through. The raccoon hybrid grinned as he raced over, making enough noise that the woman turned before he got her name out. His heart warmed at the sight of her smile when she noticed he was heading towards her.

"Well hi there darling! I heard from Yip you both have been causing trouble, hm?" One hand was on her hip, but she was smiling. Tommy chuckled, his tail fluffing up.

"What? Who? Me? Never. No." Donna chuckled, shaking her head as she smiled.

"Alright then. Either way, I'm glad you both get along. I had a feeling you would. What is it?"

"Well- I remember you mentioned baking- and I was wondering..." The boy's ears went flat, suddenly feeling less confident. What if she had only meant that day? His thoughts didn't swirl for long before she smiled.

"Do you want to join? I was about to head over to Kawaii~Chan's right now! Just needed to get a few things she's running low on." Tommy's ears rose as he smiled.

"Yes please!" Donna chuckled, gesturing with her head for the boy to follow alongside her as she smiled. The boy beamed excitedly, happily walking through the village with her.

People knew who he was now. He was Tommy, a rambunctious kid who- well adored getting into trouble. Too often certain things went missing. But he never took anything from Logan's stall. For some reason, he found the blonde-haired male intimidating and- to be honest rather frightening. He glared at anyone, but when it came to his family, he was softer, and Tommy had noticed a smile occasionally whenever the boy found himself wandering the markets. So in a way- he liked Logan. Don't get him wrong he was absolutely terrified of the guy, but- he knew he would never hurt him.



Tommy looked up at the bright pink and white styled building in front of him. The aesthetic reminded him a little of Niki. He hoped she was doing okay. He missed her a lot. He could remember how she would take care of him, Fundy and Tubbo if they had nightmares during the fight for L'Manberg.

She was probably happy. The boy held the basket of items Donna needed to buy as she knocked, opening the door. Tommy's tail started to wag as he caught wind of the sweet smell of cakes and other baked goods.

"Oh this'll be poggers." Tommy whispered. Donna laughed softly, looking around.

"Kawaii~Chan? I'm here! And I have a little helper with me today."

"I'll be out there soon Donna~Chan!" A happy, rather sweet yet high voice replied, muffled from the kitchen. Tommy blinked, before remembering how Aphmau had introduced him to her the first time. (He remembered the cat-person - meif'wa, Aphmau had told him - called her 'Aphmau~Senpai'. He thought it was weird until she explained it was- simply how she was. And she only really did it with a couple of people.)

He and Donna waited, before seeing the pink-haired lady approach from the kitchen. Her apron was covered in flour, and she also had some on her hands. Tommy could see sprinkles in her hair. He smiled. Kawaii~Chan's eyes shone as she saw them. Donna tied her hair back.

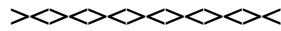
"I hope you don't mind. I extended the offer to Tommy a while ago, and he wanted to come."

"Of course! The more the merrier!" Kawaii~Chan's tail flicked happily. "Do you know how to bake?" She smiled. It took Tommy a couple of minutes before he realised the question was aimed at him.

"Huh-? Oh. Uh- I mean a friend from where I used to live once let me into her bakery so...I have a bit of knowledge I guess." Donna smiled softly.

"It's alright, you can help us where you feel comfortable." Tommy smiled, relieved at the prospect, before following the ladies into the kitchen. He felt confident.

After all, that was simply a fluke! He was TommyInnit, baking extraordinaire! It would be *fine* . Besides, Donna and Kawaii~Chan were rather capable, after all, she owned a bakery for XD's sake! It was going to be fun and absolutely *nothing* could go wrong!



Everything went wrong. How was he meant to know he was supposed to take the foil *off* before putting everything in the microwave!? He looked up as the guards continued to pour water on the flames, before looking to Kawaii~Chan and Donna beside him, standing despite his sitting.

The two of them were absolutely covered in soot and charcoal. Kawaii~Chan's pink hair was covered in ash with slightly burnt ends, and Donna's hair was no exception.

As he watched, Tommy felt himself starting to shake, trying to grasp at his arms to calm down.

He'd messed up. Again. Just like how he'd bothered Wilbur to the point of insanity (even though a tiny, *tiny* repressed voice whispered that it wasn't his fault), how he'd been the one to cause exile and all of the pain that caused (Mexican Dream flashed through his mind), he had messed up *again* .

He imagined them throwing him back through the portal, where Dream's pathetic, smiling mask loomed over him. With Technoblade, brandishing the Axe of Peace directly behind him. He couldn't go back he- he didn't *want* to go back.

"Darlin? Are you alright?" The hybrid blinked, his fears dissipating as Donna crouched in front of him, hands outstretched gently. "Can you hear me?"

Tommy nodded, swallowing, blinking back tears. When was he crying?

"Perfect. Can I- Can I touch you darlin?" Tommy froze. He thought, the best he could, shaking. *You haven't been hurt here*, that small voice from that tiny forgotten part, now slowly growing warmer, whispered gently. *They care about you. It's okay.*

Tommy swallowed, giving a small nod, however he froze up, desperately begging them not to hurt him, begging them to keep him safe, that he meant *something* , even a tiny, *miniscule* thing to someone else-

"That's it darlin. Focus on me." Tommy's ears were flat as he was brought back to reality, looking up as Donna rubbed his arms gently, smiling warmly. Kawaii~Chan kept her distance slightly, though her ears were flat. The boy noticed she didn't look angry, solely worried.

“Is he okay Donna~Chan?”

“I don’t know darlin. Tommy?” Tommy swallowed, tugging at the blonde hair that moved in front of his face.

“I-I’m okay...I-I’m sorry...” He murmured, fiddling with his tail. “I didn’t mean for- for that to happen.” Kawaii~Chan smiled.

“It’s okay! Kawaii~Chan didn’t really know how to bake herself! Kawaii~Chan had to learn!” Tommy smiled at the mief’wa, slowly feeling more confident.

“R-Right...” Donna chuckled softly.

“Maybe it’s best you leave the bakin’ to us Tommy. Or you can learn...we can teach you.” Tommy grinned.

“Yeah I-I think I’d like that...” Donna smiled, Garroth walking over to chat with Kawaii~Chan, shooting a warm and non-blaming gaze to Tommy.

“You should rest up. And- clean up.” Donna chuckled. Tommy nodded, standing up tall.

“Right- I-I’ll see you around Donna. Bye Kawaii~Chan!” The mief’wa smiled and waved as Tommy began to head back.

Fiddling with his shirt, the raccoon hybrid smiled slightly. His hands moved to his arms, warmth surging through him, before it hit him.

He handled touch.

He *handled* touch! Sure, the feeling of someone hugging him or patting his shoulder from behind or anything he didn’t know about still terrified him, but he *allowed* it. Even just a little.

And deep down, Tommy knew he was getting better. Slowly but surely...he was healing.

And he couldn’t wait for that outcome. He really, truly couldn’t.

He's healing guys!~

Also- this ARC is almost over. Not the whole story, but this arc. Let's call it the Healing Arc. The next arc will be the Reunion Arc which will be both angst and comforting. Take care, and I can't wait to see you in the next chapter!

Edit; Ello brownie here; just changed the word oven to microwave since foil is fine in an oven, but will fuck up shit if you put it in a microwave

I Have Friends Who Understand Me (Their Names are Spider, Beetle, Bee)

Chapter Summary

Tommy meets another redstone fanatic, and spends some time with his other caretaker. As well as finds a new friend.

[Chapter Title is from 'Boys Will be Bugs' by Cavetown.]

Chapter Notes

I ask you dear readers, what is a Tommy-Centric fic without ~Clementine~

I'm glad you all are enjoying this story, so enjoy this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy yawned as he walked downstairs, ears flat as he rubbed the sleep from his eyes. Over the days, slowly morphing into weeks, the blonde-haired boy had gotten used to the sound of laughter echoing from downstairs. He'd gotten used to the scent of warm breakfast and Zoey's humming from the kitchen. Seeing Aphmau's smile as she asked him if he'd had a 'good sleep'. He had- a small little den near the corner of his room complete with blankets and pillows, and a couple different tiny things he'd stolen.

He had a feeling those here knew he was stealing *something*, but they never said anything. And he only ever took small things.

For now.

The sun filtered in through the curtains as he made his way down entirely. Levin looked up, the little toddler beaming, eyes shining happily.

"Tommy! Tommy!"

"Hey little man," The hybrid laughed, ruffling the toddler's hair. Malachi looked up from beside his brother, the ghost's eyes lighting up.

“Morning Tommy.” Tommy chuckled.

“Morning to you too Malachi.” The boy’s ears twitched as Zoey walked out with Aphmau from the kitchen, her blue eyes shining softly as she put down plates of breakfast, the raccoon immediately racing over and digging in. Aphmau laughed.

“Well good morning.”

“Mmm- m’rning!” Aphmau chuckled as he continued to eat. Zoey’s ears were high as she ate alongside Aphmau as she helped the toddler from making a mess, while Malachi watched, albeit a little sadly.

“That reminds me, I was planning on going into the forest and exploring. You can join me if you like.” Tommy’s ears rose. His blue eyes shone as he remembered chasing after bugs as a toddler, frightening his father when he came home with a spider on his head. He remembered finding wild animals, occasionally coming back with an injured deer baby or baby bird. He remembered scaring Techno and Wilbur when he brought home a rat.

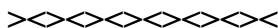
He’d always enjoyed it.

“He- Heck yeah!” The boy beamed, causing the elf to laugh. Aphmau smiled softly.

“Oh- do you mind checking on Kenmur while you’re out there?” The lord looked towards Tommy who tilted his head in confusion. “Oh, Kenmur is a member of Phoenix Drop. He lives further away since he experiments with a substance called Redstone. He creates fun little inventions.” Tommy blinked, ears rising. He was glad to know Redstone existed here. More importantly, it seemed like Kenmur would remind him of Sam.

Sam. He missed the creeper hybrid. The centaur always smelt of gunpowder and Redstone. Sam had helped him occasionally. He hoped the big guy was doing well.

“Course love.” Zoey smiled, kissing Aphmau quickly before standing up entirely. “Come on then Tommy. He’s a bit awkward but I think you might get along.” Tommy nodded, mainly excited about exploring. With the strangeness of this world, he wondered what he might find, since- this world certainly held a bit more- *magic* than his old realm. With a smile, he quickly followed the elf out into the forest.



The boy looked around excitedly, constantly running ahead through the huge oak and spruce trees, laughing loudly. Zoey watched on in affection as she ran occasionally to catch up to him.

“You enjoy this all hm?” She smiled. Tommy jumped, turning.

“How the hell did you catch up so easily!?” Zoey smiled, her hands moving.

“I’m an elf from a place called the Yggdrasil Forest. We were all taught how to listen to the forest, and how to communicate with it.” Zoey moved her hands again, placing one against a tree, and Tommy watched, eyes wide as the oak’s leaves seemed to bloom, causing a small apple blossom to bloom. “We control nature to a point.”

“Poggers.” Tommy whispered, smiling brightly as he watched. Zoey chuckled.

“I suppose. It’s nice to know that the forest still responds...it helps me feel like I’m still accepted somewhere.”

“You like Phoenix Drop don’t you?”

“Oh- yes. I simply mean-” Zoey’s ears went down as she sighed, continuing to walk, Tommy following close beside her. “-back in the Yggdrasil Forest...despite elves connecting with nature, I specialised in a different magic; barrier magicks. As such I...was exiled due to using that type of magicks, meaning I had to abandon my- well at this point ex-husband and son.’

‘I lived in a town for a while before moving to Phoenix Drop. The best thing I could have done.’

“Do...” Tommy chewed his bottom lip. “Do you regret it?” Zoey smiled, shaking her head.

“No. No I don’t. I love Aphmau, and our sons. There’s not a thing I regret.” Tommy nodded. He was curious about a lot more now.

“What are barrier magicks?” Zoey chuckled.

“Well- I can create portals. Before you ask, I did not create the one that brought you here. Though I have been trying to understand it alongside Emmalyn. There are many types of magicks. It is one half of the magic here, the other is Witchcraft, which is a lot more loose, meaning that one can use many types of powers, such as Lucinda. But, you always need a familiar.” Tommy nodded, his eyes shining excitedly.

Maybe he'd find that Lucinda at some point. It sounded fun. They kept walking, Tommy asking a few more questions about magicks, before they were brought to a slightly large cottage, with a cobblestone path that led to the village.

"Here we are." Zoey smiled, knocking on the door. "Kenmur!? Are you here!?" There was silence, before a slightly loud *boom*, a cough, some clattering noises before a door opened, revealing the form of a pale man, with some ash and redstone covering his body and clothes, with brown hair coated in some ash and gunpowder and brown eyes. He wore a simple jacket, shirt and pants, with some goggles on the top of his head. The smell of ash and gunpowder made Tommy relax.

It reminded him so much of Sam. It was nice.

"Oh- hi Zoey! Whose this?" He sounded a little nervous, but had a warm smile.

"This is Tommy. He's been staying with Aphmau and I. He came through a portal."

"Sup." Kenmur's eyes widened in curiosity as he smiled.

"Fascinating! I'll need to chat to Emmalyn. Maybe I could make something to possibly scan and record different waves of magicks." Tommy grinned. He was definitely like Sam.

"Right." Zoey chuckled. "We were just coming to check on you." Tommy nodded.

"What were you working on!?" Kenmur blinked and chuckled, smiling at the young boy.

"I was working on something to try and record nether portal particles, in order to make sure Shadow Knights can't come here, or if they do, we have the upper hand. Something about recording their magicks residue." Tommy nodded. He had been told about Shadow Knights during a chat with Laurence when he watched him and Garroth fight once, noticing how the guard's eyes went red. They sounded scary.

He hoped he never had to meet one.

"*Awesome...*" Kenmur chuckled, going a little red in embarrassment.

"I guess it is. Thanks kid!" Tommy smiled, his tail wagging. Zoey chuckled, chatting with Kenmur for a little bit more before they started to head off, Tommy waving wildly at the engineer, who waved back before walking back in.

"Does he always live there?" Zoey nodded.

“Sometimes he stays in the library with Emmalyn when they’re researching Irene or the other Divine Warriors. If you ask me,” Zoey leaned down to him. “I think they quite like each other.” Tommy laughed, proceeding to follow the elf further into the forest.



The boy ran about as he explored the forest. There were so many unique animals. Zoey had urged him to be quiet and hide as they watched a deer drink at a small lake, Tommy’s tail wagging in excitement as he watched.

Watching reminded him of Henry, causing the boy’s ears to go down, remembering the face of his little cow friend. As he watched a sheep go by, he was reminded of the blue sheep following the friendly ghost of his brother by the lead. He looked around, noticing Zoey interacting with a few other animals, allowing the boy ample time to slip away, memories of pets he’d found and lost pushing through his mind.

He slumped against a tree, hot tears stinging at his eyes. The boy huffed, desperately trying to wipe at them. He’d already almost cried once in front of Donna, he wouldn’t cry again, he was a big man, he wouldn’t-

Tiny sobs came out of him as he curled up, the hybrid allowing himself to be lost in his memories for a few moments, remembering everything he had lost either at his own hands or anothers. Not just animals, but people too.

How many left there would even still care about him?

Did Tubbo still care?

“TommyInnit, you are to be sent to exile!”

The boy winced. He wouldn’t. Tubbo already had another best friend. He looked at the compass, *‘Your Tubbo’* staring straight up at him.

Your Tubbo.

His fingers tightened around the compass.

Your Tubbo.

His other hand tugged at the string that kept it around his neck.

Your Tubbo.

He pushed the compass close, tears rolling down his face.

Your Tubbo.

The wind moved gently, almost like a silent protest.

Your Tubbo.

He let it go, shaking as the tears proceeded to roll down his face as he held it again.

His Tubbo.

Tommy blinked as a tiny white moth landed on the compass, staring up at the hybrid. It was tinier than most moths, and pure white. Its wings were a little soft, and fluff covered almost its entire body. Tommy's eyes shone as he looked at it, wiping his tears away.

"Hello there..." He murmured, smiling softly. The moth stared up at him, before flying up and landing on his nose. Tommy chuckled, sneezing, causing the moth to flop onto the compass. The boy's eyes widened as he cupped his hands, letting the moth land on it.

“O-oh I’m sorry...!” He smiled a little as the moth looked up, a tiny hand patting his finger, almost like saying ‘*it’s okay*’.

The boy smiled, letting go of the compass, letting it *thunk* back softly against his chest, cupping his other hand, the moth flying about before landing on his finger. Tommy chuckled, petting its head softly, the moth leaning into it.

“Tommy!? Where are you? We should start heading back! I’ve collected some herbs, mushrooms and flowers!” The boy’s ears twitched as he smiled, continuing to hold the moth as he got up, heading over to her. The elf’s blue eyes softened in relief as she smiled.

“There you are!” Her gaze moved to the tiny moth in his hands. “You found a friend?” She smiled. Tommy nodded. Zoey’s eyes softened as she smiled.

“Well, what are you going to name them?” She moved closer, inspecting the little moth gently. “Her.” She spoke again, correcting herself. Tommy blinked.

“What?” Tommy looked down at the moth. “I can keep her?” Zoey chuckled.

“Of course you can. Aphmau has a multitude of pets kept in a beautiful lower story. So many dogs.” She whispered to herself, smiling. “So?” Tommy looked at the moth, and nodded to himself.

“*Clementine*. A lovely name for a lovely lady.” The moth fluttered happily, landing on the boy’s head. Zoey laughed.

“Clementine sounds lovely.”

“No- not Clementine, *Clementine*.” Zoey blinked, before smiling.

“Alright. Sorry Tommy,” She smiled. “Now come on, I’m sure Levin and Malachi would love to meet *Clementine*.” Tommy blinked. She didn’t sound mocking, not like his brothers might have. His chest warmed at it as he followed Zoey back, soon entertaining the two brothers with *Clementine*’s presence. Of course Levin decided to call her ‘fluffy’, which Tommy didn’t mind.

He liked having *Clementine*. Slowly but surely, he was feeling more and more like he had a place here, among a home, a new family.

Was this what his purpose was? To be here? The hybrid didn’t know. But for now, among the warm cottage with the hearth crackling softly, he enjoyed the company of the two ladies and their sons, and his new pet. No, actually, his daughter had a better ring to it.

Yeah. That was better. He smiled.

Brightly .

Chapter End Notes

Tommy totally doesn't see Zoey as a mother figure, not at all ;)

Also I like the idea that Sam is a centaur cos creepers have four leg things. So I am using that. Also no prison = Awesomedad Pog

We have one more chapter to go before the next SMP P.O.V. The next chapter will hint at who it is so buckle up, cos it'll be a doozy ;)

Thanks for reading, see ya next time guys!

I Will Protect You from All Around You (I Will be Here don't You Cry)

Chapter Summary

Nightmares are such a frightening thing. And for Tommy, they're always so, so painful.

After all...

Tommy can't handle being alone.

[Chapter Title is from 'You'll Be in My Heart' by Phil Collins]

Chapter Notes

This is the final chapter before the next DreamSMP P.O.V! Hints in the end of this chapter will show who is the next one, so strap in, cos it'll be a two parter unlike Tubbo's.

Trigger Warnings for this chapter are mainly within the nightmare sequence. The nightmare starts at the first ><<<< and ends at the next ><<<<. These Trigger warnings are; Blood/Gore, fire, screaming, darkness and death. For those who cannot read the nightmare scene; this is not the most important part of the chapter. It is simply a chapter highlighting how afraid Tommy is of being the bad guy and loosing his one change at love and a family that he now has, despite not truly seeing it as that just yet.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

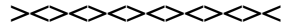
Tommy yawned as he walked up the stairs, the moon shining softly in the sky above the village. *Clementine* was resting peacefully on the top of his head, though she snuggled into his hands as the hybrid brought her down to the little nature now settled on his windowsill.

Zoey had helped him find some nice tiny sticks and branches, and some little flowers and plants for a nice little area for her. The little moth curled up, still fast asleep as Tommy pet her oh so gently. He had thanked Zoey basically all day for it, causing the elf to laugh and finally quieten him down thanks to Aphmau.

They really were too good to him, was a thought that crept into his mind occasionally. But regardless, the teenager always managed to shake it away, at least for a small while. Tommy yawned, flopping back onto the soft mattress he slept on. The raccoon bundled up under the

blankets, yawning again as he looked at the moonlight filtering into his room. It lit up the room softly, giving Tommy a feeling of warmth and comfort.

His eyelids soon grew heavy as darkness enveloped him, leading him into sleep for another night.



Tommy whimpered quietly as something tickled his nose. He sneezed, eyes opening tiredly. He shivered, blinking at the blades of grass in front of him. His eyes widened as he saw the beach of exile in front of him. The boy pushed himself up, looking around, recognising the place of so much of his suffering.

How was he back here? How? The boy swallowed, turning to run, wincing as he slammed into a chest, falling back down. He could have sworn his heart stopped as he looked up at the mask-cladded man staring down at him, a netherite sword in his grip.

“Tommy, Tommy, Tommy...” Dream ‘tsked, shaking his head disapprovingly. “And here I thought you were learning your lesson ...”

“D-Dream...” Tommy’s voice faltered, his ears flat as he tried to scramble back, shrieking as Dream slammed the sword into the ground, glaring as the weather around them began to rumble and storm, rain starting to pelt down.

“ TOMMY. ” The man echoed. He growled. “How DARE you!?” He took a step closer.

“After everything I’ve done for you!”

He pulled the sword from the ground.

“ THIS is how you repay me!?” He swung the sword in his grip.

“By disappearing!? Where would you even go!? No one wants you with them! You are alone Tommy! I am your only friend! The only one you can trust!” Tommy’s breathing picked him as he looked around.

No.

No.

Dream was wrong.

He just needed to find the portal.

He needed to find Aphmau, Zoey, and Levin, and Malachi.

He needed to find them.

“You’re wrong you- you bitch!” Tommy spat, kicking at Dream’s legs, scrambling to his feet as he took off, Dream’s angry voice echoing from behind him.

“YOU CAN’T RUN FOREVER TOMMY!”

Tears pricked at Tommy’s eyes as he kept running. He didn’t stop. The snow soon appeared at his feet. The cold pulled at his clothes. Techno’s hut vanished into the distance. Tommy didn’t care. He soon couldn’t hear Dream. His heart sang as he saw the portal, running to it, desperate for the safety of Phoenix Drop. They would save him. They would keep him safe.

They would-

Tommy winced as he slammed into the working portal, knocking him down. The hybrid got up, his tail flicking as he looked at it. He put his hands on the blue magic humming softly, trying desperately to look. Instead of the forest in which the portal was kept, Tommy could see the town, those who had cared for him.

“HEY!” He slammed on the portal, screaming. “APHMAU! AARON! ZOEY! LEVIN! MALACHI! I’M HERE!”

The boy kept screaming, despite the pain that soon began to tear at his throat, his voice hoarse. He screamed, sobbing as they all began to walk away.

It was then he noticed Zoey turn her head. His eyes widened.

“ZOEY! ZOEY PLEASE!” The elf looked at him, saying nothing. Tommy’s tears poured down his face as he watched in horror.

The elf turned and followed after her family.

Tommy slumped to his knees, leaning head against the portal.

“D-DON’T LEAVE ME! P-Please...” Tommy sobbed, before he shouted in panic, the ground seeming to vanish beneath his feet, before crashing onto- nothing.

He was nowhere but a dark, endless void. The hybrid looked around, clutching his tail closely, grasping at his compass for comfort, only to realise it wasn’t on his neck.

“Look at that Tommy.” Tommy’s eyes widened as he turned, coming face to face with the crazed look of his brother. Wilbur’s brown hair covered his eyes slightly as he grinned, and it was then Tommy noticed the sword sticking out of his brother’s chest, blood rolling from his mouth and eyes as he grinned at his baby brother. “You became the bad guy.”

“W-What the fuck does that mean!?”

Wilbur laughed, stepping forward. Tommy stepped back, wincing as he fell over something. Looking up, he screamed, standing.

Lying in front of him was a decapitated body; a body wearing a suit. Underneath the body’s hand, blood still staining the black void, clear enough for the hybrid to see his own horrified expression, was a compass.

The engraving of ‘Your Tommy’ sent a chill through him.

"T-Tubbo?" He choked out, breathing picking up as he felt a hand grip his shoulder. He didn't have to look back to know who it was.

"You're the bad guy Tommy." Wilbur whispered. Tommy screamed as he pushed Wilbur aside, continuing to run. He stopped as he looked up at his father's bloody form impaled on a sharp torn off branch, blue eyes wide and lifeless, his bloodied bucket hat lying on the ground, Phil's wings limp, torn and coated in the avian's own blood.

"You broke it all."

"SHUT UP!" Tommy kept running, tears lining his vision. The mutilated corpses of Techno and Fundy were next, but the boy kept running, leaping over them, trying desperately to escape.

"You did this." Wilbur laughed. Tommy screamed, clutching his hands to his ears.

"STOP IT! I DIDN'T DO ANY OF THIS!" Tommy sobbed, still trying to run.

"Oh yes you did. You break everything that you touch TommyInnit." Tommy sobbed as he continued to run, before he felt a heavy hand grip his shirt. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't get free. Looking back, he screamed.

Wilbur was still there, but he looked different now. His eyes were a pure and pupil-less white, grinning madly at him, grin twisted painfully, almost as though sliced. Blood matted in his hair and down his face from his eyes and mouth. Tommy could feel the sword hilt pushing into him, causing the boy to look down, blood staining his own shirt, the gaping hole still bleeding with worms and maggots crawling about.

"And just like everything here...you broke THEM." Wilbur pushed his brother around, forcing the boy to stare in horror.

Bodies decorated the grass and cobblestone. Buildings were burning slowly and the ground was littered with explosions. Tommy stood still.

He saw Garroth. Laurence. Travis. Katelyn. Donna. Aaron.

"No. No, fuck this!" Tommy kept running, trying to avoid the bodies, before pausing again. Yip's body was pinned against a burning wall, flames licking at his flesh, his mouth open in a silent scream, the werewolf's corpse staring dead-eyed at him.

“NO!” Tommy kept running.

“You can’t run from the truth Tommy!” Wilbur cackled from behind him. Tommy kept going, before freezing.

Aphmau and Zoey lay mutilated on the ground. Zoey’s left arm was torn off and tossed to the side. Her throat was torn open, bugs crawling about. Aphmau had her hand in hers, eye-less gaze staring up at the sky, her hair matted with blood, chest torn open. Tommy screamed, shaking his head.

“STOP IT WILBUR! STOP IT!” Wilbur laughed maniacally.

“NEVER! THIS IS ALL YOU TOMMY!”

Tommy sobbed as he trembled, desperately wanting to pull his eyes out, to do anything that would stop this pain.

He foolishly moved his hands from his eyes.

Everything was dark again. Except for the small, normal spectre in front of him. Tommy’s eyes widened.

“Malachi!” Tommy sobbed, moving to hug the ghost.

“Why?” Malachi’s voice was quiet, looking up at Tommy.

“W-What?”

“Why did you do it? We were nice to you weren’t we? Wasn’t it enough?” Tommy blinked, the carnage flashing again in front of him.

“No- No Malachi-”

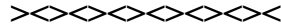
“Weren’t we good enough? I thought we were family Tommy. But I guess we should have abandoned you.”

“No- listen big man-”

“I already lost my first family. So why...” Malachi looked up, his eyes turning black as his form moved to shadow, echoing. “WHY WOULD YOU TAKE MY SECOND!?”

Tommy's eyes widened, his ears flat as he felt himself being curled around by the shadow, pulling him tightly. The hybrid sobbed as he curled up in a ball, trying to hide from wherever he was, clinging to the hope that maybe- maybe everything would be okay.

"PLEASE! I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING! PLEASE! Let me go! Please!"



Zoey slept soundly, arms wrapped around her girlfriend, a soft smile on her face.

"Don't leave me!" The elf stirred slightly, ears twitching. She opened her eyes slightly, focusing on the faint voice.

"Please! I didn't want to..." Her eyes widened.

Tommy? Zoey pushed herself up carefully, trying her best not to wake her sleeping partner. Unfortunately, being the partner of a lord who'd come to expect any threats from anywhere, Aphmau was a bit of a light sleeper.

The lord stirred, opening her caramel eyes slowly, looking up at her partner. "Zoey...? What's going on?"

"I can hear Tommy."

"What?" Aphmau rubbed her eyes, now sitting up herself, adjusting her nightgown. "Is he okay?" Zoey shook her head, getting up and walking to where they knew Tommy's room was, Aphmau following close behind her. Zoey's ears were down as she moved anxiously and quickly towards the teenager's room.

She pushed open the door as the sobbing from behind it was louder. Tommy lay curled up tightly under the covers, tears streaming down his face, red and puffy from all his tears. The boy's form wracked with sobs as he clutched his head, tail curled tightly around himself, ears flat.

“P-Please!” He murmured and sobbed, voice muffled by the blankets. Zoey and Aphmau’s eyes were wide as they raced to his bed, instincts kicking in the same way that they did whenever they could hear Levin or Malachi crying.

“Tommy?!” Zoey’s voice was tight with alarm, though she did her best to keep it calm, placing her hands on the boy’s shoulders. “Tommy we’re here! It’s okay!”

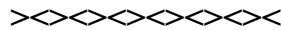


Tommy curled up tightly in that darkness, clawing at anything. His sobs echoed around the darkness, pulling at his breaking heart. He screamed out for help, names of everyone he knew, just for some help.

“P-Please!” He begged, wanting the warmth to curl around him the same way it had been. He didn’t want this anymore.

“...ommy!” The noise was faint and silent from his ears, sobs causing it to dissipate. Tommy shrieked, feeling a jolt from around the darkness as though something was holding him.

“...ommy...here! ‘Kay!” The noise was quiet, but the hybrid heard it this time. He didn’t stop crying, but the feeling of being held almost shook him, and the boy felt himself fall from the darkness, faster and faster and faster he simply plummeted down, down, down, down, down-



Tommy screamed as he bolted upright, eyes wide as he panted and sobbed. He couldn’t see anything but that darkness, couldn’t smell anything but the blood and ash and smoke that he had caused.

They were gone. They were all gone.

He was the bad guy.

Wilbur was right.

Dream was right.

Everyone was right.

“Tommy! Tommy, please focus on me!” A soft hand made its way onto his face, wiping at the tear marks gently. The hybrid’s gaze flicked up, meeting the soft and frightened blue and caramel eyes that belonged to the faces of those who had been taking care of him.

They were okay. There was no blood, no wounds.

His gaze flicked about, landing on places in the room. He was safe.

“I-I’m s-sorry- I didn’t-” The boy sobbed, still unable to rip the horrific images he saw in his mind from his thoughts. He pulled his knees up to his chest, trying his best to hide his face, before a warmth flooded into him.

He felt arms wrap around him, pulling him close. He tensed, before a hand began to move itself through his hair.

“Shh...it’s alright Tommy. It’s okay...it was just a nightmare. We’re here...” Tommy could hear Zoey’s voice whisper to him, and he felt another pair of arms wrap around him as well.

“It’s okay.” His teary gaze met Aphmau’s as she smiled sadly, wiping the tears from his eyes. “That’s it...” The boy was tense in their arms, before melting.

He sobbed, curling up into them. He didn’t care anymore. He wanted their comfort. The two partners wrapped their arms around the boy tightly, murmuring soft reassurances into his ears. It reminded him of when he was a child, and his screaming woke a tired father, who brought him into his arms and lulled him back to sleep with soft words and lullabies.

The old Phil. That was who Zoey reminded him of. The Phil that would smile and cradle the younger raccoon in his arms, laughing and humming lullabies.

Tommy started to cry, burying himself into Zoey's arms, clinging to her nightgown as she hummed softly, brushing a hand through his hair. The boy listened quietly, before hearing the door open, making Aphmau stand. Through the edges of his vision from where he was held, he could see Malachi holding Levin's hand as they looked in.

"Tom okay?" Levin whimpered.

"He could hear screaming and woke me up. Is Tommy okay?" That was Malachi.

"It's alright. Just a nightmare. Go back to sleep." Malachi shook his head, helping guide his brother in, Levin's blue eyes wet with worried tears as he pulled himself up, forcibly pushing himself into Tommy's arms.

"Okay now?" He mumbled, a tiny hand patting at Tommy's face. Tommy chuckled, smiling weakly as a hand ruffled Levin's hair.

"Y-Yeah big man. I'm okay." Levin smiled, but flopped down, curling up. Malachi sat down nearby them, smiling softly to Tommy. Tommy reached a hand towards the ghost, who brought up a hand and let it rest against the teen's, despite a lack of physical touch.

Tommy curled back up tightly.

"...Stay?" He could barely hear his voice as he asked the question. Zoey and Aphmau softened as Aph picked up Levin, Zoey leading Tommy to hers and Aphmau's room, the family soon curling up, though Tommy kept pushing close to Zoey.

"Rest now dear..." She murmured, brushing his hair. Tommy nodded, smiling to himself.

He was no longer alone. He wasn't the bad guy.

He liked how Zoey reminded him of the old Phil. He didn't ever believe the new Phil would do this. The one that killed Wilbur, and ran away once again, leaving his youngest to fend for himself.

Zoey wouldn't do that. Maybe that was how he could handle this. A hug. The one thing he had wanted for *so long* while here.

He smiled, before being pulled back into sleep, however once again, he dreamed of sitting on that cliff, the forms all beside him, as he leaned onto one, a hand brushing through his hair.

Now he knew who one of them was.

And yet...the boy couldn't help but wonder.

Was Phil okay?

The thought was soon pushed out of his head as he remembered the angry piglin hybrid of whom his father had always been the closest too.

Yeah. Phil was fine.

Phil didn't need Tommy.

Did he?

Chapter End Notes

Hehehehe~

Look on the bright side guys, Tommy handled a hug! Woo! ^_^

So yes. The next DreamSMP chapter is on Phil's perspective. Now I will warn you all again at the start of that chapter, this is mine and Brownie's interpretation since in canon, Phil is NOT Tommy's father. This will also be in 2 parts. Also tread lightly, since

Brownie is a Philza apologist haha. I'm not an apologist nor an anti, just an over-analyser. Take care guys! See you next time :)

I Loved, and I Loved, and I Lost You (And It Hurts like Hell)

Chapter Summary

Philza Minecraft was the Angel of Death. A loving, kind, caring, absent father. But he hadn't lost everything.

Had he?

[Chapter Title is from 'Hurts Like Hell' from Fleurie]

Chapter Notes

It's Philza time everyone. Again, I want to specify that since Phil is not CANONLY Tommy's father, so this is a world where he is. Also credit to Brownie who helped write this chapter due to her being a wonderful Philza Apologist.

Not many Tw's for this chapter, except for tiny mentions of Suicide, from Tubbo explaining the situation in their eyes to Phil.

On the end notes, I will be announcing one thing and explaining a bit of the lore. Also, the first part of this chapter before the first ><<>< takes place at the same time as Chapter One when Tommy is looking at the cottage before running. After that is present time. Take care!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Philza tilted his head, staring at the slowly forming nest, his wings ruffling as he hm'ed, looking at the blankets and pillows he was trying to adjust, fiddling with his hat to push the brim out of his face.

He had only just moved in with Techno, and the avian was already struggling to fix up his bed. Already, the bed in his room was slightly circular, due to the comfort he needed for his wings, despite how his wife would always laugh and call it his 'little nest', causing the man to huff and sulk slightly.

But for some reason, this bed was *off*. He had his cloak thrown over one side of it, with sheets and blankets nestled perfectly, making a small and fluffy covering for the part of the

bed that touched the wall. His pillows were fluffed and positioned *perfectly* , but this *one* darn blanket-

“Have you finished fixing up your nest yet Phil?” The avian’s wings rose as he turned, huffing as he smiled slightly at the piglin hybrid, folding his arms.

“Ha Ha, very funny mate. Darn blanket won’t-” He grumbled, moving the blanket to the side before moving it again. Techno snorted, ears twitching.

“Aw, dad’s old brain can’t figure out his nest.” Phil scoffed.

“Oy, careful mate.” Phil laughed, before starting to finish up, hearing Techno’s footsteps disappear downstairs. As he finally seemed to adjust the blanket, his gaze moved to the side, catching the glimpse of something small in the forest. He looked to the window, his murder resting asleep in the trees, before humming to himself.

There was nothing there.

“Must have just been my imagination.” The man stepped back, closing the curtains.

“Hurry up old man! I’m about to toss out all this *delicious* bird-seed!” Phil rolled his eyes. *I don’t even like bird-seed. I’m allergic to so many of them!*

Laughing, the avian shut the door, walking down the stairs of the cottage to where his eldest son was waiting for him.



Phil hummed softly to himself as he cleaned up the attic, doing his best to keep his wings from knocking any of the assorted valuables off the shelves or boxes. As he rifled through the chest, his fingers wrapped around an old and heavy book. Pulling it out, the avian’s fingers traced the cartoon-style lettering, the old family photo on the front.

“Huh, so this is where you got to...” The man murmured, sitting himself down as he began to flick through, losing himself in the memories of his children.

The first ever gold nugget that 3-year Techno ever received.

The toy guitar that a 6-year Wilbur grasped on Christmas Day.

And the picture of a tiny Tommy at his first birthday, an age that to this day Phil could not remember.

Tommy. Wild, bright, bubbly, rambunctious Tommy. The little raccoon hybrid Phil brought home swaddled in that ratty old blanket, face red from crying. The little baby boy that wormed his way into Phil and Kristen's hearts so easily.

He'd never forget that day, never forget the first time he met any of his kids. He remembered how Techno and Wilbur, 8 and 5 respectively, had reacted to seeing their new brother. How Techno had been fascinated with Tommy's little wisps of golden blonde hair, how Wilbur watched in awe as the tiny hand grasped his finger. He remembered the love he felt for his family. Oh how he wished he could go back to the simpler times before the Blood God picked Techno as his chosen and The Voices and bloodlust took over his mind. Before Kristen had to return to her domain, only able to visit every so often. Before Techno almost hurt a tiny, *tiny* three year old Tommy and then ran, before Wilbur told him that he should go after Techno, they'll be fine. Phil watches as the pictures of him and his youngest two grow further and further in between, the bags under his eyes growing in each one.

Gods, he wanted to go back, to ignore Techno's insistence that he needed him to go with on the latest quest or war The Voices demanded he partake in, to ignore Wilbur's insistence that he was fine with Tommy and that they understood and it was okay.

He'd give anything to go back, to be able to watch his youngest grow, to have been there for Tommy. He understands why Tommy hated him, why Tommy won't let him visit him in exile. He was never there, no matter how much he regrets it he can't change that. He can't give back Wilbur's last life, he can't take back all the times Tommy needed him but he wasn't there, can't force Tommy to let him into his life now.

A splash of water falls on the book, over the last picture he had with all three of his sons, taken almost 10 years ago now. *Huh, I didn't know the window was open.* Phil turned, glimpsing blue skies out the evidently closed window...

Oh.

He turns back to the scrapbook full of his sparing memories of his kids, tears streaming down his face as he mourns never having been there for his youngest two. Maybe, maybe even if it was too late for him to be there for Wilbur, for the son he killed in cold blood at *his boy's* insistence, his sweet, beautiful boy begging and then *he was putting the sword in his hands and stepping forwards and then they were on the ground, sword impaled in his son and he watched the light fade from his eyes and he watches as his boy, his son, breathed his last breath and it was **his fault his fault he killed his own son-***

Phil sobs, pulling the scrapbook to his chest and he cries, cries loud and open and he wishes he knew where Tommy was so that he didn't have to rely on Dream to take him to his son, so he could visit and be there *now* .

It was too late for him to be there for Wilbur, but it wasn't for him to keep trying with Tommy, to keep giving Tommy as much as he could and as much as Tommy would accept from him.

He should ask Dream if Tommy is okay with seeing him now, because no matter how much he doesn't trust the man (Chat has made it clear that the flock doesn't like him and they've never lead him astray for the wrong reasons), Dream is the only one who knows how to get to Tommy, how to find his youngest. If flying was allowed in this backwards realm, he'd have flown circles around the world if it meant knowing his boy was okay.

He placed the scrapbook carefully back into the chest where he had found it, delicately placing it around the other valuables of his childrens' childhoods. Determination swirled through him as he walked downstairs, leaving a note for Techno that he was going out and didn't know when he'd be back. As he stepped outside, the familiar caws of the murder of which only he could understand echoed into his ears.

"Dadza!"

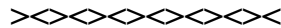
"Dadza poggers!"

"Guys, Dadza crying. Not pog?"

“Oh shit Sadza! Why Sadza”

Phil adjusted his hat, glittering sword in its sheath as he whistled, calling the flock to him properly. “Come along mates,”

‘We’re going on a little adventure.’”



It had been a while since Phil had been in the main areas of the SMP. After all, he’d been living with Techno for- how many weeks now? He couldn’t remember (The avian was never the best with time, maybe it came from the whole immortal Angel of Death thing).

Regardless, the man kept walking, noticing from a distance the classically dressed mask-using male, and sighed as he approached him, noticing how his flock began to swirl around him, cawing angrily. His eyes widened at the colourful language one of his crows used, and promptly bopped them on the nose.

“Oy, careful. You don’t want to be grounded again do you?” The crow in question lowered its head, and Phil scritchd underneath it as he continued walking, the masked man soon turning.

“Ah- Philza!” The man sounded cheerful as he walked over to the avian, adjusting the mask. He let out a slight shout in surprise as a few of his flock swooped and started pecking at the man, before Phil called them back with a shrill whistle.

“Sorry about that mate,’ Philza murmured quietly, glowering at the birds to make them be quiet, nestling again in the trees nearby. ‘I wanted to ask you something.’”

“Go ahead.”

“It’s about Tommy. Please, I need to see him. I don’t care if you don’t take me just *please* , tell me where he is-”

“-Philza.” Dream sighed. “You know I respect you...but truly. I have taken this up with Tommy multiple times, every time you have sent a message to me or came yourself. But I’m sorry, he doesn’t want to see you. I can try and talk to him again for you.” Phil sighed, shaking his head.

“No, that’s okay mate. Thank you. I might just see what’s different for now.” Dream smiled from behind the mask, and nodded.

“Of course. Enjoy your time Phil!” The green-cladded man waved, before walking off. Phil’s crows cawed slowly, and Phil nodded.

“I feel the same, mates...” The avian looked out to L’Manberg, or at least where the place was now. It was then that Phil remembered a certain ram hybrid.

Tubbo. Of course. Why hadn’t Phil thought about it *before* ? Tubbo was Tommy’s second half, his brother. And while the avian didn’t trust Dream as much as he thought he used to when he first arrived, Phil knew that Tubbo would know exactly where Tommy was, and how he was.

He could trust Tubbo. And besides, while he was here he may as well see his grandson.

Phil hadn’t even known of Fundy’s existence until the Butcher Army came calling for Techno’s head. Fundy had screamed at Phil, blaming him for Wilbur, his father’s death. It was then that Phil talked with Fundy, in the shock of realising he had a grandson he never knew of.

Since then, Phil had exchanged letters with the fox hybrid, and didn’t blame him as much as others for the execution. The boy had still basically been a child after all in Phil’s eyes (then again, compared to how many centuries old Phil was, everybody was a child to him on this server).

And so, with the crows flying about him, some exploring and looking about, Phil started heading towards the giant building.



Phil adjusted his wings as he walked through, looking at the buildings around the area. It was impressive, even he had to admit it. As he kept walking, his gaze met a familiar duck hybrid, whose own, much smaller wings tensed as the larger man approached him.

“Quackity.” The avian greeted. The other male nodded slowly in response. “Do you know where Fundy is? I wanted to visit him.”

“O-Oh. Right, he lives in the White House now with Tubbo. They’re both there now.” Phil blinked. Well he did suppose they worked together.

“Right, thank you.” The avian walked by the other, continuing on his way.

“Y-You’re welcome. And Phil?” Phil turned his head back to Quackity, noting how the hybrid’s eyes seemed glazed with tears as he tried desperately to look the man in the eye. “I- I’m sorry.” Phil’s shoulders relaxed as he smiled.

“Look, mate. It’s fine. Everything is peaceful right now. Let’s just let bygones be bygones. I won’t mention the Butcher Army if you don’t.” Quackity’s eyes widened as he shook his head.

“N-No I don’t mean-” The man looked down- “Y-Yeah...yeah that’s what I mean. I’ll see you around.” Phil tilted his head, watching as Quackity hurried off further through the city.

“That was weird AF.”

“Things not seem pog”

“He looked sad”

“I want food”

“Really dude?”

Phil waved his hand to dismiss them, continuing to walk towards the White House. Upon mentioning he was going to see Tubbo and Fundy, he was immediately taken to a room and left. Phil’s wings bristled anxiously as he knocked. Upon the third, there was some movement, and a familiar fox hybrid opened the door.

“P-Phil? What- What are you doing here?” Phil’s brow furrowed as he noticed how shaky the hybrid seemed. His ears were flopped down, and his tail didn’t seem to wag as much as the avian remembered it. Did something happen to him? Was he in a fight? Phil couldn’t see any injuries.

“Hi Fundy. I just wanted to visit, and I...well I wanted to talk to Tubbo.” Fundy looked aside.

“Um- I-I’m not sure right now is...is a good time-”

“-Fundy?” A quiet, weaker, yet familiar voice peeped up from down some stairs in the room. “Who are you talking to?”

“Uh- It’s Philza.” Fundy stepped aside, allowing Phil to walk into the rather lovely sitting area. At the bottom of the stairs he caught the eye of the familiar brown-haired ram. However, what Phil noticed was he seemed smaller, and closed in. He wasn’t wearing his presidential suit, just some comfy clothes.

And Tommy’s bright red bandanna tied tightly around his neck. Only a couple of Phil’s crows were nestled on his shoulders, one on his bucket hat that refused to get the hell off. The others were outside, in order to not suffocate the area.

“Hey Tubbo. I wanted to talk to you mate.” Tubbo swallowed, nodding as he gestured his hand. Phil adjusted his hat, and fiddled with the pendant around his neck, the heart glistening up at him. “Well- I want to know about Tommy. Dream tells me he doesn’t want to see me but- if I can just *know* where he is, I can see him myself, I need to apologise, and at least *try*-”

“Phil.” Tubbo’s voice cut Philza’s rambling off, and he stared at the ground. “You...You should sit down.” Phil tilted his head, and out of the corner of his eye watched as Fundy sniffled, and immediately bolted up the stairs. Fear and anxiety swirled in the pit of Phil’s stomach as he sat. Tubbo sat beside him, but still away. Not much, but enough.

“What’s going on mate?” The avian’s wings bristled anxiously as Tubbo swallowed, opening his mouth.

And the man tensed as a sob came from it. Phil immediately bolted upwards, placing his hands on the boy’s shoulders.

“Hey- come on mate, what’s wrong?”

“I-I’m sorry Phil...” Tubbo sniffled, clutching the bandanna, as he looked up at Phil, tears pouring down his face, startling the man. Tubbo was never one to cry. Even when he was injured he would try not to. “H-He’s dead Phil. He...Logstedshire was blown up and there was a tower- he-” Tubbo took in a breath as he looked up again, his next words making Phil swear his heart stopped.

“He’s dead Phil. He...He jumped...he killed- he killed himself.”

No. No not his boy, not his baby boy, the son he held at night as a babe, the son he *failed* . His knees feel weak and his chest quivers, breathes short. He felt Tubbo collapse into him, wrapping his arms around him robotically. He can't even ask Her, hell he can't even *reach* Her. His boy is just gone, he doesn't know if he's truly dead or not, but what evidence does he have against the fact that he has *failed two of his sons, they're gone and he failed them it's his fault he should have been better-*

No. He's *going* to be better. Tommy can't be gone, not yet, not now.

“Phil...F-Fundy and I were-” The second Tubbo let go, Phil's wings outstretched. The avian, the *father* didn't even register the shattering glass, sharp and cutting against his face and arms as he flew out, his flock outside cawing in alarm.

He wasn't going to believe it. This was some sick thing the world was playing on him. That those he was closest to was. And yet-

Quackity. Was Quackity attempting to apologise because he knew?

No.

Phil's wings were beating faster against the wind, his flock cawing, being left behind in his desperation.

He didn't know where this Logstedshire was, but Tubbo said a tower. If Phil didn't find a tower then he would know that his son was alive, he would know that he hadn't failed, he would know that his youngest; bright, brilliant, wonderful Tommy went in the same way Wilbur had.

At his own hands, due to the fault of a terrible, absent father.

His tears fell away with the wind, trailing behind him. His wings were aching from the fury of which he was beating them. He was screaming against the wind as he flew. He would find him. There would be no tower, there just *wouldn't* be-

His flying ceased as he crashed into heavy stone, falling onto the ground. The man coughed, his flock cawing, flying about him wildly. Rubbing his head, the man's blurred vision soon started to focus as he looked up at what stopped his searching.

And once again, his heart ceased to beat.

A large, cobblestone tower loomed over him. A heavy, blood-soaked reminder of what he had lost. The exploded area was around him as the avian stood, staring at what brought the end to his youngest boy.

He had failed.

His precious Tommy.

His little gremlin child.

He'd lost both of them.

He didn't even register the appearance of Fundy and Tubbo as they found him, Fundy wrapping his arms around his grandfather as Tubbo's hand shakily moved to his.

Philza Minecraft, the Goddess of Death's chosen, in both divinity and life, the revered Angel of Death, fell to his knees.

So a little bit with our lore; when Dream was creating this server/realm, he cut off the connection to other realms, shutting out other gods and people, and those who come are unable to ever leave. However somehow, there was a piece of outward magic left...

Buuuuut that is all you get to onto the announcement! You guys may notice this story is now part of a series. That is because~ *fanfare* Brownie and I are planning a sequel! The sequel will be INCREDIBLY plot-heavy, and we already have parts of the lore figured out for this we are so excited!!! This also means if things don't happen that you either thought would happen or want to happen in this story don't, chances are it is planned for the sequel. For example, I can safely say that Ranboo will NOT be making an appearance in this story, but he will 100% be prominent in the sequel. Take care guys, and hope you enjoy!

Beg Me for Mercy (Admit You Were Toxic)

Chapter Summary

Phil never imagined the day would come that he failed all three of his sons. But now it's come.

And what is more therapeutic then showing one whom had a hand in taking your son from you the true reason you're called The Angel of Death?

[Chapter Name is from 'Blood//Water' by Grandson]

Chapter Notes

Here is part two of the Phil P.O.V! I do apologise if any ya'll are Techno apologists or are expected a Techno-character friendship...unfortunately there are plans for him ;)

TWs; Argument/Yelling, brief singular moment of mentioned suicide, and idk if this serves as a warning but implied murder?? If you guys accidentally catch more warnings let me know and I will immediately update it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Tommy? What’s wrong hatchling?” The avian pushed open the door quietly, holding a candle in his hand, looking over the room, the tiny little raccoon hybrid sobbing in the room, before jumping, his bright and wide blue eyes looking over at his father, who made no time hurrying over to his youngest little one.

“Hey- it’s alright hatchling...it’s okay, your father’s here...” The man moved, sitting on the bed gently as he pulled his boy into his arms, wrapping his wings around the little toddler. His son- Tommy- gasped softly as he looked up.

“D-Dada- Dada!” The boy screamed, burying himself into his father. Phil’s heart broke as he pulled the boy tightly into him. “I-I had b-bad-” Phil ‘shushed’ quietly, stroking his son’s hair gently, humming.

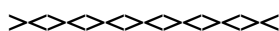
“It’s okay...did you have a nightmare bud?” Phil’s eyes softened as he felt his boy’s head nod against him, tail curling tightly. His son’s ears were flat against his head as he sobbed.

“N-No find...N-No Technie...n-no Wilby...no d-dada...j-just m-me...” Phil felt his wings go down slightly as he moved a little, holding one hand to his son’s cheek, puffy and red as his

tears kept falling. Phil smiled sadly, wiping his tiny boy's tears, eyes soft.

"Listen to me Tommy," He murmured quietly, picking up his boy as he walked to his own room, making sure to grab the hybrid's favourite cow plush before settling back down, smiling as Tommy clung to the precious toy like a lifeline. "I can assure you, no matter what, no matter how things may go, what may change...I will always be here for you. You will never be alone. No matter what ..."

Phil cradled his boy close as his cries slowly started to calm down, making the avian smile as he cradled his precious little boy in his arms. "I'll be here. I will always be here for you."



The cries of his son back in those times, back when nothing was wrong, when he was still there, when his son still called him 'dad' and not 'Phil', kept echoing in his mind. He had failed his precious boy, his precious, baby boy. Phil stared at the giant tower, the cobblestone mocking him, taunting him over what he lost. *I took him from you*, it crooned menacingly.

"I-I'm sorry Phil," The avian was brought back to reality as Tubbo's shaky voice whispered, still holding Phil's hand while Fundy hugged him tightly. "I...I came here and I...I couldn't bear to tell you. I hol...holed up in my room and didn't come out. Then Fundy came in to check on me..." The avian still stared quietly. His entire flock had also ceased, a few of his crows nudging their leader sadly as he mourned silently.

"I failed..." Phil could barely hear his own voice over his pounding thoughts. "My little hatchling..." Phil's body shook as he lurched forward, wings pulling around him, causing Tubbo and Fundy to let go and step back.

The avian's body shook with grief and pain and *guilt* as tears flowed freely down his face. His flock remained silent as his hat fell from his head and the man, the immortal, the broken, defeated father roared in anguish.

He roared in grief for the bright, bouncing hatchling he had now lost, to the same way that he had lost Wilbur. He roared in annoyance at himself for having let this happen, for not having *been* there like he *should* have been. And he roared in anger at the fates that allowed his son to be taken, at one he had a feeling to blame.

The one whom his crows, his Chat, had always cawed at angrily.

He didn't respond to Tubbo grabbing his arm and helping him up, the two taking him back to the White House, nor did he respond to Fundy sitting beside him handing him a cup of tea.



"How are you feeling Phil?" Fundy murmured quietly, ears dropped as he looked at his grandfather. Phil swallowed, staring at his lap, a few of the crows nudged close to him.

Phil didn't respond. How could he? He barely moved, his wings adjusted themselves slightly to shelter him, as though if he tried hard enough he could convince himself he was in a nightmare and he would wake up, and his son would be alive. And then Phil could fly straight to that Logstedshire and pull his hatchling into his arms and promise he would never leave him alone.

But this wasn't a nightmare. This was reality. His broken, dark reality.

He wasn't sure how to handle it.

Tubbo soon came back down, fiddling with the red bandanna tightly tied around his neck. He swallowed, sighing heavily as he looked aside to the avian, his ears flopped.

"Fundy and I were...we've started to arrange a funeral...Phil, would you-"

"-I'll help." His voice was quiet, and Phil cleared his throat. "Please. I need to...I need to do something for him." Tubbo nodded.

"Do you want to stay for tonight?" Phil shook his head.

"No I-I need to tell Tech..." Fundy huffed a little, seeming to look unsure. Phil's wings bristled as he stood. "And before you say anything, Tommy was still his brother. I can't keep this from him."

"Alright." Tubbo stood and hugged Phil tightly, who moved his wings around the smaller boy, clinging to one of the remaining breathing memories he had of his precious Tommy. "Just use your communicator if you need us." Phil nodded.

"Did...you manage to find Tommy's?" Tubbo nodded, walking away. He opened a chest and reached it, delicately pulled out the shattered communicator that once belonged to his son.

Phil held it gently, moving his hand over the cracked screen, the other trailing the stickers he had for each of them.

Phil remembered the day he gave his son the black feather sticker, who mumbled a ‘thank you’ in response. Why hadn’t he seen anything wrong with the way the boy tensed when his father hugged him before he headed off to the SMP? He thought it was just his son reaching his angsty teen phase. If only he’d looked closer.

If only.

“Right...I’ll see you sometime.” Phil nodded slowly, handing the communicator back to Tubbo. Tubbo smiled, and Fundy’s tail flicked a little as he smiled weakly at his grandfather. Phil sighed, walking back out normally, ignoring the mournful looks the others gave him as he walked through the halls.

As soon as the man stepped outside, his flock immediately flew around him, cawing anxiously.

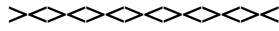
“Sadza?”

“Dadza are you okay?”

“He’s obviously NOT dumbass”

“Enough you lot.” Phil murmured, rubbing his face with his hand. The crows all looked at each other, nuzzling their leader. Phil smiled, and sighed weakly. Looking up at the window where he saw Tubbo and Fundy watching him, the man walked off. He could have flown back to the arctic where he now lived, but right now it didn’t feel like his wings would take him anywhere.

So instead, he walked. He walked through the land of L’Manberg that his son used to call home, heading out to the cold where his final, breathing son lived.



Phil sighed, looking through the forest. It didn't take long for the crow surveying the area to caw, telling him that Techno was nearby. The avian's feet felt like lead as he struggled to move to where the member of his flock was leading him. Fear gripped at him as he mulled over how to tell the piglin hybrid that his youngest brother was dead and gone.

As Phil stepped on a twig, Techno turned. "There you are. You've been gone for hours. I was getting worried about you old man. Thought you broke your back." The piglin held the note in his hands, red eyes narrowing as he noticed how silent his father had gone, and how Phil struggled to look the hybrid in the eyes.

"What's going on?"

"Tech..." Phil swallowed, a few of his crows nestled on his shoulders, the others remaining in the trees. "It's Tommy. He...Tommy's gone Tech. He's dead." The piglin stood still, just staring at his father. Phil felt his tears return to his eyes, wringing his hands in an attempt to cease their shaking. "Fundy and Tubbo...I'm going to help them organise a funeral. Regardless of- a lack of a body. A memorial..."

"Will you be there, Tech?"

Techno was silent for a few more moments, before responding.

"Phil...he *betrayed* me. Why should I?" Techno turned away from his father, face devoid of emotion.

And Phil?

He started laughing.

Tears welled up in his eyes and he laughed. He laughed because *what else are you supposed to do when you find out you failed all of your boys?*

“Techno. *Technoblade* . HE WAS YOUR BROTHER! YOUR *LITTLE* BROTHER WHO YOU HELD SO, SO GENTLY WHEN WE FIRST BROUGHT HIM HOME! HE IS- *FUCK- WAS MY YOUNGEST SON!*” Phil sobbed, staring at the back of his last remaining son.

“That’s why. Because Tommy is...was your baby brother, he was the little boy I found during a storm who you told me has hair the colour of gold, he’s the 3 year old I left in the care of his 8 year old brother because you needed me and I spent *YEARS* not raising my sons to help you get control of The Voices. AND WHEN I TELL YOU THAT MY BABY BOY, YOUR BABY BROTHER IS DEAD BY HIS OWN HAND YOU ASK ME WHY YOU SHOULD MOURN HIM!? HE WASN’T EVEN GROWN YET TECHNO! HE WAS STILL A CHILD! *MY CHILD TECHNO!* A CHILD THAT WAS YOUR LITTLE BROTHER AND HE’S GONE TECHNO! TWO OF MY SONS ARE DEAD NOW AND MY OLDEST HAS JUST TOLD ME HE ISN’T EVEN GOING TO HIS BABY BROTHER’S FUNERAL!” Phil laughed, a wheezing sound more sob-like than anything, and the man who was once a father nearly fell to his knees at his last remaining son’s next words.

“Uhh...Phil. I think you should calm down, this really isn’t *that* big of a deal. Let’s go home yeah? Get you a cup of tea and that knit blanket you like.”

Phil moved to look the piglin hybrid in the eye, wings bristling. The crows nearby were cawing. And it was *anything* but friendly.

“Technoblade, don’t you *dare* tell me that the *death* of my *youngest son* , mere months after the death of my middle son, isn’t a big deal. DON’T YOU TELL ME TO CALM DOWN AFTER REVEALING THAT I’D FAILED ALL MY BOYS BECAUSE APPARENTLY, *APPARENTLY* , I FORGOT TO TEACH YOU COMMON HUMAN DECENCY! APPARENTLY YOU MISSED THE LESSONS ON EMPATHY AND LOVE AND CARE AND THE ABILITY TO SEE THAT IT’S NOT ALWAYS ABOUT YOU!” The *once* father turns, looking off into the sky, a direction picked seemingly at random that was anything but, towards somewhere that had burned its existence into his mind.

“I’m leaving. I had one son left, one son who hadn’t been destroyed by this cursed world and I hoped we could mourn together, as a family like what we used to be before The Voices. But apparently we never were I guess. I don’t want to see you again, not until you learn how to *care* .”

And Phil goes to leave, to fly away and wait to see if his last son chases him, but he is stopped. By the last voice he wanted to hear.

“Come on Phil, aren’t you being a bit harsh? You can’t tell me you *actually* still cared about him?”

And Phil swears he sees red.

The crows all caw in response, angry. Phil turns, Techno stepping away, unsure of how to react to his father’s breakdown. Phil’s blue eyes narrow in disgust and anger at the green-cladded man. The last one to ever be near his son.

Now Phil wasn’t an idiot. He knew something, *someone* had to have driven his son to do what he had. And with Dream the only one who knew...

He now seemed to understand why his flock, his Chat, always hated the man.

“I mean- if Tommy really cared enough about *you* , surely he would have stayed. I mean- he would have thought about how it-” Phil didn’t let the man finish, his hand wrapping around Dream’s throat. As Techno moved forward to stop his father, the crows sprung into action, swirling in a never-ending tornado around the piglin hybrid, keeping him from stopping the avian from his revenge.

“ Shut . Your. Lying. MOUTH. ” Phil hissed, baring some fangs. “You did something. I know you did.” Phil’s crows cawed, some landing on his shoulders.

“There’s a cliff!”

“Toss him!”

“Yeah!”

Phil looked aside, finding the cliff as he threw Dream to the side, stalking closer, the trees too thick for him to run. And the avian was blocking Dream’s only way out.

“You knew Tommy was there.”

One step closer.

“You were the only one with him.”

Another step closer.

“Tubbo said he tried to visit. And you told him Tommy didn’t want to see him.”

Another step.

“And so did I... ”

One more step. Dream looked down, some loose dirt falling to the ground.

“H-Hold on now Phil-” Phil wasn’t listening. He grinned, a look that only those who ever saw the Angel of Death would see before they died, the last thing they saw.

“What do you say *Chat* ...” He grinned, venom dripping from every word.

“Why don’t we show him how our boy would have felt?”

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Dream fell from a high place while trying to escape Ph1lZa

The yellow text shone from the screen of the admin's special area, an angry glint in his eyes. The mask was off and placed on the desk, the brown-haired male glaring at the screen in hatred. His fists were clenched as a finger tapped the desk.

"Well." He hissed. He could swear his back still hurt from the fall, the last thing he saw having been the avian standing over him before taking off, murder following their master. "That was... *unexpected.* "

Dream didn't like being surprised. He didn't like people acting spontaneously. However...this combined with what conspired a few weeks before...

Dream couldn't lie he felt a small surge of excitement. Things had been getting so dreadfully *boring*. Toys weren't fun when they didn't fight back.

"Though now..." Dream turned his attention to an older message, the grimace on his face turning into a grin as he stared at the yellow letters.

TommyInnit has left the game

"This game's gotten interesting."

Chapter End Notes

Phil, looking at Dream; And I remember thinking to myself...I'm about to beat this bitch up.

Hoo boy. It's gonna be hard to go back to Tommy now. We're reaching the end of the Healing Arc guys! The final dSMP chapter will be the last p.o.v for this arc.

Also nobody worry bout the new series being Dsmp/Aphmau crossovers, that's just me cos I had a zombie apocalypse crossover idea that shall be worked on once this story is finished. Take care everyone! - Story

Original draft of Phil popping off at Techno was better but then some technical difficulties occurred and I fucking lost it - Brownie

Far Away From the Land You Knew (The Dawn of Day Reaches Out to You)

Chapter Summary

Tommy meets a goddess-looking witch, and realises a bit more about what wasn't good in his past.

[Chapter title is from 'Tir Na Nog' by Celtic Woman]

Chapter Notes

Lucinda my beloved. Also with me mentioning Mystreet characters Brownie and I have made bisexual Lucinda because- we can. Thank you all for the support on this story, I'm so glad you enjoy it! Take care guys!

Some small TWs for this chapter; Brief mentions of past physical abuse, and slight mention of nightmare/corpses.

[Also, props to Brownie for helping me figure out how long Tommy would have been during the independence war, especially for the timeline we've done, so Tommy's age has now been edited :)]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy yawned, stretching as he blinked, his little moth, his darling daughter *Clementine* resting on his nose, wings fluttering happily. The hybrid smiled, petting her head gently.

“Morning Clem...” He grinned, getting up. Tommy stood, pulling open the now red curtains that resided in the room. Well- he supposed it was his room now. He felt- comfortable calling it that now. His room. He hadn't had a room for so long that wasn't on heavy and cold stone that made his back hurt more and more every day he rested on it. He hadn't had a room that wasn't cold and bug-infested dirt where the cold salty wind would still tear through him.

The raccoon smiled, walking down the stairs, the smell of breakfast wafting through the house. Tommy breathed in, smiling. Pancakes. The boy raced down the stairs, Zoey already setting Levin up while Aphmau put plates down. The elf smiled as she saw the boy come down the stairs, *Clementine* resting happily on his shoulder.

“Morning Tommy!” She chuckled, Levin bounced as he grinned at the boy.

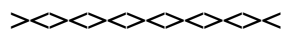
“Mornin’!” He sat down, quickly starting to shovel food into his mouth.

“Careful!” Aphmau laughed, a happy glint in her caramel eyes. Tommy’s tail wagged. He liked hearing happiness in their voices and seeing it shining in their eyes or smiles. The food was gone within a couple moments, and the hybrid soon stood. He wasn’t really sure what he’d do today. He decided to explore. Yip was busy with guard training, and Tommy knew he still wasn’t ready to join entirely.

By the time he was about to head into the forest, he smiled as Zoey handed him a satchel. Looking in, Tommy smiled. Inside was a dagger for him to defend himself, and some food.

“Be careful, okay Tommy? Make sure you’re home before nightfall.” The hybrid grinned, his tail wagging.

“Course I will! Look after yourself big man.” Tommy chuckled, ruffling Levin’s hair, fingers moving wispily at the top of Malachi’s, the young ghost smiling at the attempted affection. The boy adjusted the satchel, finding the leather familiar yet strange all the same, before beginning to walk through the forest, *Clementine* flying close beside him.



Tommy sighed to himself while walking through the forest. The days were starting to meld together with the time he was spending here. The boy was entirely healed, he knew that. Physically at least. There were many days he could still remember Wilbur’s outstretched and scarred palm grabbing his hair and tossing him into the stone of Pogtopia. There were days he could remember Dream throwing him to the ground, setting off explosions day after day, taking everything he had made for himself, taking the boy’s light, his love, his laughter, and his happiness.

There were still days he thought he was back there, or all of this was just an extended dream, and that once he was entirely content, he would wake up back on that beach.

But ever since his nightmare, a nightmare that still haunted him, had come into his mind, those thoughts were easier to push away. They were easier to yell at, to tell to ‘fuck off and leave him alone’. But even so, there were still days he’d look at those he’d made friends with and see the horrors of those corpses in his nightmare. They would always frighten him to a point. But at least now he could *keep* going.

The boy paused as his ears twitched, hearing a *thunk* nearby. Tommy walked carefully, looking around to where he heard the noise. Looking down, the raccoon came face to face with a small white and grey owl, with big yellow-ish eyes. Tommy cooed softly, bending down to the owl, who didn't seem entirely frightened of him, only a little nervous, which made the teen think that the owl was possibly domestic.

"Hello there...it's okay," Tommy whispered softly. "I won't hurt you..." He put a hand out, smiling as the owl nudged into it, hopping slightly, one of its wings limp. Tommy smiled softly, gently picking up the owl as he strained his ears while walking about, trying to hear for someone.

It didn't take long for Tommy to hear a woman's voice nearby.

"Bigglesworth! Where are you!? This is the third time this week!" The owl in Tommy's arms started hooting and shifting at the sound of the voice, making the boy smile.

"Bigglesworth? That's a weird name...but then again, someone I knew called a sheep Friend." He smiled at the memory of the happy-go-lucky ghost (and his heart tugged at the memory of someone who he was now questioning if they were ever like that) before starting to head to the voice.

Before long, Tommy came face to face with a tall woman, with crimson eyes and seemingly peach complexion. Her long orange hair framed her face nicely with a long white dress with black markings on the sleeves and a large staff with a glowing soft yellow orb in the centre. Her eyes widened at the look of the owl in Tommy's arms.

"Bigglesworth!" The lady hurried forward, moving hands out to take the owl, 'tsking' disapprovingly. "What have I told you about flying off? Silly boy..."

She looked up, smiling softly at Tommy, before her eyes lit up with recognition. "Oh-! You're the one who Lady Aphmau called me to heal. You look much better dear..." Tommy blinked, shaking his head.

"Y-Yeah. Name's Tommy."

"Lucinda." Lucinda smiled. "Thank you for finding Bigglesworth...he has a habit of flying about when I'm not looking. Which is painful, considering he's my familiar."

Tommy tilted his head. "Familiar?"

"Yes. I'm a witch, he's my familiar." The hybrid's eyes shone, sparkling with curiosity.

“You’re a witch?!” Tommy’s tail wagged slightly, Lucinda laughing gently.

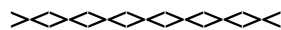
“Yes. Though I suppose with what I’ve heard from Aph whenever she’s come over for tea you wouldn’t have met one before...if you like one day I can show you some magic...my home is further through the forest over there.” Tommy’s tail wagged more as he grinned.

“Really!? Fuck yeah! That’d be poggers!” Lucinda chuckled softly, nodding as she held Bigglesworth gently.

“In that case, it’s nice to properly meet you. Come on Bigglesworth...” The witch smiled, heading off further through the forest. Tommy’s eyes shone before looking up, noticing the sun starting to go down.

“Shit- we better get home. Come along *Clementine*, Aphmau and Zoey will get worried.” As the boy started to head back, he stopped. *They’d get worried*. Tommy couldn’t entirely remember the last time he thought someone would be worried about him. He smiled.

People would panic if he was gone. People would try to find him. People would *miss* him. The teen quickly wiped his eyes as he opened the door, basking in the warmth that flooded through him closing the door behind him.



Tommy hummed as he headed through the forest. He had mentioned Lucinda to Aphmau, who’d smiled and said he was welcome to visit her if he wanted. He was actually rather excited. *Clementine* was nestled on his shoulder as he headed through the forest, eyes widening as he came to a cottage resting on a hill over a lake, soft glowing, colourful platforms hovering across the lake to the door. The cottage appeared strange, and Tommy was- honestly impressed it was even standing.

“Poggers...” He whispered, swallowing down fears as he leapt onto one of the platforms, letting out a shriek as he moved a little. It was so fucking *weird* ! It felt almost like what standing on a cloud would feel like, but at the same time it was like standing on ice.

“Oh fuck me...” He mumbled, shrieking slightly each time he landed, before sighing in relief as he landed on safe ground in front of the house.

“Oh sweet land.” He murmured, knocking on the door, before it opened with a soft golden glow.

“Whoever’s there, just come up the stairs! I’m at the top!” Lucinda’s voice rang out, and Tommy smiled, looking around the warm cottage, at all of the herbs and other items littering

the shelves, a library of books, both on history and magic, and potions in the inside of a closed glass cupboard.

Tommy kept walking, heading up the spiral stairs and smiled. Lucinda was working over a cauldron, holding her sceptre with Bigglesworth on a little branch on the shelf near a window, hooting softly at Tommy's entrance, eyeing *Clementine* slightly, making the hybrid move the little moth close to his chest.

"Hey 'Cinda." Tommy smiled. Lucinda blinked, looking up.

"Never heard that before. I've been called Lucy before, but never that." Lucinda chuckled, her crimson eyes glowing with her magic. "I'm brewing some potions. They're rather easy."

"Can I help?"

"Of course!" The witch gestured with a hand, the teen hurrying over.

"Uh- your owl won't kill my precious *Clementine* will he?" Tommy held up the little moth, petting her gently. "She's my daughter, and if anything happened to her I would kill whatever took her from me." Lucinda blinked, and chuckled softly.

"Don't worry. Biggles has already been fed. And he likes meat more than bugs anyway." Tommy sighed in relief, heading to the witch, blinking at the smoke wafting up from the green and purple mixture, coughing as he waved his hand. "Now listen to me, okay?" Lucinda beamed, laughing as the boy nodded excitedly, leaning over a little as she pulled him back.

"Lesson 1; don't lean over the cauldron. You never know what's in there."



"Okay, this is looking good!" Lucinda smiled, shaking the tiny bottle of purple liquid, slowly melting into blue. Tommy was right beside her, helping pour other sections. "Now, you need to pour *exactly* a quarter of some of this wolfsbane into that green base over there."

"Got it."

As Tommy grabbed it and started moving towards the base rather confidently, the witch's eyes widening as she moved her hair behind her shoulders.

"Careful! You need to be care-ful..." Lucinda trailed off as she watched Tommy follow what she had said and done easily, smiling brightly at her, tail wagging as he searched for validation, smile fading at her unreadable expression.

"Did I do something wrong? I know it was a quarter that I just put in- I'm sorry-"

"No no no!" Lucinda smiled softly. "That was- perfect. Have you brewed potions before?" Tommy blinked, remembering his time with Wilbur in the drug van. He wasn't *quite* sure how to tell this seemingly goddess-like woman that the reason he was so good at measuring ingredients was because he made drugs with his brother in a dingy old van.

Then he remembered another reason.

"Well- back where I came from...my brother, Tubbo and I, plus a couple of others were fighting for our independence against- Dream...a guy who..." Tommy swallowed, closing his eyes tightly, blocking out the memories of explosions and blood. "Did...a lot that wasn't very good. Including stuff to me..."

Lucinda didn't speak, only listening to the boy.

"Anyway- we were fighting for it...and- Wilbur made it my job to make healing and regen potions...so we'd be okay. I had to make a lot of them. There were so many fights..." Lucinda's brow furrowed.

"Tommy, how old were you?"

"What do you mean?"

"How *old* were you when you did that..."

Tommy looked aside. "I..." He sighed, closing his eyes. *I'm safe here.* "12. I was 12."

Lucinda's eyes widened. "You were...*twelve*, and fighting in- basically a *WAR*!? Tommy that-" Lucinda swallowed.

"That's not right..."

Tommy looked down. "Yeah but-"

"No...Tommy." Lucinda swallowed, looking at him before away, sighing softly. "I didn't have much of a childhood either. My father sent me into exile for being a witch from my home,

Pikoro Village. And I've never known my mother...it's nothing compared to that but..." Lucinda looked down. "I know what it's like to...have a bit of your childhood taken away from you." Tommy nodded slowly, smiling weakly.

It wasn't healthy, that tiny voice whispered, and something clicked in Tommy's head and heart. "No..." He murmured. "It wasn't." Tommy let out a breathless chuckle. "It wasn't. But now I get to have fun with stuff like this. It's not...it's not late for me to learn how to be a kid...is it Lucinda?" The witch's eyes softened, and she smiled.

"No, Tommy. It's not. Do you still want to help?" Tommy grinned, chuckling.

"That'd be nice...t-thanks 'Cinda..." Lucinda smiled, continuing to chat to him about magic and potions, and Tommy sighed softly, the afternoon sun shining into the window, beaming onto him, warming the raccoon.

He hadn't told anyone about his past. But chatting about some of it with Lucinda...

Maybe one day he'd tell them. When his mind would let all of him be certain that he would never be left alone again.

And when that day came, he knew it would be worth the wait.

Chapter End Notes

Lucinda; you're good at brewing potions Tommy, have you done this before?
Tommy, who has no idea how to tell this very pretty lady that he made drugs with his brother; *activates trauma*

I promise you guys, we do not have long before the end of the Healing Arc, and I mean that. We have one more filler chapter, the chapter before the SMP p.o.v., then that p.o.v., and the final Healing Arc chapter.

Also! Brownie and I need advice. We want a better way to interact with you guys then just comments; so! If we made a joint Twitter account, how many of you guys would be interested in that? Let us know! Take care everyone! See you next time! <3

I'll Believe It All (I Won't Let Go of Your Hand)

Chapter Summary

Laurence and Aaron teach Tommy about mourning and letting go.

[Chapter name is from 'Two Birds' by Regina Spektor]

Chapter Notes

Ladies and Gents and those outside of mortal comprehension, I have cometh to you with another chapter! This one- really hurt a bit. It's comforting angst I promise.

I also want to reiterate for people; while this does have certain things that might remind you of Season 3 of Diaires, I am mainly taking some things from the remake, mainly Aphmau's design, but the most of it is from Seasons 1 and 2 with some changes (for example I am changing Leora's origins because I am not writing amulet baby and Zane. *shudders*). The most I am going to keep from season 3 is two characters who won't show up until the sequel; Liochant and Lo because I adore them and goddamnit I'm keeping them. So hopefully that explains certain aspects. Also for the Logan/Donna wedding let's just say Zane came but he didn't get to actually do anything to a freaking BABY. Hope that helps a bit.

As this'll be the last time I mention it, Brownie and I are thinking of making a joint Twitter, let us know if that would interest you guys! We really want to interact with fans of this fic series in a better way than just the comments.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I’m telling you, I did really well!! I think I might become an apprentice at some point! Least I hope so! Oooh I hope I get to be Laurence’s!” Yip beamed, tail wagging as he walked beside Tommy through Phoenix Drop.

“Hell yeah! I’m proud of you wolfy!” Tommy laughed, patting Yip on the back, his dark green eyes shining. “How long does our hideaway have to go now? It’s been a couple weeks.”

“I checked with dad a couple days ago. He and Brendan are making good progress, especially with Lord Aphmau helping occasionally.” Tommy nodded, remembering the farmer. Brendan was- fuckin weird to say the least, but he was nice. Loud, and weird, but nice.

He couldn't wait til his and Yip's place was finished. They planned on hiding *so* much stuff. He wondered if he could take Garroth, Laurence and Dante's capes. He found them comfortable to be around. And he'd always liked taking things that kept him safe and comfortable, reminding him of what he had. And now what he has.

"Oh it's gonna be awesome!" Tommy chuckled, bumping into the wolf's side. Yip laughed, doing the same to Tommy, as they both leapt over the fence to the guard training area, Brian sighing.

"What are you two doing?"

"Hey! We're here to train bitch boy!" Tommy scoffed. Brian rolled his eyes, but the raccoon noticed the tired affection on his face. Brian *did* like the two of them, they made things exciting for him. He was the sensible one to their chaos. Yip snorted, making a face at Tommy, who laughed in response.

"Alright everyone..." Tommy looked up as the guards walked forward, his gaze turning to Laurence, the one who spoke first. His blue eyes widened as he took in the knight's gaze. Laurence seemed shrunken in slightly, their green gaze duller, slight bags under their eyes. His cape was a little askew, and he sounded tired. "You'll be starting with dummy training."

"Uh Laurence?" Katelyn murmured, though Tommy and Yip's ears twitched, catching the bluenette's voice. "I was to be teaching them hand to hand today, remember?"

"Right- Right..." Laurence sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. Garroth's eyes were sad as he put a hand on his friend's shoulder, as they looked up at the blonde.

"Go and rest. We'll handle this, alright?" Laurence's eyes softened and he nodded, stumbling out of the training area. Tommy tilted his head, worry seeping into his gaze. Once everyone was listening, instead of training unofficially with Yip, he walked over and leaned on the fence. Aaron's ears twitched, and the werewolf smiled at the teen.

"Back again Tommy?" He chuckled.

"Yeah big man. Is- Is Laurence okay?" Tommy was connected to all of them. They were like uncles to him, with Katelyn a boss-ass aunt. Aaron shrugged.

"I know he clearly isn't, but I don't exactly know what's wrong. Garroth!" Garroth turned, flicking his hair out of his face as the knight walked over. "Do you know what's wrong with Laurence today?" Garroth's eyes saddened as he sighed.

“Yeah, of course I do...” Aaron nodded, gesturing to Tommy as he walked back to the trainees.

“I was worried. About Laurence.” Tommy explained, causing Garroth to nod in understanding.

“Right. In that case...” Garroth sighed. ‘It’s an anniversary. Laurence had a companion, a wyvern named Ungrth.’

Tommy blinked. “I am...not even going to *attempt* to say that big man. Wait- a wyvern!?” Tommy’s eyes widened, remembering the stories Techno would tell him as a child, of dragons and other mythological creatures. Garroth chuckled.

“I take it wyverns weren’t common where you were from?”

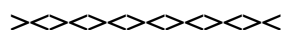
“Uh- not at all! But...I get the feeling that ain’t all the shit you’re about to tell me.” Garroth chuckled, and shook his head.

“No. Anyway, when Laurence became a Shadow Knight...I don’t know if you’ve entirely read or been told about them, but Shadow Knights are created when people are stuck or die in the nether, and they become one when they are tortured, and convinced they were abandoned. The change is finished entirely once they reach this plane again, and kill someone they’re close to.’

‘Clearly, with Aphmau being alive, and Laurence here, he isn’t a full Shadow Knight. He held onto his memories, and has more control over his emotions and his mind. He’s been getting help from his sister Cadenza’s guard Vincent, another Shadow Knight. Before his transformation could be entirely complete, Ungrth saved him. No one knows how he got into the nether, but he got Laurence out. In doing so he...he was corrupted by the force of the nether and the breaking of the barrier and died. Laurence blames himself for his companion’s death.’

“Oh...” Tommy’s ears went down. “So is today the day he died?” Garroth shook his head.

“No. I know that’s in a week. I was worried the first time this day came around after his death, so I asked him. This is the day he met Ungrth and they became companions. He just needs to rest. In a week he won’t be able to be found around Phoenix Drop...he spends that time at Ungrth’s grave, a bit outside the town in the forest.” Tommy nodded, though unable to get the thought of his friend (family?) in pain out of his head, as he tried to focus through the remainder of the day.



Tommy winced as the sun stabbed into his eyes, keeping his hand in front of his face. He'd been walking about the town for almost an hour, and Laurence was nowhere to be found.

He was about to quickly race to Aphmau, before remembering what Garroth told him a week before.

"He spends that time at Ungrth's grave, a bit outside the town in the forest." The hybrid nodded to himself, a little worried. (The familiar sight of a mooshroom mooing distressed cowering behind Tommy as a masked man stood over, brandishing a sword as he shouted at the teen to 'get out of the way'). He walked through the forest, ears going back as he found the knight kneeling in front of a decorated grave, glistening creations of emerald, gold and diamond around it, flowers littering the area.

"I'm still so sorry old friend..." Laurence's voice was quiet, and laced with a pain Tommy hadn't heard before from the knight. The teen crept forward, his footsteps heard as the boy's foot snapped a small twig, urging a sigh from the brunette.

"I told you I want to be alone." Tommy swallowed, still walking. As he moved a hand to Laurence's shoulder, the man snarled and turned wildly. "I said to *leave me ALONE!*" His eyes flashed a frightening red, the boy falling onto the ground, trembling. Laurence snarled, blinking. His eyes widened as they faded back to their green, colour returning to his tanned skin.

"Shit- Tommy- I-I'm sorry lad. I didn't know it was you- I thought you were Garroth again..."

"I-I'm okay..." Tommy panted heavily, swallowing down his fears. *He didn't mean anything by it. Laurence is good. It's...It's okay.* Tommy smiled weakly, focusing on Laurence's frightened features, specifically noting the man's shaking hands. His ears went back as his head tilted. How many times had Laurence been frightened of hurting someone?

"I'm perfectly fine big man. I was just- worried about you. Garroth told me...stuff." Laurence sighed.

"Course he did." The knight smiled affectionately, only slightly, causing the teen to raise an eyebrow. "I haven't spoken to him all day. He came here earlier." Tommy nodded, sitting down beside Laurence.

"Was...Was he your pet?"

“No. He was more of a companion. I’d known him since he was smaller so...I suppose at first he was like a pet but he became a companion quickly.” Laurence lowered his head, tears rolling onto the ground. “It was all my damn fault...he saved me. He shouldn’t have.” Tommy winced. He wasn’t *good* at comforting people. He wasn’t *good* at emotions. Yet he remembered Lucinda, and him talking about L’Manberg.

“...I had a pet.” In truth, Tommy wanted to try and distract Laurence. He knew it was working as the brunette looked up at him. “His name was Mushroom Henry...he was a mooshroom...I found him while I was exiled.”

“Exiled?”

“Y...Yeah.” Tommy took a breath. “Long story short, I accidentally burned someone’s house down, and my- best friend exiled me. It was...n-not...not good...” The raccoon gripped his tail, trying his best to keep himself grounded.

“Anyway...I found Mushroom Henry but...Dream he...” Tommy felt tears in his eyes and quickly moved to wipe them away. “He made sure I was punished for it...” The raccoon whimpered, pulling himself in tightly. The boy looked up as Laurence put a hand on his shoulder.

“You know. There’s a thing Zoey told me...while I was recovering my sight- a side effect of Ungnth helping...his essence made that Irene statue’ Laurence pointed to the large statue at the hill, decorated with quartz and water flowing down the hill, ‘which healed it.” He smiled at Tommy, moving some of the boy’s wisps of blonde hair from his face.

“ *It’s good to mourn what you lose...it allows you to see what you have. It’s what you lose that allows you to grow, it’s what you have that allows you to heal.*” The knight smiled gently. “It’s okay Toms...” Tommy looked unconvinced.

“I don’t...-”

“-No...It wasn’t your fault. Say it with me now...”

“It...It wasn’t my fault.”

Laurence smiled. “There we go. Louder.”

“It wasn’t my fault.”

“ *Louder!*”

“It wasn’t my fault!”

Laurence beamed, holding Tommy’s shoulder. “That’s it...! And you know what?” Tommy chuckled.

“What?”

“That actually helped me.” Tommy’s eyes widened.

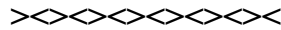
“It did?”

“Yep.” Laurence nodded. “If you ever feel this...loss comes to you again, let me know okay? I’ll always be here whenever you want. Just like the rest of us...” Tommy chuckled, nodding.

“T-Thanks big man.” The knight smiled, continuing to just sit at the grave. It didn’t take long before they looked at the raccoon.

“You wanna know about the first time I fell into the ocean while learning to ride Ungrth?” Tommy grinned.

“Fuck yeah.”



Tommy watched the sun start to set, his ears flat, tail curled around as he hugged his knees tightly, *Clementine* nudged into his cheek sitting on his shoulder. The teen smiled, though it fell from his face just as easily.

He knew what today was. He couldn’t even close his eyes, lest he remember the explosions tearing apart the home he fought, died, and sacrificed *so FUCKING much* for. Lest he remember the look of his *father* tearing a sword into his brother’s chest. Lest he remember the shout of his eldest brother telling him to *die*.

He gripped his head tightly, pulling at strands of blonde hair, whimpering.

“Tommy?” Aaron’s voice tore through the teen’s head, as he heard footsteps walking along the grass before settling down next to him. The werewolf’s ears twitched as he looked at him. “Zoey and Aph told me you left pretty silently today. They were worried.”

Tommy sighed. "I just..." He swallowed, blinking back tears. "I can't handle today."

"Why kid?"

Tommy looked aside. He didn't want to answer. He didn't want Aaron to hate him for missing someone Tommy *knew* he shouldn't.

"Come on Tommy." Aaron's voice was laced with concern, the teen wincing. "You can talk to me..." The teen sighed.

"Wilbur." He murmured quietly. The werewolf's ears twitched as he tilted his head. Tommy sighed. "My brother...he and I..." He looked aside. "It's a long story."

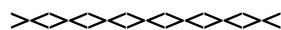
"We have time Tommy." The hybrid sighed, gripping his tail.

"O...Okay. Can-" The boy let out a whimper. "Can you promise me that...that you won't hate me?" He didn't want to talk. After all, what if they thought of him differently? The cruel, selfish boy he was, rather than what he was painting himself to be. He-

He didn't want to be alone again.

Aaron put a hand on the boy's shoulder, smiling softly. "I promise."

The raccoon nodded, and began to speak.



"And then...he destroyed everything. Phil- *killed* him, and then just- left me alone...and my oldest brother...h-he made it clear he didn't want anything to do with me..." Aaron nodded. He hadn't spoken the entire time, just listened to what Tommy told him.

"...I used to be a lord, you know. Just like Lady Aphmau." Tommy looked up, noticing Aaron's black eyes starting to cloud with grief. "In an old town called Falcon Claw...a man called Zane gave my son a strange amulet...I took it and...it destroyed everyone. My friends,

my guards, my people, my wife Lilith and...and my son..." Aaron took in a shuddering breath.

"I know what it's like. The grief feels suffocating...sometimes it hits right away, other times it...it takes a while. Sometimes it hits unexpectedly. And it's hard to get past that sometimes." The knight closed his eyes, the chilling night air starting to hit them. "But this grief...it's natural. No matter how you go through it."

"..You don't hate me?"

Aaron blinked. "Why would I-?"

"-Because I...I'm not who I am. Wilbur lost himself to madness and it- it's all my fault..." Tommy closed his eyes, remembering his nightmare.

"You're the bad guy Tommy!"

Aaron shook his head, biting back a growl.

"Listen Tommy. Everything back then...you are not at fault. You were a *kid*, you still are." Aaron's eyes softened. "You shouldn't have been put through that..." Tommy sniffled, swallowing.

"Is...Is it wrong to miss someone that hurt me? I know Wilbur loved me he- he had to...at some point..." Aaron shook his head.

"No. Family is family, regardless of...how it all ended. Mourning your family is natural. You loved him...regardless of fights, of words said or not said...he was your brother." Tommy swallowed, breathing hitching slightly. As he tried to wipe the tears quickly, Aaron grabbed his arm gently.

Tommy was surprised he didn't flinch.

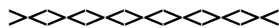
"Don't. I understand struggling to find words, or emotions...but letting go once in a while is...healthy. I won't tell Lady Aphmau, or Zoey, or anyone else you don't want me to. This can stay between us...though...I believe you *should* tell them- certain things when you feel comfortable." Tommy knew he was referencing what he had told Aaron about Wilbur. The pain and panic Tommy felt.

The hybrid's breathing hitched again, and he fell against the larger knight, curling tightly as he let the tears flow freely down his face. Aaron smiled sadly, wrapping his arms around the teen. It was warm. Tommy remembered the nights when he was younger and afraid of disturbing his father, so he went to Techno (or Techie as he was back then. Never again.), who would hold him close against his warmth.

He wasn't scared of Aaron like he was of Techno now. Aaron was comforting. He was safe. Just like Aphmau and Zoey were safe, so was Aaron. Aaron would protect him.

So Tommy stayed there, the moon slowly starting to come up as he sobbed into the werewolf, tears staining his uniform. If Aaron was bothered by it, he didn't show it. He just held the boy tightly to him.

Darkness started to cloud Tommy's vision, and in the warmth and comfort of a silent guardian, the teen let himself fall into a sleep, filled with warmth and light.



Aphmau was pacing frantically as she waited in the main entrance to the house. She had convinced Zoey to go to bed, but she was staying awake for Aaron. Fear was piercing at her chest. She knew the Shadow Knights knew of Phoenix Drop. What if one of them had found Tommy? What if they took him? They would hurt him. She couldn't lose this boy (*her boy*, a tiny voice whispered), she couldn't!-

Her head lifted up as there was a silent cough at the door. The lord opened it and came face to face with a slightly teary-eyed Aaron, holding the teen in his arms. Despite the boy's height, Aaron was strong, and able to hold the boy with ease.

"He's okay." Aaron whispered. Aphmau smiled, and gestured with her hand for Aaron to bring Tommy up to his room. She removed his jacket and shoes, Aaron helping her tuck the boy into his bed, *Clementine* flying up from his shoulder, nudging Aphmau's cheek. As though she was saying 'thank you', before nestling onto her little area by the window. Aphmau smiled gently, brushing the hybrid's hair from his face.

"Goodnight Tommy." She whispered, nudging him gently as she walked out, Aaron nodding as he headed back to the town.

And if the lord stayed any longer, she would have heard the mumbled 'night mom' from underneath the covers.

Chapter End Notes

Hehehehhuehuehue. You guys like that ending? And you can bet sleepy Tommy will not remember it in the morning ;)

Also ngl- Aaron's part almost made me cry. I sort of dug deeper into my own thoughts since I lost my mother earlier this year. Doesn't help I'm also an Aaron kinnie (Mystreet tho but that is worse. I'm also a Mystreet Zane kinnie which- really is also bad).

Also Laurence is a bisexual he/they baby and you people can PRY that from my COLD, DEAD HANDS. :D

Take care guys! See you next time! - Story

readers let me tell you that we have had several "holy fuck we're geniuses" moments today. (ω•) - Brownie

Though We Don't Share the Same Blood (You're My Brother and I Love You That's the Truth)

Chapter Summary

Tommy remembers the fear of possibly losing what you love, and in doing so he gains so much more.

[Chapter title from 'Brother' by Kodaline]

Chapter Notes

Some more Malachi, Levin and Tommy for your souls my dears!! And I mean- come on. I have -Malachi-, you think I'm NOT going to do his ghost arc? It really fit here.

I don't think there's any Trigger Warnings for this chapter, let me know if you found something that might be though :)

Have fun reading my beloveds!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy grinned as Aphmau led him and Yip through the forest, the two of them bounding ahead excitedly. Tommy grinned at the tiny toddler on his shoulders, Levin squealing with delight from atop the hybrid. The lord laughed as her eyes shone, smiling softly.

“Are we there yet Aunt Aphmau!?” Yip grinned, tail wagging. Aphmau chuckled.

“Almost. Come on!” Tommy shared an excited look with his werewolf friend as the lord walked through, soon stopping by a large cavern, now built seeming into a little hideaway. Brendan and Logan were there, the merchant stretching as the farmer panted heavily.

The boys' eyes shone as they raced in, Tommy putting his brother down.

“This is so poggers!” Tommy cheered, laughing as his voice echoed. Yip nodded excitedly, almost toppling his father over as he leapt into a hug.

“Agreed! It's awesome! Thanks dad!” Logan growled softly, but there was affection in his eyes as he ruffled Yip's hair.

“Yeah Yeah. Keeps you from harping on about it.” The man rolled his eyes, though they shone with warmth as he smiled at his son. “Just don’t get into too much damn trouble. The *both* of you.”

“No promises big man.” Tommy scoffed, grinning in *classic* teen fashion. Logan raised an eyebrow, letting out a snort of amusement. He nodded to Aphmau, before walking off. Brendan smiled at them, green eyes shining.

“Hope you two enjoy it!” Tommy waved to the carpenter as Aphmau smiled.

“I hope you two like it.” Tommy grinned, and before he knew it he was hugging the lord tightly, his tail wagging.

“Thanks Aphmau.” Tommy smiled. Aphmau’s eyes softened as she ruffled the boy’s hair. “Why didn’t Zoey and Malachi want to come?”

“Zoey was working on some potions with herbs and such. Malachi wanted to help her.” Tommy’s eyes shone. Over the days he’d been helping Lucinda with learning potions and magic. Aphmau chuckled at the grin on his face, eyes softening. “Why don’t we head back, see if you can help her.” Tommy nodded, turning his head to Yip. The werewolf grinned.

“I’m gonna go see if there’s anything I can help mom with. See you around Tommy!” The hybrid waved as the werewolf ran through the forest. Aphmau chuckled, taking Levin’s hand as they started walking back.

“I have to say, I’m proud of you Tommy.” Tommy blinked, blue eyes shining as he looked up at the lord, who moved the black hair from her face.

“You are?”

“Yes. You’ve come into your own here. You’ve made friends, and the people here care about you. Even if you go home once...once you decide to,” Aphmau swallowed, putting a hand on Tommy’s shoulder. “You will *always* have a place in Phoenix Drop with me.” Tommy felt tears burn in his eyes slightly, but he did nothing but nod, keeping quiet.

He didn’t quite know why his heart hurt so much at that. He thought of people back in the SMP, and remembered how alone he’d been.

Even visits in exile hadn’t felt like a warm thing. Almost like they were visiting because they had to. Because Dream invited them (*because they didn’t care*, that tiny voice whispered, barely existent now). He didn’t have any family. Phil didn’t care, Techno didn’t care, Tubbo didn’t care, and Fundy-

Well, Tommy had soon grown distant from his nephew. No matter, he knew Fundy was strong. He had people who cared about him.

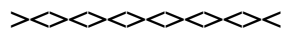
But here? Tommy thought of Yip's grins and Brian's exasperated but fond sighs. He thought of Garroth and Laurence's banter. He thought of the other guards; Katelyn, Travis, Dante. He thought of Donna smiling and gladly taking his help just getting things she needed around town. He thought of Kawaii~Chan and her willingness to help him bake. He thought of Lucinda and her teaching him potions and witchcraft, *Clementine* fluttering excitedly. He thought of Aaron, strong and stoic yet warm and comforting.

And he thought of Zoey, and her warm smiles. He thought of Aphmau and her loving laugh. He thought of Levin and Malachi, who clung to him the same way he had clung to Techno; warmth, excitement and admiration. The epitome of two boys wanting to be just like their older brother. (Why did that thought warm him so much? That he was considered somebody's brother?).

He didn't know what he was going to do. He had more to- well live for here. Where the sun was warm and the people didn't care what he'd done. And those who did knew he wasn't like that.

He wasn't the bad guy. He was a good person.

He just- didn't know what his decision was going to be.



Tommy smiled as he walked back with Aphmau. Instead of going straight back home, Aph had needed to check up on the town, so Tommy decided to go with her. He was there too as she went to Molly's house, and Tommy was surprised to see a young baby girl there who lit up upon seeing Levin. Aphmau had explained this was Brian's little sister, Alexis. She was a good friend of Levin's, so they left him for a playdate.

It was nice, seeing people smile and greet him too.

As Aphmau smiled, she waved goodbye to Brian, who ran to catch up with Garroth on patrol. Both she and Tommy tensed as they walked up the stairs and stopped at a large booming noise. Aphmau looked up at the house, fear etching into her gaze as she bolted.

The hybrid however, remained frozen. The explosions rang in his ears, body trembling.

“MALACHI! ZOEY!” Aphmau’s frightened scream rang through his ears, causing the teen to jump and snap out of his thoughts. The raccoon soon raced after her, memories flashing through his mind.

Explosions.

TNT.

Wilbur.

L’Manberg.

Dream.

Exile.

Techno.

Withers.

Pain.

Abandonment.

Death.

Tommy ran through the open door and up the stairs, following the panicked lord. He stopped at the doorway, body shaking.

Zoey was crumpled on the ground, her blue eyes wide with fear, tears streaming down her face as she covered her mouth, staring at Malachi.

Malachi was on the ground, the small wisps of his magic still moving slightly. The tiny ghost was unconscious, as though he was sleeping. Aphmau ran in, hands grasping at Zoey's shoulders.

"Zoey!? Love breathe," She placed her hands on the sides of the elf's face, as Zoey looked up frightened, hyperventilating as she stared at her girlfriend, letting out a sob. Aphmau's eyes were panicked as she swallowed. "Zoey, come on- it- it's okay...breathe for me." Zoey trembled, soon gulping down a few breaths, shaking in Aphmau's grip.

"What happened?" Tommy was surprised that he found his voice, though he kept staring at Malachi. All he could remember was Wilbur with that sword in his chest.

"W-We were- we were making potions and- and I had a Yggdrasil sapling on the table. I-I just needed to grab some herbs outside and when I came back- Malachi was playing with the sapling, and h-he accidentally spilt a potion onto it- and then i-it exploded, and when the smoke cleared- he-he was- oh Irene- Aph I-I'm so sorry- I don't know what's wrong. H-He won't wake up- I'm sorry!"

"Hey- Zo breathe..." Aphmau smiled softly. "It's okay...I-I'll see if Garroth can send Raven with a message to the doctor from Bright Port. It'll be alright, okay?" Zoey swallowed, but she looked away, almost ashamed.

"...Right...O-Okay...I'm sorry Aph- I just..." Zoey swallowed, pushing herself out of Aphmau's grip and running out. Tommy finally tore his eyes away from Malachi as he turned to Aphmau, her gaze clouded with worry and grief, but now she looked after Zoey in concern. The two of them stayed silent as they heard a lock sound from another room.

"A-Aphmau?" Tommy looked at her as the lord moved to pick up her son, heading out to his room and putting him down on the bed. "A-Are you-"

"-Not now Tommy. I need to get Garroth to send a message with Raven to Bright Port." Tommy's ears went back as he swallowed.

“P-Please don’t hate her...” He found himself whispering. Aphmau and Zoey had seemed as close as his own parents. Aphmau turned around in alarm, her caramel eyes widening.

“ *What?* Tommy no- I-I couldn’t ever hate her. I know what Zoey has been through. She’s shaken and scared...notably so. Just like I am. I just- I’m trying to keep my mind off of this by thinking of what I need to do. I’ve always done that Tommy...but I promise. I wouldn’t ever hate Zoey.”

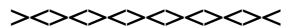
Tommy sighed in relief, tension leaving his shoulders.

“Right. I-” He took a deep breath. “I’ll look after Malachi for you. If you want.” Aphmau’s eyes softened as she nodded.

“Yes. Thank you Tommy. You’re a good kid.” Tommy’s eyes widened as Aphmau walked out. His heart warmed at that, and he sat down, looking at the unconscious ghost on the bed.

“You’ll be fine, big man.” Tommy whispered, as though trying to convince himself.

“You’ll be fine.”



Tommy looked aside to Levin playing on the carpet with his toys in the living room, trying to strain his ears to hear the Doctor from Bright Port. (What kind of a name was Dr. Doctor? He wasn’t going to question it. Though it made Tommy think there was something sus about him.).

“It’s strange,” he could hear the Doctor from the room. Aphmau was there as well. Ever since yesterday, he hadn’t seen Zoey come from the room. He was worried. *“Despite being a ghost, there’s clear evidence that- well he’s still- alive? He’s breathing at least.”*

“Do you know of- anything we can do?” That was Aphmau. She sounded tired, as though she hadn’t slept. *“Anything at all?”*

“I’ve never seen anything like this before. Honestly, my best offer is to keep an eye on him, and if anything happens contact me.”

Tommy sighed, moving away from the staircase. His ears twitched as he felt a tug on his pant leg. Looking down, his eyes met Levin's, wide with curiosity and confusion.

"Where's big brother? He come play?" Levin babbled. Tommy winced, his ears going flat as he stared down at the boy.

Suddenly he knew what Wilbur felt. With Tommy being a young toddler, asking Wilbur why Techie had locked himself in his room.

"Oh- He's tired Tommy. Come on, why don't we go outside and play with the horses?"

"Yaaay! Horsies!"

Tommy swallowed. "Malachi's resting big man."

"Oh...Will he play when awake?"

"Uh..." Tommy tensed, looking aside. "I-"

"-Of course he will." Tommy sighed in relief as Aphmau came down the stairs, swooping Levin up and nudging him. "Malachi just needs to rest for a few days. We shouldn't bother him, okay?"

Levin giggled. "Okay mama." Aphmau smiled, putting Tommy down as he stumbled back to play with his toys. She turned to the hybrid, a smile finally gracing her tired features. The teen noticed the lord looked a fair bit older than she was at the moment.

"Thank you Tommy..." She whispered, running a hand through her hair. "I don't know what I would have done if I had to explain it to Levin." Tommy smiled a little.

"Things were weird with my own family. It was the way Wilbur talked to me sometimes about Techno." Aphmau sighed in relief, slumping into a chair.

"Now I need to talk to Zoey...she hasn't left her room since yesterday. I slept while watching over Malachi..."

Tommy nodded, remembering his talks with Laurence and Aaron a few days ago. "Maybe I could try?"

"The door is locked Tommy."

“I- know how to pick locks...” Aphmau raised an eyebrow, but decided not to question it. (Tommy didn’t know how to explain that he taught himself in order to sneak cookies from the cupboard. Hey- in his defence Niki shouldn’t have locked it. He was a determined little gremlin bastard when he wanted to be).

“In this case, thank you.” Tommy nodded, heading up to the room.

It didn’t take him long to manage to unlock the door. Pushing open the door quietly, he winced. The room was dark, and if it wasn’t for his enhanced eyesight when it came to nighttime and darkness, he wouldn’t have been able to make out the elf’s trembling form curled tightly in a chair by the window, covered with a soft lilac curtain.

(In fact, he noticed there was a *lot* of purple in the room. But there were also some floral decorations. It was the epitome of what he seemed to notice from both Aphmau and Zoey.)

With *Clementine* nudging his shoulder gently, Tommy swallowed.

“Mm- Z-Zoey..?” Zoey didn’t seem to react to him, but her pointed ears moved slightly as they picked him the sound. Tommy walked closer. The chair was like a lounge, large enough for seemingly Zoey and Aphmau together. He sat down beside her, trying to see Zoey’s face. Her eyes were dull, looking down at her hands. In her hand was an old faded ring. It seemed centuries upon centuries old.

“...I lost my entire birth son’s childhood.” Zoey’s voice was faint, staring at the old ring. “And now...because of my stupidity...I may lose another one...this is all my fault...she isn’t even mad with me...” Tommy’s ears were flat as he looked over at Zoey.

“Z-Zoey?”

“I don’t deserve her. I don’t deserve any of this...how can I call myself their mother if I would let this happen...” Zoey let out a sob as she clutched the ring. Tommy looked away, incapable of choosing a response.

Then he remembered. He remembered what Laurence told him Zoey had. He didn’t *know* if it would help but...he could try.

“It’s good to mourn what you lose...it allows you to see what you have. It’s what you lose that allows you to grow, it’s what you have that allows you to heal.” Zoey paused, before huffing softly, soon turning into a quiet chuckle.

“You’ve been speaking to Laurence haven’t you?” Tommy looked down sheepishly. Zoey sighed. “You’re right though. I can’t doubt this life...not when I’m the happiest I’ve ever

been.”

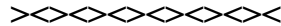
“Aphmau’s worried about you.” Zoey smiled.

“Always worried about others...that’s my love.” Zoey blushed, giving the boy a quick hug.

“Thank you Tommy. I...I should speak with her.” Tommy smiled and watched as she opened the window and tossed the ring out, before walking down.

Tommy was thankful he could help. Seeing Zoey and Aphmau happy made- well made *him* happy.

And if he focused on his relief enough, he could put out of his mind the fact that he almost called Zoey ‘mom’.



Tommy’s ears twitched as he rubbed his eyes, *Clementine* nestled tiredly in her little area. He’d finally decorated it with some flowers Zoey helped him pick that afternoon. He knew it was a feeble trick to get their minds off of Malachi, but it was a nice feeling; like things weren’t tense for once.

He looked up at the moon shining softly, and carefully slipped out of his room. He walked down the hall to the room and delicately opened the door into Levin and Malachi’s room. Zoey was asleep by the ghost’s still slumbering side. Her head lifted up tiredly as he touched her shoulder.

“Tommy?” She whispered slowly, doing her best not to wake up the other toddler.

“Let me look after him for the rest of the night. Get some rest.”

“What about you?”

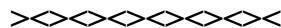
“..You’d be surprised at how long I can go without sleeping.” Tommy mumbled. Zoey’s eyes shone with concern in the darkness, but she didn’t say anything. She leant her forehead against his gently, before walking out to join her partner.

Tommy sighed, sitting down beside Malachi. He looked over at the ghost's peaceful face, a pain tugging at his heart similar to one he hadn't felt in a long time. *I don't know what good it will do but...*

Tommy clasped his hands together, leaning on them as he closed his eyes.

"Mom?" He whispered. He ran his tongue nervously over his lips before taking in a deep breath. "I don't know if you're still there, I haven't felt you in so long. I...I don't know what power you have here, but...please. Malachi he..."

'He's so much like a brother mom. Please...if you can do anything...please protect him.' The hybrid sighed, leaning his head back as he grasped Malachi's hand, sleep soon calling him.



Tommy smiled tiredly as Levin giggled from atop his shoulders. He had been out with the toddler all day. He felt hopeful today. Before he'd left-

He could have sworn he felt Malachi squeeze his hand.

As he walked in, his ears twitched as he caught faint sobbing noises upstairs. The teen paled as he put Levin down. "Stay- Stay here big man, okay? Like a-a game!" Levin's eyes glistened at 'game' and nodded, plopping himself down.

Tommy nodded, racing upstairs. His ears were flat as he heard the sobbing come from Malachi's room. *No. No please- f-for the love of XD no-*

As Tommy pushed open the door, he froze.

In the room, he saw Zoey and Aphmau both hugging Malachi tightly, the two of them crying. Except the ghost didn't look the same.

Instead of the pale ghost Tommy had gotten used to seeing. Though he still had the old torn clothing of his old ghostly impression, the young boy had a head full of messy brown hair, and pure green eyes. If it weren't for the eye colour and the lack of horns, Tommy would have thought Malachi and Tubbo were related. The boy had colour to his skin, and he smiled.

“T-Tommy look!” Malachi’s voice was different too. It was clear, instead of the echo it once had. He wriggled his fingers. “I-I’m me again!” Zoey laughed.

“I-I knew Yggdrasil saplings had power but...not that much!” Tommy smiled, and blinked, remembering his prayer to his mother.

Was it just the sapling? Or...was it also something else?

Shaking his head, Tommy grinned, heading over. “Eyyy! Look at you big man!” He ruffled Malachi’s hair, the boy laughing brightly as he got up, stumbling a little, gripping his mother’s dress for support. Zoey and Aphmau looked both shocked and happy. The young boy looked up at Tommy, holding out his hands.

“C-Can I?” Tommy tilted his head, before realising what Malachi wanted. The raccoon laughed, tail flicking as he moved out his arms. Within moments Malachi raced forward, landing in Tommy’s arms with a quiet ‘oomph’ and a giggle. He gripped the teen tightly, and Tommy’s tail wagged as he hugged Malachi tightly, noting Zoey and Aphmau’s gazes melting with affection.

“Can we play...?” Malachi fiddled with his fingers, green eyes shining.

“Course big man!” Tommy laughed, lifting Malachi onto his shoulders, the young boy gasping with excitement. Zoey and Aphmau laughed as Tommy ran out. Levin looked aside brightly, tilting head.

“Big bro?” He pointed up at Malachi, Tommy finally putting him down.

“It’s me Lev...!” Malachi chuckled, hugging his tiny brother. Levin squealed with delight.

“Play! Play!” Tommy smiled, soon being dragged out once again by the two young boys.



The raccoon yawned, sitting on the couch, Tommy and the newly corporeal Malachi nestled close to him. Aphmau and Zoey were cooking a celebratory dinner. The hybrid smiled softly.

It reminded him of times when Tommy would help with a young Fundy, giggling and smiling brightly with his ‘uncie Tommy’. The times they would play tag running about and soon collapse on the couch once tuckered out.

“Hey Tommy...?” Malachi’s quiet and tired voice perked up.

“Yeah big man?”

“Thanks for today...” The boy yawned, moving himself closer. “I’m glad you’re our big brother...” Tommy’s eyes widened as Levin snuggled close on the other side, his tiny hand gripping his fingers.

“Best big brother ever...” The hybrid smiled weakly, his heart melting as he chuckled a little. The two of them reminded him of his nephew, before the growth spurt. Fox years were always wild.

He wondered how Fundy was. The fox hybrid was well-liked, and Tommy knew he’d have no trouble having a family. He’d have no trouble finding a place he belonged.

And Fundy was a tough kid. Tough guy. The raccoon knew it’d be fine. Fundy would be perfectly fine.

He’d be happy. He was probably happy right now.

And Tommy could rest easy knowing that.

Chapter End Notes

Both the boys calling Tommy their big brother AND Tommy almost calling Zoey mom??? I'm spoiling ya'll. Well- I gotta give you some fluff before I slam you with a chapter full of angst. This was a -long- chapter. As the end states, the final dsmp pov is Fundy!! This is the third-last chapter for the end of the Healing Arc. I am so excited!

I can't thank you all enough for all the love on this story. Truly. It makes all of this worth it. Writing has always been my passion and as someone who suffers from a lack of self-

confidence, for this story to be this far along aside from everything else it- it makes all this worth it. I love you all, thank you so much, truly. I'll see you next time!

If You Must Mourn (Don't do it Alone)

Chapter Summary

It's up to Fundy now to keep his family together. He will do what his uncle would have done himself.

[Chapter Title is from 'You' by Keaton Heston]

Chapter Notes

Hehehehehehe~ It is here!

This guys is the second last chapter of the healing arc! I'm so excited to get this arc done, I can't wait. Brownie and I are working to make a joint Twitter account, hopefully that's up and running soon! Hope you guys enjoy the chapter!

TWs; Depressing themes, funeral mentions, references to a lack of eating. If I missed any let me know~

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The sky was clouded as the fox hybrid moved silently through the city of L'Manberg. The wind bit at him, and if it weren't for the slight fur on him and his jacket, Fundy was sure he would have felt the cold air as well. Though in a way, he could still feel a chill.

Fundy kept walking, his ears flat as he came to the memorial nestled in front of a large oak tree. The flowers bloomed softly, covered in gifts. The hybrid swallowed, placing down the dandelions as he sat.

"H-Hi uncle." Fundy winced. His voice had gotten so shaky over the weeks. "T-Tubbo's doing his best to keep L'Manberg running. Quackity's been helping him as well. Phil-grandpa...he's..." Fundy looked aside, remembering his grandpa.

Phil had- he had not been doing well since they'd told him the truth. Fundy remembered the day he'd left to go to Techno. It had been almost the dead of night when there was a knock on their room door. He remembered the avian being there, eyes dull and tired as he told them he left Techno. Fundy remembered his anger at his other uncle having told Phil he wouldn't mourn his youngest brother.

It was only because of Phil's desperate pleas that he couldn't lose his last living son that Tubbo hadn't restarted the manhunt for the terrorist.

Phil had asked Fundy and Tubbo if he could stay, and of course Tubbo agreed. So, Phil stayed with them. He moved out of the cottage and into the White House with them. He didn't entirely talk to anyone, and he had asked Tubbo if he could keep Tommy's broken communicator.

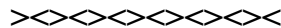
Fundy knew it was only because of him and Tubbo that Phil was still around. They were all he had left of Tommy's memory.

Fundy remembered his uncle. He had more memories of playing hide and seek or tag with his uncle than he did of his father or his mother. Hell- he didn't even remember his mother's *name* (He assumed she was called Sally- that was what he heard Wilbur murmur a few times).

It was now that the fox hybrid *wished* he hadn't stopped interacting with his uncle. It had felt weird, being older than his uncle but-

Fundy would give *anything* to stay by Tommy's side if he was given the chance to go back. Knowing how this ended- he would give *anything* . Even one of his own lives.

Fundy closed his eyes, remembering the day Tubbo had told him about Tommy's death. That day was printed in his mind stronger than Techno's execution.



Fundy sighed as he stretched, coming back from mining with Niki. As he walked about, his ears twitched concerned as he saw Quackity pacing from outside the White House.

"Quackity?" Fundy questioned, causing the duck hybrid to jump and turn. Fundy sniffed, able to sense his worry. "Everything okay man?"

"I don't know...Tubbo hasn't come out of his room in two days. Won't answer the door to any of us." Fundy nodded slowly.

"Do you want me to check on him?"

"Would you? That'd be great, thanks Fundy." Quackity gave a thankful smile, patting the fox on the back as he headed off through L'Manberg. Fundy had- a slight connection with the

now scarred man. They were close back in the Butcher Army. He scowled at the memory of Techno getting away.

The bastard needed to pay for what he'd done to them. No matter. They'd make him pay soon enough.

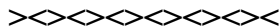
Fundy walked through the halls of the White House, his ears back concerned as he was led up to Tubbo's room. The fox's tail flicked anxiously, and he tugged on his ears as he knocked on the door.

"Tubbo? It's Fundy. Are you there? Everyone's worried about you. Are you there? Mr President?"

It was silent, before the door slowly opened. Tubbo stood in front of Fundy; his hair unkept and his blue eyes dull, barely holding any shine Fundy remembered, be it whatever emotion. Anxiety stirred in Fundy's chest as he swallowed.

"Tubbo...?" He mumbled softly. "What's going on?"

"Fundy..." Tubbo's voice was shaky, almost as though he'd been crying. "C-Come in...there- there's som...something I need to tell-" The young president took a shaky breath, "to tell you..."



Tears rolled down Fundy's face as he remembered how Tubbo told him Tommy was dead. He remembered *laughing in Tubbo's face*. He remembered shaking his head, believing it to be a joke.

He remembered Tubbo gripping his arm tightly.

He remembered being dragged to Logstedshire.

He remembered seeing the tower.

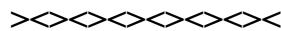
He remembered screaming at the sky.

Fundy shook his head, sighing heavily. He remembered the grief didn't really hit him until the next day. Then, he'd broken down, screaming for his uncle.

It was then he decided to stay with Tubbo, and now it was Tubbo, Fundy and Phil. The fox sighed, adjusting his hat as he placed a hand on Tommy's memorial.

"I'll look after them...I promise..."

"Uncle Tommy."



"You sure it'll be alright?" Tubbo spoke softly, looking over at Fundy. Fundy smiled softly, his tail flicking.

"Yes, it's fine. Really. I can look after Phil. You go and have fun on your picnic with Ranboo." Tubbo chuckled, nodding as he walked out, closing the door behind him. Fundy sighed in relief. He was glad for Ranboo. The Ender-hybrid had approached Tubbo a few days after the news of Tommy's death. He'd been a friend of the boy, despite how short their friendship had been. They were helping each other.

Fundy was relieved that Tubbo had Ranboo. He certainly wasn't trying to replace Tommy, but he at least had someone who could help him feel better. The last time he'd met Ranboo was at the funeral.

He remembered the funeral clearly. Fundy knew it was a memory that would never leave. They were thankful it was sunny that day. Fundy remembered that, like Phil said, Techno had refused to show up. In a way, the fox hybrid was surprised; he thought that perhaps Phil's argument with Techno would have made him rethink his decision. He was wrong.

He remembered the sound of Phil quietly sobbing, staring blankly at the memorial in front of them; the empty coffin, because what body is there to be buried when the sea has laid its claim (after all, what else could have happened to him?).

He remembered Quackity, not saying a thing but looking all the same mournful.

He remembered Eret, who remained more hidden, but the fox had his enhanced sight. The guilt-ridden monarch kept his head bowed, tears rolling from under his glasses, clothes dark and lacking the usual flair the monarch wore.

He remembered Sapnap, whose face was clouded with guilt.

He remembered Sam, shaking his head mournfully, his goggles on to keep people from seeing his tears.

Jack hadn't been there, which concerned Fundy, but regardless. Niki had been there too; her cheeks soaked with her tears as she sobbed into her partner's shoulder. Fundy remembered Niki comforting him, Tubbo and Tommy during L'Manberg whenever they had nightmares and Wilbur told them it was nothing. He missed those days, everything had seemed like it was all going to be okay in the end. But it wasn't.

Ghostbur also hadn't been there. They knew he wouldn't have been able to handle it, but that didn't stop the ghost from giving them handfuls of 'blue' before the service actually began.

He remembered twitching his ears and picking up Tubbo's covered sobs, trying so hard to quieten them down. He'd seen the ram hybrid pushed into the shoulder of the taller enderian, an arm wrapped around him, doing his best to comfort the president.

Fundy remembered seeing the tall teen's mournful face, an old, pressed allium in his pocket, the purple striking out against his suit. He turned away when the sizzling noise got too much to handle.

The fox remembered that Dream also wasn't there. In a way, he was thankful. For some reason...the man always unnerved Fundy. And especially now, after all-

Dream was the only one who was around Tommy in exile.

And well?

Fundy had a feeling that this moment...that Dream had something to do with everything that had happened to lead to this.

Fundy remembered Phil stumbling forward, putting down the flowers on his son's grave, and finally crumpling. He hadn't cared about everyone there. He just screamed, curling in on himself as he whispered 'sorrys' at the grave, apologising for so much; abandoning him, running away, never being there, failing him.



The hybrid smiled as Phil walked down the stairs. His blue eyes had become a lifeless grey in the past few days as he smiled weakly at the hybrid. Fundy smiled gently, his tail flicking as he got up, helping make sure to grab a plate of food for his grandfather as quickly as he could.

"Morning Fundy..." The avian murmured, his crows nudged him closer to the food. He remained where he was.

"It's afternoon." Fundy smiled, putting the plate down. Phil sighed.

"I...I'm going to try and go for a walk. Maybe- chat with Techno. I've ignored him for a few days. I can't- as angry as I am I...I can't lose him too." Fundy smiled.

"Alright. Just- be careful, okay grandpa?" Phil actually gave a small smile, something he hadn't done in days, ruffling the hybrid's hair. Fundy let out a surprised bark, tail wagging a little as Phil headed out, his crows nestling close (one nudged Fundy affectionately before hopping out after him, something they had been doing a lot nowadays).

The hybrid sighed, his ears going down as he remained in the house, just- just simply cleaning. Fundy found himself doing a lot of menial things lately, to try and distract himself.

It didn't take long for Fundy to get antsy. The fox growled, walking out of the White House, giving quick nods to Niki and Quackity as they passed him.

He spent the time wandering about L'Manberg, and the fox's ears twitched as a chill ran through his spine. He shuddered, turning around to some forestry near the outskirts.

Fundy could have sworn he saw a familiar masked face staring at him from the trees.

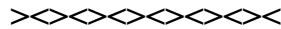
He'd seen Dream a lot lately. Well- not *seen properly* but-...Fundy always had the feeling he, Tubbo and Phil were being watched. Phil had also told them how he'd taken Dream's first

canon life.

Dream had always been a schemer. Fundy didn't put it past the bastard to be planning something. Whatever that was...he didn't know. Dream had commissioned Sam to help him build a place called Pandora's Vault.

Fundy didn't want to know what Dream was planning to do with that. But he'd protect his family to the bitter end, even if it cost him both of his remaining canon lives.

It's what his uncle would have wanted.



It was strange how Fundy's feet always seemed to lead him to his uncle's memorial. When the hybrid didn't have a set destination in mind, he always found himself back there, at the final resting place of the boy who had helped raise him (because what was his uncle if not still just a boy, a teen who had the world against him).

How long had it been since he'd properly cried? He'd been busy trying desperately to keep Tubbo and Phil moving and just simply, *around*. It hurt, Fundy realised. It had been so long since he'd properly thought about everything, He'd grown so far from his uncle. He could try and tell himself it was because he was trying to be his own man, be something other than Wilbur's son, the mad man who founded a nation and all the same brought it to its worst ruin.

And yet...

And yet...

And yet he would never get to see his uncle again. His breathing hitched, and Fundy's legs gave out from under him as he collapsed. He sobbed, tears falling down his tail, clutching himself tightly, arms wrapped around himself, trying to remember the comfort his uncle would give him when he was a child.

He'd never feel that again.

Fundy just wanted a hug.

Fundy just wanted his family to be full.

Fundy just wanted his uncle.

Fundy just wanted *TOMMY*.

The hybrid startled as warm feathers draped over him, and he looked up to meet the glassy eyes of Phil. The avian smiled sadly as he pulled Fundy into his arms, resting his head on top of his. He felt another weight beside him, as the familiar ram hybrid nudged close as well, Phil bringing them both into his arms. Fundy smiled, he smiled as they all mourned together, tears streaming down each and every one of their faces.

He wasn't alone anymore. He only wished it hadn't taken his uncle's death to realise it.

But regardless, he'd protect them.

He'd protect them with the same fierceness his uncle would have.

The same fierceness his uncle *did*.

After all, Fundy was a fighter in the war for L'Manberg. And if he had to take another's canon life? He would do it.

He would be the bad guy if it meant what was left of his family would be *safe*.

Chapter End Notes

Me while waiting for Brownie to beta read this chapter: Hey who the hell is wombat?
Brownie, unaware she is wombat; uhhh no clue

Aka, there is now a third co-creator that is Brownie's alter ego XD. Also give thanks to brownie for beta-reading this chapter and this chapter only because no beta we die like Wilbur and ramping up the angst factor and fixing up what I had written due to my poor knowledge of early lore. I'll see you all in the final chapter of the Healing arc!!~

Let Me Come Home (Home is Wherever I'm With You)

Chapter Summary

Tommy finally finds home.

[Chapter title is from 'Home' by Edith Whiskers]

Chapter Notes

Here we are. The end of the Healing Arc! I am SO excited to begin the Reunion Arc and everything in it, Brownie and I have SO MANY ideas!!! We can FINALLY start sprinkling in the lore for this series that'll lead into the sequel as well. I'm so excited! We've been sitting on the lore we have for AGES (granted a lot can't happen yet cos-sequel but we can at least hint at some things).

Have fun guys!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Clementine fluttered onto Tommy's shoulder as the teen looked out the window. He sighed, watching the guards go by on patrol, a few of the ladies down at the beach, and Aphmau walking about excitedly as Malachi raced ahead, excited to see everyone again.

"I don't know what to do *Clementine*," Tommy murmured, stroking the moth's head softly with a finger. "I like it here but..."

But what?

What *was* still holding him there?

"What is holding me..." Tommy whispered. So many days had gone by where Tommy would wake in a cold sweat, realising Dream would know he was gone and possibly be worried, before remembering that he was safe here. And they'd helped him.

It was almost a month now that Tommy had been here. The raccoon stood, looking over at the mirror.

His hair was clean, free of the dirt and blood that had matted into it. Zoey ended up cutting it slightly, but Tommy wanted to keep it a little bit longer. His eyes were bright, curiosity and wonder back in the sky blue that his father always said had been his favourite thing about the boy. His scars had started to fade, despite some having scarred permanently.

He'd also gained weight again, just like he'd used to. The bags that had heavily settled under his eyes were a thing of the past. That cold, dark part of his heart that had him convinced that he was alone, had soon gone silent. That dream he'd had many times before, sitting on a hill, feeling the warmth of a setting sun, surrounded by people who felt comforting and safe. So far, all that dream had shown him since it first showed up was Zoey.

Though now, since the moments he'd spent with Levin and Malachi, they'd also joined his dream, officially being those he could see in his dream.

It scared, worried and frightened him. What if he decided to stay and they didn't want him?

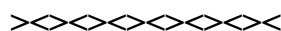
What if he stayed and they soon found him annoying? Everyone did eventually.

But...what if they wouldn't? What if they wanted him to stay and never leave? And what if he *did* leave and suffered more?

He knew he'd miss the guards and their laughter. He'd miss Yip howling and Brian shaking his head amused. He'd miss Kawaii~Chan, and Donna, teaching him how to bake. He'd miss 'Cinda and their potion-making time. He'd miss Zoey, Aphmau, and Levin and Malachi.

He'd miss everyone.

"I don't know what to do..." He whimpered. *Clementine* 's antennae twitched as she nudged him sadly, big eyes staring at him. Tommy smiled, nudging her. "You're right. We should get our mind off of it for now. Come on girl!" The raccoon-hybrid placed her on his shoulder as he walked out of the house, taking in the warm sun and cool breeze that moved through his hair and ears.



Tommy smiled as he wandered through the town, enjoying the smiles of the people. He spent some time with Yip before he ran off to learn some more about being a werewolf with Logan. The hybrid kept walking, looking up at the treehouse he knew belonged to his brothers. He could hear their laughter, and Aphmau's. His tail wagged as he started heading up the stairs built by the lord (He'd had many close calls of accidentally calling her 'mom'; how would his mother feel? He didn't think he could handle her hating him).

Aphmau smiled as she looked up at him. Instead of her normal purple and black outfit, she was wearing a soft lilac and dark purple dress with a flower crown on her head. Her caramel eyes shone brightly.

"Tommy!" Tommy smiled, eyes softening at Malachi and Levin immediately turning, their eyes brightening up.

"Hi Tommy!" Malachi beamed.

"Brother play!" Levin giggled. Tommy was both warm and pained at that. Levin had clung to the word 'brother' as tightly as he did to Malachi as well.

"Hey. What are you both playing?" Tommy chuckled. Malachi smiled, gesturing to the plush toys in front of them.

"We were playing with these." Levin held up a cow one.

"Play?"

Tommy smiled. "Sure big man. This little guy have a name?"

"Not yet." Malachi smiled. Tommy 'hmed' in response.

"Well what do you two think of the name Henry?" There was a brief tug at his heart, Tommy breathing in and out slowly as remembered those words. *It's good to mourn what you lose...it allows you to see what you have.*

"Yay! Henry!" Levin giggled. Malachi nodded, making Tommy smile. Aphmau chuckled softly, tilting her head.

"Does that name mean something?"

"Yeah- it...it was the name of my old pet...he was a cow named Henry. And Mushroom Henry..." His ears flattened, and Aphmau smiled sadly, putting a hand on his shoulder.

"They sound like sweet pets...I should take you to see my dogs at some point. They've been staying in the town's barn for a while. Except for Cookie, she stays with Cadenza, Laurence's

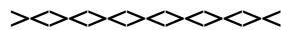
sister in the town of Meteli.” Tommy’s tail wagged, nodding excitedly.

Tommy spent the rest of the day with the kids and Aphmau, and as he sat back in his room that night, *Clementine* nestled in his hands. He groaned, looking out the window, the moon shining in enough light to assist him to see around the room.

He’d spent the entire day with them, and he was no closer to making his decision.

“What do I do...?” He mumbled, looking out. “I...fuck...”

Tommy really didn’t know where he belonged.



Tommy sighed, curling his knees tightly to his chest as he sat on the hill. He looked up at the Irene statue, his ears flat. He didn’t know *what to do* . He was *scared* .

“Tommy?” His ears twitched, picking up Garroth’s voice heading up to him. The raccoon-hybrid turned, the guard’s eyes laced with worry and concern as he walked up to the teen. He sat down beside him, tilting his head a little. “Lord Aphmau mentioned you’ve been out of sorts all day. And a few days before...”

“I-” Tommy sighed, grumbling. “Damn emotions...stupid bitch...” Garroth snorted a little in amusement as he raised an eyebrow. The teen groaned, pulling himself in tighter.

“I just- do I belong here big man?” The guard blinked, looking confused.

“What do you mean?”

“I...I didn’t *have* a home before. I tried to build one and I lost it...! *Three. Fucking. TIMES.* ” He hit his fists on his knees, growling.

“I don’t know where I belong anymore...do I- would I even belong here?”

Garroth looked aside. “I understand.” He sighed, leaning up to look at the statue, gaze clouding. “About two years ago, there was the Phoenix War. O’Khasis teamed up with

Scaleswind because my brother Zane, a *very* cruel man convinced the lord of Scaleswind that his daughter was being held captive here.'

'Things had gone on beforehand and...I allowed myself to be manipulated. I hurt Laurence, and Zane could have done much more if I hadn't realised how wrong I was.'

"What do you mean?" Garroth sighed.

"What I mean is- for *months* afterwards I struggled. I struggled to see my place here. People could have gotten hurt because of me. There were times Laurence and Aphmau couldn't even look me in the eyes. I could barely train Brian. I didn't think I belonged."

"Huh...how- how did you see this place as- where you belonged again?"

"It was when I went to Lady Aphmau. I was going to resign from my position as head guard, and leave Phoenix Drop. So, she took me on a walk around the town." Garroth smiled softly at the memory. "She took me to the field where I met her and brought her here. She took me to the mine, where she saw my face for the first time. She took me to the docks, where we talked after Donna and Logan's wedding. She took me to the guard barracks...she took me everywhere I had an impact.'

'And then she told me something. She said; *'You can leave if you want to, but I want you to think about everything you've done and those you know. I'll miss you, but I will not stop you, for only you know where your heart wants you to go.'* "

"And you stayed..."

"Yes." Garroth nodded. "I thought about what she said, and Aphmau was right. After everything I'd done here...even though I believed everyone would be safer without me, my heart belonged here. So-" He smiled, placing a hand on the teen's shoulder gently, bringing him into a quick hug to his side. "-even though you don't know if you belong...think about what *you* want. Where do you want to go?" Tommy nodded weakly.

"I get it. Thanks big man." Garroth chuckled, standing up to walk back to the town, getting ready to go on patrol. Tommy looked up at the statue, sun setting to the side of it.

What do I want? Tommy hadn't thought about things he'd wanted in so long. He'd always fought for others, despite *knowing* none of them would ever fight back for him. But here?

If something went wrong he...he had the strangest feeling they would fight for him.

He felt *wanted*.



Tommy sighed, petting *Clementine* softly. He looked at the satchel on the bed. It was dawn. He still didn't know of his decision, but...

Maybe he'd know his decision if he was at the portal. If it was still working. He fiddled with the compass still settled around his neck.

"Okay...if I- if I go before the sun rises entirely, I'll be gone before they...before they notice." He headed through the house, peeking into Levin and Malachi's room slightly. The two of them were asleep, and Tommy smiled.

"Be safe you two." He murmured, heading down. He wondered, was this how Techno had felt leaving him and Wilbur with Phil beside him? He shook his head.

He doubted they'd ever missed him once.

He swallowed, putting a hand on the door.

"So you're leaving." Zoey's voice cut through quietly. Tommy jumped, turning. Both Zoey and Aphmau were standing at the bottom of the stairs. They looked sad, but- resigned. As though they...they had a feeling he was going to leave. "Without saying goodbye?"

Tommy shuffled on his feet. Everything seemed to hurt more now. *Clementine* nudged his cheek, her antennae down a little. He swallowed, unable to find words, which was strange. Tommy knew he always had something to say about anything, and if he didn't know what was happening, he'd find a way to say something anyway.

"I-"

"It's okay." Aphmau smiled softly, but he could see she was holding back tears. "You're healed...and you're from another world. I know you...you may have people there who love you. Just- make-" Her hands were shaking, and Tommy watched as she seemed to grasp her partner for support. "Make sure you visit, okay? Levin and...and Malachi will miss you playing with them."

Tommy nodded. They made no efforts to stop him as he stepped outside. The hybrid quickly brushed tears away as he bolted through the forest, trying desperately to find the portal.

It took him a while. Tommy would admit- he *did* stop multiple times. He'd touch the compass or pet *Clementine* for support. But now, he was standing in front of that quartz archway again. The soft blue of the portal was glowing and shimmering, humming softly. Tommy sighed, sitting in front of it.

He knew Dream would be there. He knew he'd be in trouble. He was still exiled, and he wasn't staying with his "brother". Besides, Techno had Phil. Techno was his favourite. He always had been.

He looked at the compass. Tubbo hadn't needed him. He still wouldn't need him.

Tears pricked at his eyes. If Dream knew he came back...well-

Tommy *knew* he'd lose that final life. And then...if that happened...

He would never get to make potions with Lucinda again.

He'd never get to see the guards again.

He'd never get to see Yip, or use their hideout. The one they were using to stash things away.

He'd never get to see Levin or Malachi again.

Tommy looked up at the portal, standing. He stretched out a hand to it, *Clementine* resting on his finger, looking at him. And all at once, he understood what that tug in his heart was.

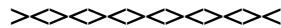
It wasn't guilt about leaving a terrible situation. It wasn't the pain over leaving those who didn't care about him (did they ever?). It wasn't anger over being abandoned. And it wasn't the fear of knowing he was alone. Without a home, or a family.

It was the relief of entering a safe environment. It was the joy of being amongst people who cared about him. It was the realisation he wasn't going to be abandoned.

It was the knowledge that he was no longer alone.

He made his choice.

And so once again, TommyInnit ran.



Zoey wiped her eyes as she put plates of breakfast down for her family. Her ears were down, they had been since morning. Upon Tommy leaving, Zoey had allowed herself to fall, clutching onto Aphmau, and sobbed into her partner's dress.

Aphmau had been crying too. The two of them a grieving mess on the floor. Zoey wanted to run after him, and beg Tommy to stay with them. Over the days, to weeks, to the month it now was. She remembered how easily she had attached to Levin and Malachi, going from their babysitter, to caretaker, to mother.

Irene damnit she- Tommy was a *son* to her. She remembered his nightmare, that dreadful, frightening image of Tommy sobbing into them, begging them to stay by his side.

She only hoped he would be happy. That was the only way she managed to get up from the floor with Aphmau. The knowledge that he was happy.

“Mom?” Zoey’s ears twitched as she looked over to Malachi, who clambered onto the chair. “Where’s Tommy? Is he still sleeping? Should we wake him up?” Zoey swallowed, sharing a look with Aphmau, who knelt down to her son.

“Malachi,” Aphmau began. “Tommy, he- he went back home.” Malachi’s face fell.

“But- I thought we were his home.” Zoey let out a strained whimpering noise, Malachi’s green eyes widening in alarm as he turned to his mother. Levin beamed from the couch.

“Tommy! Tommy!” Zoey swallowed, shaking her head.

“No Levin...” Levin made a whimpering sound, shaking his head as he tapped the window.

“No! Tommy!” Zoey blinked, looking out the window.

“What...?”

“What is it?” Aphmau walked over, looking to the window, her eyes widening as well.

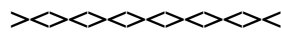
The teen was running up the hill, panting as he leaned over. Zoey and Aphmau wasted no time running outside, the boy looking up at them, gaze averted.

“Tommy? What-”

“*I WANT TO STAY!*” He blurted out, closing his eyes tightly. Aphmau blinked.

“What was that?”

“I-” Tommy looked up, shaking. “I-I want to stay! I-I don’t *have* anything back there- I don’t think I ever did! Everything I tried to build for myself disappeared so easily! I-I-I get it if you don’t want me here but-” Zoey wasted no time running towards the boy with her partner, the two of them clutching him tightly.



Tommy’s eyes widened as their arms wrapped around him. *Clementine* flew about happily, flying in through the open doors, playing about with Levin and Malachi.

“Tommy...of *course* you are welcome to stay...” Zoey sobbed, clutching him tightly. Aphmau nodded.

“Exactly. In a way we’re...we’re so glad you’re staying with us. We didn’t want to stop you. We wanted you to choose your path.” Tommy looked up, and he *beamed*.

And he laughed. Not a bittersweet or mocking laugh. But a real, genuine, relieved laugh. They wanted him.

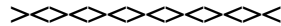
They wanted him.

He was *wanted* .

He laughed as tears streamed down his face, tail wagging.

“Come on Tommy.” Zoey smiled, wiping his tears away. “We were about to have breakfast. I made pancakes again.” Tommy grinned.

“F-Fuck yes.” Aphmau laughed, walking in with them.



Tommy sighed happily as he looked up at the setting sun. They’d immediately gone around town, announcing Tommy was staying. He’d seen how Garroth smiled knowingly, nodding to the boy. They had a small celebration at Aphmau and Zoey’s house, and now they were resting on the hill.

He understood now. What his dream was. It wasn’t a dream, it was his future. Those blurred figures beside him, some that had turned into Zoey, Levin and Malachi, were all complete now.

There was Aphmau, Lucinda, Aaron, Laurence, Garroth, Donna, Kawaii~Chan, Yip, Brian. Everyone he’d grown close to. *Clementine* snuggled into him, Levin and Malachi essentially passed out with Alexis and Kyle.

Tears rolled down his face as Tommy leaned against Zoey, who wrapped an arm around him, keeping him close. Aphmau had done the same. He smiled, allowing a warmth to fill his bones and heart as sleep claimed him. But now he wasn’t afraid.

Because TommyInnit, the fighter no one fought for, the boy who loved so much and lost it all the same, finally belonged somewhere.

He could rest.

For he finally had a family.

He finally had a *home*.

Chapter End Notes

fanfare the Healing arc is over!!! I want to say guys, the next chapter will begin the Reunion Arc, and it will take place a year from this, so Tommy next chapter WILL be 17.

(Also be honest; who got panicked at the "TommyInnit ran" line?)

Also as this mentions the Pheonix War, this is essentially one of the things I changed; that still happened but they managed to stop everything before Zane went into the Irene Dimension and they managed to save Garroth, so they sent Raven to Zoey and the others to come back. Because I can't handle it having just finished Season 1. My emotions hurt, even after all these years. See you next chapter guys!! <333

I Can't Recall What Life was Like Without You (Now It Feels as Though We've Never Been Apart)

Chapter Summary

A year has gone by.

And Tommy is the happiest he's ever been in a LONG time.

[Chapter Title from 'The Great Divide' by the McClain Sisters]

Chapter Notes

Here we are! Chapter one of the Reunion Arc!!! This is just to start off a couple things, just for how happy our boy is haha. In the one-shots book I will make chapters showing things that would have happened during this year. As said, this chapter begins with a timeskip of a year so Tommy is now 17.

Brownie and I can FINALLY start sprinkling in some lore!!! We're so excited for that, we've been sitting on so much for AGES! Enjoy guys!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He could hear the growling from behind him, tearing through the forest. He winced, panting. He leapt over logs and loose roots, tearing further and further through the forest, the snarling getting louder. Tommy looked back, seeing the shining red eyes of the werewolf running after him.

Shit shit shit! Tommy looked up, grinning as he saw the tree in front of him. He leapt up, tail flicking as he let his sharper claw-nails dig in, pulling himself up, scrambling into the tree. He grinned as the werewolf slammed head-first into it, stumbling back.

“Oh- you bitch!” The werewolf growled, shifting back as Tommy cackled from above.

Yip shook his head, looking up at the teen who was now swinging from one of the branches, his green eyes shining with both pain and amusement. “You cheat! I couldn’t stop fast enough!”

“That sounds like a you problem dumb shit!” Tommy laughed, leaping down. He turned, the guards walking forward, trainees laughing.

“Okay then.” Aaron sighed, smiling slightly. “Now- I don’t know if you both remember, but the whole point of this training exercise was to highlight a chase, and you were meant to get to the clearing just a bit ahead, and do a practice corner and fight. Not use your abilities to cause injuries...though I won’t lie, that will certainly help you, *if* you can do it.” Tommy grinned, sharing a bright look with Yip.

Over the year he’d spent here, Tommy had finally been able to join the trainees. Though he knew he wouldn’t get to be an apprentice until he was 18, he was excited he got to be a guard. He already had experience having been in a war, and the guards were *not* happy to learn about that- especially not his age. Aaron had to walk out. Tommy remembered hearing the smash and seeing him wrap his hand in a bandage while the werewolf stood near a now broken window.

He’d also told Zoey and Aphmau- everything. He’d told them about L’Manberg, about Pogtopia, about Exile. It hadn’t been immediately, but after a couple nightmares he’d come clean.

He’d never forget Zoey’s cheeks wet with tears as she and Aphmau held him and promised that they wouldn’t let anyone hurt him again. He’d never forget how he smiled when they told him they’d make sure if anyone who had hurt him showed up, they would make sure they’d regret showing up again.

“So,” Laurence stepped forward. “While that wasn’t what we had wanted, it was still impressive. And it teaches that you need to use your own skills and abilities to your advantage. That’ll be it for now. Yip, you’re to join me on patrol.”

“Got it Laurence!” Yip’s tail wagged. Now that he was 18, he got to be an apprentice. And like he had wanted, he got to be Laurence’s. “I’ll see you later Toms.” Tommy laughed.

“See ya wolf boy!” Tommy laughed, stretching as his ears twitched. Aaron smiled.

“Tommy. I want to talk to you before you head off.”

“Oh- sure big man.” The raccoon-hybrid nodded as he walked beside the werewolf, fiddling with the training sword he left back at the barracks. “What is it?”

“Well-” Aaron’s tail flicked as he adjusted the sword on his back- “as you know, in another year you’ll be 18. You’ll be able to be a guard’s apprentice if you want to. And I was wondering...if perhaps once that time hits, if you would like to be mine.” Tommy’s eyes widened.

“Wha- what the fuck!? A-Are you serious big man!?”

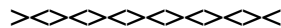
“Yeah. If you really want to be a guard of Phoenix Drop...you can. And I’ll train you.”

Tommy laughed, nodding wildly. “Fuck yeah!! A-absolutely big man! That’ll be poggers!” Aaron laughed, seeming normal as ever, but the teen could tell he was happy.

“Good. I know it’ll take another year but...I’m glad.” He ruffled Tommy’s hair, chuckling as he walked off. Tommy beamed. *I’ll get to be a guard and the most poggest guard in Phoenix Drop’s apprentice?!?! He laughed brightly, running off to his home. With how late it was, he knew Zoey would be telling a story to Levin and Malachi for Levin’s nap. Sometimes Malachi joined, sometimes not.*

He smiled as he walked in, taking in the warmth as he settled down, Malachi crawling into his lap, Levin already half asleep in Zoey’s. The elf smiled brightly at him as she chuckled, continuing to read.

Tommy soon found himself falling asleep as well.



Tommy sneezed, waking up immediately with a start. He chuckled as his little moth daughter landed on his nose again, wings fluttering.

“Well, morning *Clementine* .” Tommy yawned, sun filtering in through the red curtains. He pushed himself up, shaking his head before fixing up the covers on his bed. Now that the room was entirely his, it was decorated. His covers were now a checkered red and white, and the room was decorated. He had an armour stand Aphmau helped make for his training uniform and the training sword he used.

He sighed happily, fixing up the white tunic, adjusting the red jacket over it. It was padded; a casual sense of armour to keep him protected. He had a small piece on his belt for the old dagger Zoey had given him, though now it had a sheath and was all cleaned up.

He walked downstairs, grinning as he heard Levin's infectious giggles from the table, Aphmau sighing.

"Come on Levin-" She chuckled, trying her best to make sure the toddler didn't make such a mess. They'd had his third birthday now, and Malachi was now 9. They'd both had fun on their birthdays. The lord looked up, smiling softly at the teen now approaching the area.

"Morning Tommy!" She beamed, the hybrid's tail wagging as he yawned, still not entirely over being awoken in such a quick manner.

"Morning mom..." He yawned, missing the warm look that graced the woman's features. Nowadays he called Zoey and Aphmau that more frequently as time went on, but he still used their names often as well. Rubbing his eyes, he sat down, smiling as Zoey put down a plate for him.

"Would you be able to look after Levin and Malachi a bit this afternoon? I plan on heading to Lucinda's for some tea..."

"And- I need to help out with some extra renovations around town." Aphmau sighed, chuckling despite her slight exhaustion. "Brendan and Corey need some extra help." Tommy grinned, tail wagging.

"Course! What do you say fellas?" He chuckled, ruffling their hair. Levin giggled, and Malachi beamed.

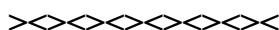
"Yeah!"

"Brother play!"

Aphmau laughed softly, eyes shining. Her girlfriend beamed, patting the teen's shoulder before sitting down. Tommy sighed.

He loved mornings like this.

He missed them.



Zoey sighed happily, chuckling as she put the teacup down. “It’s lovely Lucinda!” she chuckled, smiling at her friend. “Thank you for this.”

“It’s perfectly fine Zoey, darling. You have two darling boys! Though, now I suppose it’s *three* .” Zoey laughed.

“Yes.” She smiled happily. “Levin and Malachi absolutely *adore* Tommy. And his little pet.”

“Right, Clementine.”

“ *Clementine*. Tommy corrects anyone who doesn’t say it like that.” Lucinda raised an eyebrow, laughing softly.

“Adorable. Anyway,” She sighed, drinking the tea slowly. “I’m surprised that you let a creature such as her stay with him. I can tell there’s something...otherwise Bigglesworth would have swooped after the little thing.”

“Well what was I going to do?” Zoey laughed. “I couldn’t exactly deny her the right after having claimed Tommy. I don’t feel like inviting curses on myself or my family...”

Lucinda chuckled. “Well...it seems my hunch was correct. So...that brings me to a question.” The witch sighed softly, fiddling with her teacup.

“What is it?”

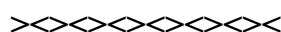
“Well- I was thinking about asking Tommy to be my apprentice. He shows- *amazing* abilities in potion making and I know he has the ability to use witchcraft.” Zoey blinked, chuckling.

“You’d want to commence a ritual for that in order to give him the ability regardless. Well- it all depends...I know Aaron may have asked him if Tommy would want to be his guard apprentice once he’s 18. Would this mess with that?”

Lucinda shook her head. “It wouldn’t. Guard training isn’t every day, and Tommy can start this year if he wants. I had a feeling he would want to.” She chuckled. “I have plans in place, and have talked to Aaron if he does agree.” Zoey smiled softly, drinking her tea, ears raised.

“Well, I think Tommy would like that a lot Lucinda.”

“Excellent. Now- more about his *Clementine* , I want to know everything you know!”



Tommy grinned, shaking the potion slightly before handing it off to Lucinda. “Done!” He laughed. Lucinda smiled softly, crimson eyes shining.

“Well done Tommy. I wanted to ask you something...”

“Yeah?”

“Well, as I’ve told you, witchcraft requires a familiar. And you have Clem- *Clementine* .” Tommy smiled, tail wagging a little as Lucinda corrected herself. “And well, I was wondering...you have an *amazing* ability to understand witchcraft, even if it’s because of your- past...Tommy-” The witch smiled, turning to him.

“Would you like to be my apprentice?” Tommy’s eyes widened, tail moving a little.

“R-Really?!” The hybrid smiled, before remembering Aaron and the guard training. As the smile fell from his face, Lucinda put a hand on his, smiling gently. “But I already-”

“-Don’t worry about Aaron. Zoey told me he may have asked you to be a guard apprentice, and while that won’t be for another year, yours can start this year. And- Aaron and I can easily fix up and work around everything... *Clementine* would be your familiar. We’d need to do a proper ceremony-ritual sort of thing to fully *give* you the ability to have witchcraft and properly tie *Clementine* to you as a familiar, meaning you both will be connected in spirit. You’ll know when she is in trouble, and she’ll know when you’re in trouble. In a way you’ll be able to understand each other more.”

“W-Wow...that-” Tommy chuckled breathlessly, the witch smiling warmly.

“You don’t have to but-”

“Course I will!” Tommy laughed brightly. “Oh man this- this’ll be so poggers!” Lucinda laughed as the teen bounced happily, smiling brightly.

“Perfect! We can set this all up tomorrow. I will say though, because you weren’t *born* with witchcraft abilities, and I don’t entirely know if you’ve always had dormant abilities of some kind, you *may* feel strange after the ritual. You may feel dizzy or- possibly sick. After all, it will give you the ability to use witchcraft in your blood.”

Tommy beamed. “This is-” He felt tears in the corner of his eyes, quickly moving to wipe them away. “This is awesome...”

“This is...”

““This is’ what Tommy?”

“ *Everything*. It’s everything I could ever want.”

Chapter End Notes

WE CAN FINALLY ADD WITCHINNIT TO THE TAGS!!!!

You have NO IDEA how long Brownie and I have been wanting to do this! Of course- a bit of strangeness to do with our favourite -Clementine-, don't worry, all shall be revealed ;)

Take care guys! - Story

tommy going from traumatized veteran, ex drug maker and vice president to dedicated double degree uni student is peak character development - Brownie

Chapter 18; You're So Precious to Me (Sweet as Can Be, Baby of Mine)

Chapter Summary

A goddess finally gets to visit her son.

And gains an inkling that things may have been worse than she left them.

[Chapter title from 'Baby of Mine' by Alison Krauss]

Chapter Notes

I missed both funny numbers of kudos. I'm also sad. I finished editing this chapter and had to delete tags cos of a limit. All my funny ones are gone. Life is cruel. There is no happiness in life.

I apologise for the lack of updates in a while, online learning has sapped so much of my health. And motivation. But it's back!

Mumza is here!!! Also lore!!! This also marks the start of the Reunions in the Arc. Like the Healing arc, there will be pieces of fluff between them but- not as many, as the reunions are the main part of it. Hope you guys enjoy!

In all seriousness, thank you for the support, I'm so glad you like this story. <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy yawned, rubbing his eyes, before bolting up, *Clementine* fluttering over to him. The hybrid smiled brightly. Over the days, Lucinda had been fixing up everything for the ritual to make him her apprentice, and now the day she finally could commence it had arrived.

The teen raced down the stairs, beaming as he sat down, Malachi jumping a little from his seat. Zoey chuckled, putting a plate down for him. “Excited huh Tommy?”

“Heck yeah! I can’t wait! I’m gonna cause so many explosions...” Tommy whispered, his eyes shining. Aphmau tensed, gaze going distant a little.

“Just- be careful...try not to do them around Donna.” Tommy tilted his head, before noticing the grief in Aphmau’s gaze. He understood immediately. Then he blinked.

Huh. He was fine with making explosions? Tommy smiled, his tail wagging.

He didn't think he'd get used to them again.

His ears twitched as there was a soft knock at the door. Aphmau smiled softly.

"I'll get it." Zoey nodded to her partner as she sat down after making sure the younger boys had their food. Tommy leaned forward to eat, twitching his ears in order to pick him the faint voices.

"Oh- hello miss...can I help you?"

"Ah, hello. I've been waiting to meet you." Tommy's eyes widened as he heard the other voice. A soft, gentle woman's voice, a smile evident.

"Tommy- are you-" Zoey didn't have time to finish as the hybrid bolted up. The only other time he ran that fast was when it came to Malachi that day.

He bolted to the door, eyes widening as he caught the sight of the tall woman, her black dress and hat on her head, long hair curled gently over her shoulders. Her eyes caught his, and she smiled brightly. Tommy's eyes filled with tears as he stared, warmth and realisation blooming in his chest. Aphmau turned her head quizzically.

"MOM!" He screamed, racing forward to her. He barrelled into her as his mother laughed, wrapping her arms around him. The boy melted into her grip, tears rolling down his face.

"Oh Tommy!" She laughed brightly, clutching him. "My sweet boy! You're okay! Oh- look at you..." She murmured softly, placing her hands on the side of his face. "You look so grown up...you seem...so different."

"Aphmau? Tommy? Everything okay?" Zoey walked into the room, blinking. "Oh- h-hello?"

"A-Aphmau...Zoey...t-this is my mom...!" The woman smiled softly, standing tall.

"My name is Kristen. I've been wanting to meet you for a while now." Zoey's eyes widened slightly, and Malachi peeked his head around the wall, smiling a little.

"O-Oh! Hello again miss." Malachi smiled, holding Zoey's hand.

"Hello little one...you look much happier now." Kristen smiled.

“How do you know Malachi?” Aphmau tilted her head.

“Aph...this is the...the Goddess of Death.” Zoey breathed, bowing her head slightly. “And Malachi was a ghost.” Kristen chuckled, still keeping her arms around Tommy.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you. I’ve never really met a Yggdrasil elf. Then again, immortality is outside of my realm.” The goddess smiled, her eyes landing on Malachi. “As for how I know your son, he was a ghost. And I am glad that it all worked.” Zoey blinked, her ears rising as Aphmau shut the door, walking over to her partner.

“Wait...so it wasn’t the sapling...?” Kristen put up a hand, smiling.

“It was in a way. That sapling had allowed me to reach through, and allowed me to use some of my powers to help. After all, it was the least I could do. You’ve been looking after my son for me...I had to do something to say thank you.” Tommy beamed, nudging into his mother’s hand. She chuckled, hugging him again.

“My precious dear...I’m so sorry...” Her eyes saddened, nudging the hybrid. “What happened? I haven’t been able to see you or Phil or Techno for so long...I haven’t been able to reach you! The only reason I know about Wilbur is...well...” She gestured to the heart pendant around her neck, and Tommy smiled weakly.

“I-I know...” The hybrid’s tail wagged as he hugged her. “Oh!” Tommy brightened up as he looked up at her. “I need to show you around!”

Kristen laughed. “Of course Tommy. I want to meet these people responsible for taking care of you...” The teen nodded excitedly. Aphmau laughed, caramel eyes shining softly. Zoey’s ears rose as she picked Levin up.

“Just be careful. And- maybe *don’t* mention that your mother is the Goddess of Death...we don’t want anyone to...freak out. Especially Emmalyn.” Tommy chuckled nervously, remembering how ecstatic the librarian could get.

“Gotcha!” The raccoon-hybrid grinned, heading straight to the door.

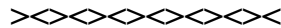
“Don’t forget! Lucinda will want you for the ritual Tommy!” Kristen tilted her head at Aphmau’s words.

“What?”

“Oh-” Tommy chuckled, rubbing the back of his neck- “I’m gonna become a witch apprentice! Lucinda’s gonna take me on! *Clementine* here,” The hybrid petted his little moth’s head, nudged into his shoulder, “is going to be my familiar!”

Kristen’s eyes widened in surprise as she smiled. “My word...” She chuckled. “You’ve grown up so much...” The goddess whispered, before shaking her head. “Now! Lead the way

Tommy..." Tommy grinned, gripping his mother's hand as he ran out, his smile brightening as he heard her laughter from behind him.



"So you're also going to be a guard apprentice once you're old enough?" Kristen's voice shone with pride, Tommy smiling from beside her as he showed her around Phoenix Drop.

"Yeah! It's gonna be *so* poggers!" He laughed, punching his fists into the air. The goddess laughed beside her son, eyes shining as she sighed softly.

"Tommy...you've come *so* far since the last time I saw you." Tommy blushed, ducking his head in embarrassment as she hugged him tightly.

"*Mom!*" He groaned, but he couldn't deny the happiness that surged through him, his ears risen and tail wagging. "You're- fffucking embarrassing me!" He mumbled into her dress. Kristen laughed brightly, shaking her head.

"I'm sorry Tommy...but- truly..." She smiled, holding her son by the shoulders before placing a hand on his face. "I'm *so* proud of you...you've come so far." Tommy smiled, tail wagging. "And I'm so glad you've found more family..." The teen blinked, ears going back worried for a moment.

"I-"

"-What?" His mother smiled warmly, raising a hand slightly to cut him off. "I may have not been able to get away until now, but you didn't think I wouldn't at least check in on you in other ways? I always kept an eye on you..."

"S-So- you're not...mad?"

Kristen blinked, confusion evident on her face as she tilted her head slightly. "Why would I be mad Tommy? No matter what, I'll always be your mother...regardless of who else may feel like it." Tommy smiled, relief finding its way through him, the boy sagging in relief, letting out a quiet breath.

"Good...I-I was scared that...maybe you would have been upset."

"*Never* Tommy." She smiled, kissing the top of his head. "I'm so proud of you...and I know without a doubt, that your father would be too." Tommy tensed, his ears going back as his smile turned into a scowl, scoffing as he looked away from his mother.

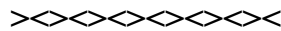
“Please, *Phil* wouldn’t care at all. He wouldn’t care about anything to do with me.” Kristen blinked, her eyes widening as she startled.

“Tommy...what? What do you mean?”

Tommy looked aside, gripping his arm. His anger was still building, and the hybrid shook his head, forcing a smile onto his face. “Never mind- shit! Come on! I gotta introduce you to Lucinda! Oh- and the ritual! Come on mom!” Tommy raced off, leaving Kristen to watch him slightly, concern gathering in her eyes.

She fiddled with the heart on her pendant. She didn’t understand what was going on. Why did her son believe her darling Angel wouldn’t care about him? Phil’s own son? It scared her.

But she knew how quickly Tommy could shut down. She wouldn’t press it. But she knew, she *knew* that somehow, something was wrong. Kristen *needed* to communicate with Phil. But for now, she was spending time with her son.



“Cinda?! Are you here?!” Tommy grinned, opening the door to her cottage, *Clementine* fluttering excitedly. Kristen looked about beside her son as she smiled. The hybrid bounced a little on his feet as the familiar sight of the little owl came flying down, followed by the witch, her crimson eyes shining excitedly.

“Tommy! There you are! Oh- hello...” She trailed off, nodding her head politely to the taller woman beside the teen.

“Oh- Lucinda this is my mom! She’s a- traveller...! Mom, this is Lucinda! She’s a witch!”

“A pleasure,” Kristen smiled, nodding back. “My name’s Kristen. Tommy’s already told me a lot about you...”

“Nice to meet you.” Lucinda smiled, chuckling. “Your son is *quite* good with potions.”

“I’m glad. He told me about this whole apprentice thing. I hope you don’t mind me being here...”

“Not at all! If you’re ready Tommy, we can head up.” Tommy grinned brightly, wasting no time racing past the witch, hearing hers and his mother’s laughter as they followed up.

“Now-” Lucinda grabbed her staff as Bigglesworth landed on her shoulder- “stand in the middle of the circle I’ve drawn. And remember, you may feel a little woozy after this. But it’s all normal. Are you ready?”

“Bring it!” Tommy grinned, heading towards the sigil, standing in the centre, *Clementine* resting on his shoulder. Already he could feel the pull of magic, and the raccoon-hybrid looked to the side, taking in his mother’s prideful look as she beamed at her son.

He let out a quiet breath, bouncing a little in anticipation. He was ready.

TommyInnit was a big man. And he was *ready* .



Tommy yawned, his mother bringing him back to Aphmau and Zoey’s house. The hybrid smiled up at her, shaking his head to try and clear the headache. *Fuck, Lucinda wasn’t kidding...*

After the ritual, Tommy had (almost) collapsed, if it weren’t for Kristen being nearby. He did feel drained, but there was a part of him that kept his strength up (Lucinda had even commented on it, and the hybrid had smiled as his mother winked at him. He may not have been his mother’s biological son, but she made sure to connect them through her energy and spirit).

“I-I’m glad I got to see you again mom...” Tommy murmured, nudging his mother as his tail wagged tiredly.

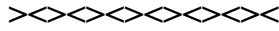
“I’m glad too Tommy. I’m so glad you’re safe...I’m so glad you’re *happy* .” The hybrid smiled, hugging his mother tightly as she planted a kiss on his forehead. “I don’t know when I’ll be able to visit next, but I’ll try.”

The hybrid grinned as he walked inside. Kristen smiled as she looked from the window at the two younger boys clinging onto her son, and Zoey and Aphmau laughing brightly. Tears glistened in her eyes.

Her boy looked so grown up. And now he was an apprentice. But still...there was something that worried her.

“Phil wouldn’t care at all. He wouldn’t care about anything with me.”

It wasn’t just unsettling that Tommy had called his father by his name, but that he believed Phil wouldn’t care. It worried her. She needed to reach him. Somehow. And soon.



Kristen sighed as she returned to her domain. She was concerned.

“I need to reach him...” The goddess murmured. Her eyes flashed a brilliant white as she dug deep, sifting through her memory, trying to reach her darling, her Angel of Death.

She dug down, trying to reach the land where she knew her husband resided. There were flashes. She could see his wings, his hat. She could see his blue eyes, though they were dull.

“Phil!” She tried to shout, but a blindness coated over her eyes, slamming her vision away from her husband and back into her domain. Kristen growled. She didn’t like this. It wasn’t that she didn’t know what had happened that frightened her. It was that she couldn’t *reach* the place in the slightest. Whatever had managed to stop *her*, a Goddess where realms and dimensions did not apply, had to be powerful. And she didn’t know who or what had done it, let alone how or *why*.

But she couldn’t just go there. She needed to look over her son.

But she knew who could.

Kristen walked through the land of gods, her gaze landing on a younger god, one that worked under her; the Undying God.

“Foolish.” She called, gesturing with a hand towards her. The young god looked up, grinning as he hurried over.

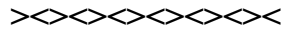
“Yes ma’am?”

“I need you to go somewhere for me. Somewhere called the DreamSMP. I need you to check in on my husband, Philza. The Angel of Death. And then report back to me. I can’t seem to reach them.”

Foolish nodded, smiling. “Of course ma’am! Besides, my dad and brother are there anyway. I’ve been meaning to visit them for a while. I hope Dream's doing okay. Oh! And Eret!”

She chuckled. “Of course you can. Just- please report back to me.”

“You got it ma’am!” He saluted, hurrying off. Kristen smiled softly. She could trust Foolish. He wouldn’t let her down.



The admin fiddled with a loose piece of cotton on his hood, staring at the screen. Big, yellow letters staring straight at him.

FoolishG has joined the game.

Dream chuckled. If he was any other person, he would have been ecstatic over the presence of his brother. But he knew. His brother was a *god* , and why on earth would a god join his little server? There had to be another reason.

He looked at the screen. His dad, Puffy, was currently hugging her other son tightly.

Dream smiled as he listened.

“I’m sorry I won’t be here for long dad, but come on! What’s been happening here!?”

Dream chuckled. His brother wouldn’t be leaving anytime soon.

After all...

He has a new toy to play with.

And he was gonna have some *fun*.

Chapter End Notes

Hmhmhm~ Things are getting spicy~ We love the lore we have planned, it's so fun. Feel free to leave your theories in the comments! Brownie and I would love to read them!!

Also, the only reason Malachi knows Kristen is because- well he was a ghost. He would have met her at least once.

[Also, you guys may have noticed a 'next work' for the Aphmau/SMP crossovers. That's cos I released chapter 1 of the zombie apocalypse au crossover! I will probably interchange chapters for this fic and that one, and try to reign in my love for these, because now I want to do a crossover involving Mermaid Tale and A Royal Tale because I am unhinged and have no self-control. Either talk me out or into it I don't care.]

See you all next time lovelies!~ <33

I Only Want Your Hand to Hold (I Only Want You Near Me)

Chapter Summary

Just a raccoon and a group of guards trying to keep their lords wedding from going wrong, what could happen?

[Chapter Title is from "The Dancing and the Dreaming" from How to Train Your Dragon 2]

Chapter Notes

IM BACK!!!! So sorry for the delay, my online learning for Year 12 has been a BITCH. But good news! My holidays will be starting at the end of this week! Two weeks of freedom babies! Which gives me plenty of time to write this story and my other au.

SO! This is part 1 of the 2-part Zoeymau wedding!!! Woo!!! (In case you're confused, they aren't married yet, til now). Brownie was the one who has come up with the idea for the small plot here so- enjoy. Also we both adore the headcanon that Tommy made the L'Manberg outfits and flag so him meeting Cadenza is fun. Ultimate girlboss my beloved.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Ow- Dante you pussy move over...!” Tommy grumbled, scrambling to escape the bushes where the guards hid themselves up to the tree, the hybrid burying himself in the leaves. He hissed, trying to use the leaves of the tree to hide from the sunset shining on the town.

“Wha-” Dante looked up at the hybrid, shaking his head. Laurence huffed, the brunette shooting a glare to the both of them.

“ *Quiet!* Do you want us to get caught?”

“Why are we watching this anyway?” Aaron’s ears twitched, his voice echoing as he crouched low in his more wolf-like form, unable to properly hide due to his height.

“Why *wouldn't* we?” Laurence moved his gaze down to the wolf. “We’re trying to see Lady Aphmau *finally* propose to Zoey!”

“Seems like a pretty private thing we’re watching...” Katelyn murmured, pulling a twig from her hair, huffing. Travis smirked, nudging her shoulder.

“Oh please, like you weren’t one of the first people to want to do this.” Katelyn went red as she punched him, the white-haired warlock *thankfully* landing on Garroth, causing a lack of noise. Tommy huffed, his ears flat.

“Have you bitches *ever* secretly watched something before!? The whole point is to be *silent* so they don’t see you!”

Aaron chuckled quietly as they all pushed down, watching as the lord and the elf walked through the forest, smiling brightly.

“Wait- Tommy aren’t you meant to be watching Levin and Malachi?” Garroth looked up at the teen in the tree. Tommy smirked.

“1, I’m fast, I could easily just run back before they knew I left. And 2, Aph actually asked Donna and Molly to look after ‘em this evening. Something about bringing Alexis over for a playdate or somethin’...hence why I was willing to spy.”

“Huh.” Garroth murmured to himself, the rest of them finally settling into the bushes. They kept hidden as the group watched the ravenette and the blonde sit close together on the hill.

“Aw...they’re so sweet...” Travis murmured softly, melting slightly as he leaned dramatically on Dante, whose blue eyes narrowed in annoyance.

“Oh- I should have given her advice...” Garroth sighed softly. Laurence blinked, the brunette turning to the side.

“Didn’t you put an engagement ring in a chest for Lady Aphmau alongside a flower crown and she straight up *ignored* the ring? And didn’t you run away from your fiancée which is how you ended up here?”

Tommy blinked.

“You what?” Tommy didn’t know what was stranger from that mention; that Garroth once tried to propose in a *very* shitty way, or the fact that he had a fiancée.

“One, you liked Lady Aphmau as well, and I didn’t know how to talk to people. And two, back then, Nicole and I didn’t know each other and my father is- terrible.”

“Still- an engagement ring in a chest?” Tommy’s ears twitched as he moved down, hitting the guard on the back of the head slightly. “Kinda dumb- and douchy man.” Garroth blinked at the boy’s confidence, Laurence snorting a little.

“Exactly my response.”

“You ain’t free either bitch boy. Mom tells me things.” Tommy smirked, poking his tongue out at the brunette, Laurence poking their tongue out back.

“Will the both of you- shut up!” Dante grumbled, the group of them finally settling down.

They all watched as Aphmau and Zoey stayed close together, sunset beaming over the edge. The blonde elf smiled as she looked down before looking at her partner.

“Aph...thank you.”

“For what Zo?”

“Just- everything. You...you let me stay in Phoenix Drop, let me help you raise the boys, from when it was just Levin...and you- you showed me that...I could be *happy* in a relationship.’ She took a breath, and Laurence’s eyes widened.

“Oh no she isn’t...this is beautiful...!” Garroth stepped on his foot slightly to shut him up as they returned their attention to the couple.

‘My marriage to Gabriel was...arranged, as you know. And though I regret missing my son’s youth I...I’m happier here. Because with you and the boys I get to experience the joy of seeing a child grow before my eyes. I’m so, *so* thankful for you, for Levin, for Malachi, and for Tommy.’

Tommy felt his eyes burn as he hurried to scrub the water from them.

“I may be immortal, but I want to spend every moment of that life with you and our family, to be with them throughout the generations...” The guards all watched as Aphmau’s eyes widened slightly, caramel gaze shining.

“Zo...what?”

“I-I want to *stay* with you Aph....I want to be with you...til- til death do us part, as mortals say...” Zoey laughed softly, taking out a beautiful rose-gold ring with an amethyst in the centre with two smaller diamonds on the ends each. “Essentially, what I’m saying is...Lady Aphmau, lord of Phoenix Drop, will you marry me?”

Aphmau froze, staring shocked at her partner.

And started laughing.

She covered her mouth, shaking her head in disbelief. “I can’t believe it...” Zoey’s ears went down as her blue eyes flared in alarm.

“W-What is it?”

Aphmau tried to quieten down her giggles as she pulled out a silver ring with engraved flower motifs and a small rose quartz diamond shaped like a small flower in the centre with smaller gentle green gems on the petals.

“I planned on asking you the same thing! For the love of Irene it was good too...! I practiced for ages today.” The lord pouted, and Zoey laughed brightly, the two barely needing to give a vocal assurance as she wrapped her arms around the ravenette, the two of them leaning their foreheads together as they slipped each other’s ring onto their fingers.

“It’s beautiful...” Zoey whispered. Aphmau laughed.

“So is this one.”

The guards melted as they watched from the bushes. “Oh that’s beautiful...” Laurence whispered, clutching his chest slightly. “I’m so glad Lady Aphmau looks happy...”

“Indeed, it’s so nice to see her peaceful.” Garroth murmured, smiling softly.

“When was the last time we’ve seen her like that?” Dante mused.

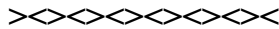
Upon their gushing, they failed to notice the nature move around them, soon yelping as a vine tugged at Travis.

“Really you lot!? You’re worse than Brenden when he kept watching Kawaii~Chan!” Aphmau shouted. The guards all tensed, Laurence peeking his head up.

“It- It wasn’t our idea! It was-” He moved his hand to point at Tommy up in the tree, and paled.

Tommy was nowhere to be seen.

“That little *SHIT* .”

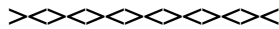


The figures watched as the newly engaged walked back to their house, smiling as they waved goodbye to their friends, walking inside to their children. The brunette scowled as he picked at the grass, glancing up at the white-haired female leaning against the tree.

“What are we even *doing* out here Sasha? I’m *bored* ! Though, I suppose being out here is better than being stuck with *Gene* ...” The woman groaned at her companion, scoffing.

“Be *cause* Zenix, we’ve been told to mess with things. And a wedding?” Sasha chuckled, her violet eyes shining in the dark.

“That is going to be *perfect* ...”



Tommy grinned as he walked beside Zoey and Aphmau, Levin up on his shoulders, Malachi holding the hybrid’s hand. The teen laughed as he bounced a little, smiling as the toddler on his shoulders squealed with delight. The lord laughed gently.

“When are you going to start planning the wedding huh?” The raccoon-hybrid smiled. Aphmau looked aside, chuckling.

“We’ll start planning it. It’ll take a while.”

“Exactly.” Zoey smiled, hand entwined with her partner’s, rings glittering. ‘We’ll need to figure everything out. Of course, Kawaii~Chan will gladly make the cake, but a dress-”

“LORD APHMAU OF PHOENIX DROP!” A loud, heavily accented woman’s voice cut across the town. Aphmau stopped and froze.

“Oh dear Irene.”

“Whose that?” Tommy tilted his head quizzically. His ears twitched as he turned to the side, seeing a woman in a long lime green and white dress with lace sleeves with long fiery hair stalking her way towards them, Laurence racing behind her.

“Cadenza! Sis please-!”

“ *You.* ” She glared, pointing at Aphmau. “How dare you, Aphmau!? I go to visit my father in Meteli and I learn from Garroth’s Raven that not *only* have you adopted another precious child, but you’re getting *married* ?! To Zoey!? Oh I always knew you both would be perfect for each other! But really, I am hurt at all this. Now!” The maiden clapped her hands together, beaming as she hugged Aphmau tightly. “Where is the new darling!”

“Uh- Cadenza...” Zoey smiled softly, ears risen. Her hand went to Tommy’s shoulder, Aphmau taking Levin who began to giggle excitedly. “This is Tommy.” Cadenza turned to the raccoon hybrid, who shuffled a little, before jumping at the familiar voice of a witch behind them.

“He’s my apprentice...” Lucinda smiled gently, her eyes shining with pride. The teen looked aside, tail flicking happily.

“It’s nice to meet you...!” He grinned brightly. Cadenza smiled softly.

“Oh how amazing! I’m Cadenza! Laurence’s *much* better sister.”

“Incorrect!” The brunette shouted from nearby. Cadenza chuckled softly, rolling her eyes, mouthing ‘*correct*’. Tommy smiled slightly. She reminded him of Puffy and Niki, with the smallest twinge of Eret. Before the betrayal obviously.

She seemed so cool. So poggers. The poggest.

Aphmau sighed, chuckling. “I’m sorry Cadenza, it’s been- a stressful year. I apologise for not getting Raven to take a letter to you before. But truly, you couldn’t have come at a better time.”

“Oh, I know.” Cadenza smiled. “After all, a wedding needs beautiful outfits, and rest assured, I will help make your dress *and* the suits and dresses for the wedding!” Tommy blinked slightly, ears back as he huffed.

“Hey! I could have done it!”

“Wait- do you know how to sew Tommy?” Aphmau tilted her head quizzically. Tommy huffed, shoving his hands in his pockets.

“Yeah? Back home I made the uniforms and flag for my brother’s country.”

He failed to notice how slightly concerned Zoey and Aphmau looked, now knowing the fragments of pain from his past.

Cadenza smiled softly. “Well, if you like, you can help me! Believe me I would very much appreciate the help.” Tommy scowled, with a small gleam in his eyes.

“I guess.” Cadenza smiled.

“Perfect!” Tommy blinked slightly, confused. *She...knew I was still excited?*

“How did you-..?”

“Laurence had long orange hair. And he’s my painful brother. I’m pretty good at reading people.”

“Oh- poggers- wait- Laurence you had orange hair!? *Long orange hair!?*”



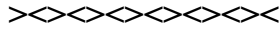
Zenix scowled as he pulled at the cloak over his head, slinking through the alley of the village, holding a small lantern in his hand. He grumbled slowly. Why was he the one who had to go close to here?! Sasha was better at hiding than he was! Granted she made a hamster huge and tried to poison the lord but he actually tried to kill two people and burn the town! Sure it was night and everyone was basically asleep but- it still sucked.

“Stupid Sasha...getting to wait in the forest while I’m stuck doing all this...” He scoffed, wincing as he slammed into a large form.

“Ugh- what-?” Lifting the lantern up, his eyes widened at the thing he crashed into. The tall, hunched over figure turned to him, eyes shining in the dark, reflecting on the lantern light, something strange hanging from his mouth.

And so, Zenix, betrayer of Phoenix Drop, loyal Shadow Knight to the Shadow Lord, did what everyone would do in this situation.

He screamed like a little bitch.



Now, Tommy was used to a lot of things; Aaron catching him walking about of a night after somehow stealing some bread from Kawaii~Chan's bakery, Garroth catching him walking about of a night after somehow stealing some bread from Kawaii~Chan's bakery, Katelyn catching him walking-

Okay every guard had caught him. And now he'd cycled through all of them?

It was a *game* . And the little bastard was winning.

So here he was, bread in mouth, waiting for Garroth and Laurence's flirting- sorry- *patrolling* - to be over, when something slammed into his back. Turning, a lantern shone in his eyes, making him reflect both his eyes and teeth. In front of him was a strange man with dark brown eyes, and brown hair, wearing a suspiciously long cloak.

And the stranger legit *screamed* , running off.

"Fuck- fuck- no! Not this! *Nope!!* "

Tommy took the bread out. "Uh. Okay?"

"Tommy!" Garroth's voice came from behind, causing the raccoon to jump and turn around, him and Laurence in the entrance to the alleyway, hands on their sword hilts. "Everything alright? We heard a scream!"

"It was very high-pitched." Laurence cut in.

"Uh- one, I have a very manly scream so it was not me. And two, someone just ran into me, screamed, and ran off."

Laurence shared a concerned look with the other guard, as Garroth looked down the alleyway as the brunette looked back at the teen.

"What did they look like?"

"Uh- weird cloak, kinda sus, brown hair and eyes-"

“Was he kind of short? Tanned skin?” Garroth murmured softly.

“Yes...? Everything okay, big man?”

Garroth glared at the exit to the allway, fist tightening around the hilt of his sword.

“ *Zenix...* ”

“Uh- who?” Tommy tilted his head.

“Zenix. He’s a shadow knight. Used to be a knight here but was discovered as a Shadow Knight by Lady Aphmau upon trying to kill Brendan and myself. He was my apprentice before Brian...and like a son.” Garroth murmured quietly, a slight hurt flashing across his face.

“He was in charge of a Shadow Knight legion.” Laurence stepped forward, looking over at the teen. “He slaughtered it in its entirety in an attempt to get the wyvern staff; a staff that will open a portal to the wyvern realm. I don’t know what he wanted, Lady Aphmau only ever mentioned that. Last I heard I thought he was branded as a traitor...”

“Regardless,” Garroth turned back to them, sword in his hand, “Zenix is planning something. And who knows how many other Shadow Knights are with him.”

“We need to make sure *nothing* goes wrong while Lord Aphmau and Zoey are planning their wedding.” Laurence murmured. Tommy tilted his head.

“Why don’t we tell them? I mean-”

“-No.” Garroth moved his hand out, shaking his head. “Absolutely not. There was already stress with my brother and the messes he caused during Donna and Logan’s wedding, and Aphmau had to plan that at the same time. I won’t let her go through that again. Laurence and I will inform the other guards of this.”

Tommy huffed. “I’ll be helping. I’ll be damned if I’m letting their wedding get ruined by some asshole!” The raccoon bared his teeth, before grinning. “Sides, it seems he was pretty scared of me, and I mean- who wouldn’t be scared of big man Tommy Innit?”

“Well I mean you are a raccoon. And far much taller than him.”

“Don’t take this away from me Garroth.” The hybrid threatened, shaking the bread at him.

“Why are you threatening him with a loaf of bread Tommy?”

“Anything can be a weapon.” Tommy stated, nonchalantly, before turning to head back to their home. The raccoon-hybrid huffed, looking out at the forest around the house.

He wouldn’t let anything happen to his family. Not this time.



Tommy panted as he ran to the guard station, *Clementine* fluttering quickly beside him, bursting through as he slumped against the door. Aaron’s ears twitched as he chuckled.

“Nice of you to join us.”

“Yeah just- hoo *shit* - give me a second.” The hybrid took in a big gasp of air as he slumped down on a chair. Garroth chuckled, turning to them.

“Right. As said before Tommy showed up, last night he saw Zenix, a Shadow Knight sneaking around Phoenix Drop. Starting today, we are to make sure nothing, and I mean *nothing* goes wrong. Zoey and Aphmau’s planning must be stress free with the town.”

“Easy peasy Garroth!” Dante grinned, the bluenette laughing. “There’s all of us and *Zenix* . Not exactly the most competent Shadow Knight!” The guard leaned back, kicking up his shoes as he shouted, falling back off his chair and crashing on the ground. Tommy looked down.

“Oh XD. We’re *fucked* .”

Chapter End Notes

Zenix; it is hot as hell in this funky ass fuckin town I'm in.
Tommy; *turns around looking like a demon in dark*
Zenix; IS THAT THE GRIM REAPER!?

(Also for the reference of Zoey 'being happy in a relationship' - Brownie had the idea to make Zoey and Gabriel's marriage an arranged married plus this is our AU so we can do what we want Jess barely gave us any lore XD - EDIT: Turns out Brownie didn’t know it being arranged wasn’t canon and I suck at explaining things to her a bit so- yeah)

Zenix and Sasha are a terrible choice but they're the least threatening XD. As said, this fic is semi plotless, with everything leading into the sequel. Also I'm most likely just going to make my account known for Aphmau and Dream SMP fanfictions.

Cadenza is ultimate girlboss and I adore her. So beautiful.

Hope you guys enjoyed this chapter, take care everyone!! <333

I Have Met an Angel in Person (and She Looks Perfect)

Chapter Summary

The Wedding; Part 2

[Chapter Title is from "Perfect" by Ed Sheeran]

Chapter Notes

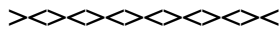
We have one more chapter before the next reunion chapter! Just like I did for the povs of the dream smp members in the Healing Arc, there will be special chapters before these ones, this time specifically of the povs of certain Phoenix Drop characters.

Hope you guys enjoy this chapter! There's gonna be a bit in the notes that I'll explain XD

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Easy peasy Garroth!” Dante grinned, the bluenette laughing. “There’s all of us and Zenix . Not exactly the most competent Shadow Knight!” The guard leaned back, kicking up his shoes as he shouted, falling back off his chair and crashing on the ground. Tommy looked down.

“Oh XD. We’re fucked .”



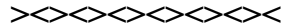
Zenix was not having a good day. First, his plan to sneak through the gate with some visitors from Meteli bringing items to help with the wedding preparation on behalf of Lord Hayden failed because of that pathetic Laurence. Then, climbing over the wall didn’t go well either (stupid blue haired man and his arrows, being shot wasn’t very nice, he decided).

And now?

Now he was being chased by a maniac hybrid with a sword. Let alone, the same freak that ran him off the last time! (No, he didn’t run off and no one could prove that)

He wasn't *scared*, just- well this creature was tall, and had sharp teeth, and was shrieking profanity after profanity.

And where was Sasha in all this!? He had no clue. But of course she'd leave him alone. Stupid Sasha.



“Get back here bitch!” Tommy growled. He was thankful for having been given a proper sword, and as far as he was concerned, he was giving this *Zenix* a run for his money.

For once he was thankful for his training in all the wars. He had speed, agility, and resourcefulness. Every barrel *Zenix* tossed over, Tommy was over it without stumbling for a moment.

And frankly? The hybrid was fucking *over* all this. For three days he and the other guards had been trying to get rid of this *Zenix*, and another Shadow Knight he'd met. A woman with white hair and striking purple eyes, one that had caused Laurence to falter and let her escape.

The brunette had called her Sasha, and explained she was once a knight of Meteli before being lost in the nether, manipulated into believing they had left her alone.

They'd asked Kenmur about how his experiment on a tracker for Nether signatures was working only yesterday, and the teen remembered how Laurence had stopped him from mentioning Sasha, only mentioning *Zenix*, and it was later explained Kenmur had been engaged to Sasha.

And well- death was a permanent thing here.

But he wasn't *just* annoyed because of how long this had been going on, but also because he was meant to be helping Zoey today, with finding some flowers! And he'd been missing out on Lucinda's lessons. How was he meant to be an apprentice if he couldn't learn!? He didn't know anything past stances.

(Granted the witch understood the situation but even so- Tommy wasn't happy.)

As *Zenix* dove around a corner, Tommy increased his speed, managing to grab the Shadow Knight before he could escape the alleyway. Slamming the man into the wall, Tommy sighed

in relief, grinning as he watched the man crumple, unmoving to the ground.

“And. Stay. Down.” He winced, leaning against the other wall. His muscles ached, wincing as he let the sword fall to the ground. He’d forgotten how much energy and strength it took to wield a sword, let alone one from this place. They were much heavier than the ones back in the SMP.

“Tommy?” Zoey’s voice rang out near the entrance to the alleyway. “Is that you?” The boy’s eyes widened as he quickly side-stepped, making sure to hide Zenix’s body from sight. In an instant, the elf recoiled slightly, blinking at his sudden appearance.

“H-Heeeeeeeey Zoey...” He panted, wincing as he grabbed his shoulder blade, rolling his arm lightly. The woman’s head tilted to the side slightly, her blue eyes shining with concern.

“...Hey? Tommy are you alright? You look winded...” Her gaze landed on his movements, worry etching deeper than it had been previously. “And- what in Irene’s name happened to your arm!? Are you okay?!”

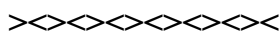
“Oh yeah- I’m fine! Just- got into a bit of a playful tease with Yip. Damn werewolf accidentally threw me to a wall. I’m fine! Really.”

“Hm. If you say so...do you feel well enough to help?” Tommy grinned, nodding as his tail wagged excitedly.

“Course I do! Just- give me a second- I remembered Garroth wanted my help getting something to him.” Zoey chuckled, nodding slightly, and smiled gently as she walked off to the markets to wait for him. The teen turned, moving to grab and drag the Shadow Knight’s body.

Only to find he was no longer there. Tommy groaned.

“Oh, COME ON!”



“This is ridiculous...” Travis grumbled, wincing as the dying flames licked at his arms, tossing the bucket of water onto the smouldering building. Katelyn walked over, finishing her conversation with the townsfolk who owned it, sighing.

“This is, what? The fourth fire Sasha has started this week? This is getting ridiculous.”

“Couldn’t have said it better myself...” Travis mumbled, sighing. “Wait- shouldn’t you be helping Aphmau with her dress with Cadenza!? You’re her maid of honour right!?” The guard’s blue eyes widened as she turned back.

“SHIT! That’s not far just! Try and stop the fire! I’ll keep Lady Aphmau from seeing it!” The warlock nodded as the bluenette raced through the square, panting as she burst through the door to Cadenza’s home.

The maiden jumped as she lifted her head up, her flamey orange hair tied back to be out of her face, a measuring tape in her hands as she had the base of a dress on the shorter lord.

“Dear Irene Katelyn!!” Cadenza shouted, Aphmau’s caramel eyes widening with fright, then confusion, to worry at her friend and guard’s sudden entrance. “Would you *please* refrain from attempting to rip my door off of its hinges!? I could have stabbed poor Lady Aphmau here with a pin!”

“Yeah- well uh-” Katelyn leaned against the wall near the window, using her foot to shut the door just as Travis’ shriek echoed through the air.

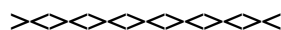
“Was that Travis?” Aphmau tilted her head slightly, moving to step forward before Cadenza stopped her, continuing to measure. “Is everything okay Katelyn?”

“Uh- yes of course!” Katelyn grinned, doing her best to stop Aphmau from seeing the fire outside. Garroth and Aaron had now come to try and help. “You know Travis, always-... *loud* .” She chuckled dryly, and smiled a smile that was *way* too forced.

Aphmau nodded slowly, soon looking down as she grinned, eyes shining brightly as she fiddled with the dress Cadenza was working on, and the bluenette softened as she saw the happiness shining in her dear lord and friend’s eyes.

“How does it look so far?”

“You look amazing Aph...Zoey’s lucky.”



Zenix was panting as he ran through, a werewolf tight on his heels. What was it with him and hybrids suddenly!? *Though, at least it wasn't that tall hybrid this time like it had been the past 5 weeks*, Zenix mused. The knight yelped as a sword almost caught him, before throwing some carts from the town square to the side, ignoring the calls of some angry merchants, ducking into an alleyway as he sighed, watching as the werewolf kept running ahead.

"Oh jeez..." He breathed, almost slumping down before he heard more. "Shit-!" Looking about, the man paused on a bright white and pink home. Almost immediately, he dove in, shutting the door as quietly as he could, slumping down in order to not be seen through the windows.

"Aphmau~Senpai?" A bright and cheerful voice peeped out. "Is that you?" Zenix froze, looking about.

Table- no he'd be seen and it was too small. Behind the counter- no that had the door to the kitchen. Downstairs? That's where the voice was coming from-

The curtain. As footsteps started moving upstairs, the Shadow Knight darted to the curtain, quickly hiding behind it, holding his breath (though he no longer truly needed to breathe, being immortal now) as he watched a shadow walk out, a cat-like tail flicking about. Instantly, he cursed silently, and prayed that the mief'wa wouldn't be able to catch his scent.

"Aphmau~Senpai?" The woman looked about, tilting her head before shrugging, starting to head back. Before Zenix could move, he tensed as the door opened, and his usually brown eyes flashed red at the sound of an oh-so familiar voice.

"Kawaii~Chan? Sorry I'm late. Laurence and Dante were running around ragged and almost bumped into Zoey and I!" She laughed. The mief'wa turned back around, smiling.

"Aphmau~Senpai! It's okay, Kawaii~Chan knows Aphmau~Senpai is busy with her family! How is Zoey~Chan? And little Levin~Kun and Malachi~Kun? Oh! And Tommy~Kun?" Zenix had to fight the urge to roll his eyes. He'd never met a mief'wa that talked so strangely.

"They're all great Kawaii~Chan. Though Tommy's been running about wildly for a while lately. He's been spending a lot of time with the guards or Lucinda." She chuckled softly. "But he's doing well regardless."

"That's good! Kawaii~Chan is almost done with the cake! Would Aphmau~Senpai like to have a taste? Or to see?"

"Checking in on it sounds *perfect* Kawaii~Chan."

"Great!" Zenix watched their shadows. The- Kawaii~Chan was bouncing slightly now, her tail flicking happily. "Oh- how has luck been finding a priest? Kawaii~Chan heard about the

last time.”

“Ah- well Nicole mentioned that there was a priest that lived in Scaleswind, Garroth sent Raven over there with a request in a letter, so-...hopefully we hear back from her.”

“That’s good, Kawaii~Chan really wants her first wedding to be a success!” Aphmau laughed, continuing to make small-talk as she sat down in a chair.

Zenix was stuck. Until of course, the door burst open, and peeking through, the familiar form of a werewolf came through.

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Aaron panted as he threw open the door, catching a sliver of a shadow that he *knew* belonged to the Shadow Knight, catching Kawaii~Chan’s amber gaze.

“Kawaii~Chan- have you seen-” The werewolf cut himself off as his coal black eyes landed on his lord, standing up straight- “and Lady Aphmau...I didn’t know you here...!” He chuckled dryly, ears going back.

Aphmau tilted her head, chuckling softly. “Is everything alright?”

“ *Yes!* ” Aaron cleared his throat, standing up straight, trying desperately to find Zenix in the area. “I was just going to ask if-...” The mief’wa’s head tilted slightly, tail flicking as she waited patiently for the answer- “if you had seen Garroth anywhere! I was meaning to ask him if he’d heard back from Nicole, but I can’t find him.”

“Sorry Aaron~Kun.” Kawaii~Chan murmured softly. “But Kawaii~Chan hasn’t seen Garroth~Kun at all today.”

“Darn.” Aaron hissed, looking aside.

And noticed a pair of boots carefully hidden underneath the curtain. *Gotcha...*

“So-...” Aaron smiled, casually walking over as though he were checking the window for Garroth- “what are you doing here?”

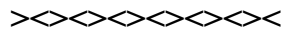
“Aphmau~Senpai came to check on the cake for her and Zoey~Chan’s wedding!” The pink-haired meifwa smiled.

“Really? Well I have no doubt it’ll be great Kawaii~Chan, if Garroth talking about Donna and Logan’s wedding is anything to go off of.” He chuckled, leaning slightly near the curtains, tensing as there was a yelp from the man behind it.

“Are you okay Aaron?” Aphmau asked, standing.

“Fine! I’ll get out of your hair now...” Aphmau nodded slowly, standing to head downstairs with Kawaii~Chan. Aaron sighed in relief, holding in a yelp as Zenix pushed him forward and raced out of the bakery.

“Oh for the love of Irene...” The werewolf growled, immediately taking off after him once again.



Sasha cursed at the wind as she panted, having to lean against a wall to catch her breath, clutching a potion underneath her cloak.

“Sasha.” A familiar voice cut through her, and she turned to come face to face with Laurence, the brunette’s face downcast with pity. “Why are you doing this?”

Sasha scoffed. “Because it’s my duty as a loyal guard to the Shadow Lord.”

“You’ve changed. What happened to the woman I grew up beside? Who would rather fall on her own blade than hurt an innocent?”

Sasha glared, refusing to let the pangs of memories long forgotten to echo in her mind.

“She grew up. She realised the truth.”

“And was that truth before or after you killed Lord Joh? *My* father?”

Sasha paused.

“I’m not an idiot Sasha, however much you like to believe that fact. I put two and two together after discovering you were a Shadow Knight. You died, then have come back, and

don't look a day older. And Joh died.”

Sasha chuckled. “Well- you're smarter than I gave you credit for...” Smirking, the woman pulled out a potion, shattering it on the ground as she took off. Laurence shouted, wincing as he shook his head, the world around him fading slightly except for a couple of movements in front of him.

“Oh no you don't-” Laurence growled. He had been blind for a couple days. And he wasn't letting Sasha ruin the most important day of his friend's wedding. Laurence took off, trying desperately to shake the effects of the potion she shattered.

Meanwhile, Sasha kept running, looking back before forward, yelping as she slammed her hands down, stopping just before she crashed into the well. The white-haired knight turned to run, before two hands gripped her wrists tightly, coming face to face with Laurence, his blue eyes still clouded with the effects of the potion.

“You are *not* ruining anything this time Sasha!” He shouted, facing his former friend with nothing but fury, his blue eyes fading into the red as the blood of a Shadow Knight ran through his veins.

And for a moment, Sasha faltered, staring up at her once friend.

When did that hatred ever cause her breathing to falter? Gathering her senses, Sasha tried to fight against his grip, snarling back at the brunette, cursing at her inability to grab a potion.

Laurence grinned. He wouldn't let anything bad happen. Not this time. Not again.

“Laurence? Is that you?” Aphmau's voice cut out faintly, and the brunette tensed. He couldn't let her find out. He needed to get rid of Sasha, but there were no alleyways or-

Laurence looked at the well she was leaning against. Sasha's purple eyes flared with alarm and anger.

“Don't you *DARE*- ” Her voice shook, but she didn't get to finish the question.

Laurence pushed her in, and tried desperately to rub the potions effect from his eyes. Blinking, his vision slowly started to go back to normal, and he turned, facing his lord's concerned caramel gaze. “Are you alright Laurence?”

“Y-Yeah course-” He cleared his throat, trying to clear the shake from it- “course I am. Just...thinking about a few things. That's all.”

Aphmau's eyes saddened very slightly, smiling gently. "Maybe you should take the day off then. The others are more than capable. Though- have you seen Tommy and Yip? They promised Donna they'd help set up the town square. Specifically the fairy lights."

"Ah- I sent Yip to the training yard to work on his archery, and Tommy would be with Lucinda. He's missed out on a few lessons so-"

"-He has? Is everything alright?" Laurence swallowed, realising Tommy was *secretly* helping them with the issues.

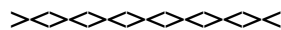
"Yes! Everything's fine. Just- Lucinda has been trying to work on a spell that will keep anyone with harmful intent from getting close for the wedding, so she hasn't had time to teach him."

"Ah- of course she is..." Aphmau smiled, chuckling softly. "Alright. Thanks Laurence. And please- don't overwork yourself, alright? That's an *order* ." She grinned, a teasing glint in her eyes.

Laurence felt warm as he smiled, bowing low. "Very well, *my lord* ." He chuckled, smiling at his friend, waiting until she walked off, before looking down into the well, and groaned.

He should have expected that Sasha wouldn't stay there. But, he supposed in a way, at least she wouldn't be causing trouble.

And he wouldn't let her get away next time.



Sasha coughed, spitting up water as she panted, coming out around the lake, tossing the empty potion bottle onto the grass. She silently thanked the Shadow Lord that she had learned how to make water breathing potions.

"I suppose your side of things went horribly as well?" Zenix scowled, tying a bandage around a deep cut made in his arm.

"Not the way I would have hoped..." Sasha hissed, sitting up on the bank, wringing her hair out as she took off her cloak, wringing it as well.

“Are we done? We clearly can’t *do* anything! I don’t care anymore! I ain’t being chased again!”

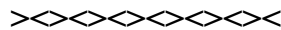
Sasha looked back at the town, and huffed. “Yeah. We’re done. Besides, Gene’s the one who ordered us here. This failure falls on him in the eyes of the Shadow Lord.” Zenix’s brown eyes widened.

“Since when are *you* giving up so easily?”

“I know when to quit. I know when to fold my cards, Zenix. Unlike *you* . Now come on. Let’s get back to the Nether before they decide to extend their search into the forest.” The brunette nodded, gladly walking off. Sasha looked over at the town, purple gaze clouding as she walked off.

And for a moment, if she could pretend she hadn’t seen a younger, green-eyed brunette boy running about behind the other Shadow Knight, chasing after a younger purple eyed girl.

She could pretend that what remained of a still heart in her chest didn’t crack and shatter.



“I think that all went rather well.” Tommy grinned, smiling as he looked up at the other guards, fiddling with the suit Cadenza had made for him.

He had to admit, he liked it. Especially the blazing symbol of a phoenix with outstretched wings in front of a purple heart with silver trails through it, in elegant waves that rested on a bandanna he had tied around his neck.

A crest Cadenza had revealed she was working on for Aphmau and her town. To Tommy, it signified his place in his new home.

(Despite it, however, Tommy couldn’t shake the memory of the green bandanna he once had, but he knew if he still had it he would have tied the two together, knowing he could never truly forget he who had given it to the hybrid).

“Yeah...everything’ll go without a worry.” Aaron smiled. He was still in his guard uniform, as were the others. They were changing *after* the ceremony, having convinced Aphmau that they wanted to take all necessary precautions.

The hybrid grinned, nodding happily as he moved to sit down, pushing Yip a little excitedly. Levin and Malachi were right near him. (Tommy had promised he would help them be the ring-bearers, as Aphmau and Zoey didn’t want to pick just one of them).

“You excited? I’ve never been to a wedding before.” Yip smiled softly.

“Neither have I. Not many things like that which were nice happened back where I used to be.” Tommy replied. His gaze moved to Brian, the knight sitting near them. “Have you Brian?”

“Huh-? Oh- yeah. I was here for Donna and Logan’s. It was rather nice! Aside from the whole...evil priest from O’Khasis thing.” Brian looked aside, swallowing.

“He could have hurt Alexis...it’s only because of Lord Aphmau that...that nothing happened.” Tommy had to bite back a shudder.

He hoped he never had to meet that guy, the one he heard be called ‘Zane’, always ever spoken in whispers. From what he’d heard from Garroth, he seemed all too much like a certain man Tommy wanted to leave buried deep in the recesses of his memory.

“Put your things in the hole Tommy.”

It didn’t take long for the music to begin, from where they’d set up the ceremony; near a clearing by a gentle hill with flowers littering the ground, the sun delicately settled gently over the ocean.

A ceremony both in the town and the forest. Aphmau was the first to arrive, smiling as Garroth helped lead her to the quartz and marble arch Corey had helped Logan and Dale make. Her lilac dress glistened gently, lace decorations suiting the lord perfectly, the long trail behind her. She didn’t have much done to her hair, but there was a wreath of flowers placed gently on her head, soft purples and pinks. Donna, Cadenza and Emma were standing as her own bridesmaids, right beside Katelyn, the lord’s own maid of honour, fiddling with the collar of the blue dress Tommy was 100% certain Cadenza had forced her into.

The silver belt decorated her waist, smiling as she held the bouquet of tulips, hugging Garroth tightly before waiting.

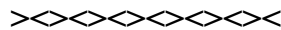
It didn't take long for Zoey to be brought up, led by Laurence, the guard whispering something to the elf, making her laugh gently, soothing the nerves she was clearly displaying. Her platinum blonde hair was held up, a gentle braid going around to the back of her head, the rest of her hair held up by a rose-designed pin.

She smiled, the soft cream dress decorated with flowers, the lace blowing gently in the wind. Her blue eyes flickered up to meet Aphmau's, a tear carefully rolling down her face, soft pink roses held in her hands. On the other side of Aphmau's bridesmaids, Lucinda, Molly and Emmalyn were standing as Zoey's bridesmaids, Kawaii~Chan standing excitedly as her maid of honour.

After giving a brief hug to Laurence, they handed off their bouquets, Zoey taking her hand in Aphmau's, the two of them smiling gently. The priest, sent over by Nicole (who came alongside him, to give gifts from her father, Lord Malcolm of Scaleswind and attend the wedding herself) began the ceremony, and the hybrid kept a careful watchful eye for anything surrounding them.

However, by the way the other guards slowly untensed, the teen soon realised it was safe, and he beamed as he watched Aphmau murmur something to the taller woman, causing her to blush, her pointed ears rising happily. He soon had to help lead Levin and Malachi over, who each hugged their mothers before Aphmau took the ring Levin was holding, Zoey taking Malachi's. They both smiled and hugged Tommy tightly, the raccoon's tail wagging as he led his little brothers back to sit down.

The hybrid beamed as the ceremony finished without a hitch, and he cheered alongside everyone else as Aphmau pulled Zoey down as much as she had to, sealing their ceremony with a kiss, the wind blowing fiercely yet gently around them.



The music was loud and joyful as the hybrid watched his mothers dance, laughing and smiling brightly, their dresses moving about elegantly with every step. He laughed as Donna danced gently with Logan, and teased with the other knights as Nicole (for the second time that evening) rejected Dante's offer at a dance, before Kawaii~Chan gently offered to dance with him.

"Tommy?" The hybrid's ears twitched as he turned, looking down at Levin and Malachi, who were beaming. Levin held up a hand, giggling, his blue eyes shining brightly.

"Dance!" The toddler giggled. Tommy raised an eyebrow. He never really danced, but-

Well, things were different here.

Tommy barked out a laugh, standing as he held one of Levin's hands and one of Malachi's, bringing them forward, dancing happily, ears twitching as he heard the others laughing (kindly, always kindly), and his mothers' looking at him warmly and lovingly.

His gaze went aside, noticing a cloaked figure place a small present down on the table where some resided. He almost shouted, if it were not for the glittering heart pendant dangling from her neck, and the way she smiled lovingly over at Tommy.

He'd have to thank his mother in a prayer later tonight.

Aphmau soon stood from the table where she and Zoey where, and Tommy quickly hurried to sit, fixing up his brothers as well. The lord smiled, her caramel eyes landing on everyone celebrating.

"I wanted to say thank you. To everyone here. The last wedding I ever organised was one for one of my closest friends. And her husband I suppose." Aphmau winked playfully, everyone laughing as Logan rolled his eyes, but gave a small smirk. "And we all know that despite its wonderfulness, things we weren't expecting to occur still happened. But nothing has happened this time.'

'I came here with no memory but my name. And while I still know little to nothing about where I came from, I no longer have a desire to learn. I have wonderful memories here of friends-' Lucinda, Katelyn and Kawaii~Chan were among the few that smiled- 'of poor attempts at courting that became friendships-' Garroth and Laurence looked aside sheepishly, before grinning at the lord, who shared their smiles- 'of people who just wished to help, who became close friends and confidants-' Donna blushed as she smiled, and Molly held Dale's hand- 'and of family.'" Aphmau turned to her wife, and to her sons.

"A family that I never imagined would be what it is today. In a town that I never imagined would become the town it is today. A town I never knew I would ever lead, but I am more than thankful. I thank the fates, the gods, the Divine for this chance at happiness I have." The people clapped, soon settling as Zoey stood.

"I never thought that setting up a stall in this little, growing town would turn into this. If I could go back and tell myself that selling fairy lights to a beautiful lord would turn into helping raise the children of said lord, to courtship and raising that family as a mother, to this marriage, I'm sure I would have felt insane.'

‘But the main thing I love about this town is the people. The fighting to protect, from any threats. To keep the organisation of a wedding running smoothly.’ Tommy and all the guards tensed.

“Wait- YOU KNEW!?” Laurence’s eyes were wide. Zoey chuckled, and the lord beside her nodded.

“Indeed. We’ve known for a while, ever since we caught sight of Sasha outside the borders. We didn’t say anything because, well-” Aphmau’s hand rested on Tommy’s head, the hybrid looking up- “it was sweet of you all to try and keep us from being stressed. And it worked.” The guards all sighed, leaning back.

“I thought we were rather good at hiding it.” Travis mumbled, huffing.

“The back of your coat was literally on fire once.” Zoey chuckled. “I assure you, you were not. But that’s what I love about this town. The immediate wish to help a friend, to help. I had never believed I would feel this happy again. And even then, I’m certain I have never been happier in my entire life.” The members clapped, smiling brightly as Zoey sat back down, nudging her partner gently.

Tommy smiled, looking up at the sky, the moon now shining over them, everyone dancing and eating in the town square. He was beaming, and the hybrid was certain of one thing;

He had *never* felt this happy. Not even when he and his friends had won the war for L’Manburg’s freedom.

He'd never felt this complete.

Chapter End Notes

Such a happy chapter :D. It's not like Brownie and I are giving you guys copious amounts of humour and fluff because we plan on tearing your hearts out soon :DDD. But for now the explanations.

1) The Link to Aphmau's Wedding Dress:

<https://www.pinterest.com.au/pin/640074165791696945/>

2) The Link to Zoey's Wedding Dress:

<https://www.pinterest.com.au/pin/107664247333127732/>

3) I am a Sasha apologist so that kinda shined a little in this chapter. My baby deserved better okay?

4) Nicole's father was never given a canon name, he was always referred to as 'The Lord of Scaleswind'. I even checked the wiki, nothin on a name. So I decided to give him a headcanon name, that is why I called Nicole's father "Lord Malcolm". I almost did Luke but remembered that is Lucinda's dad's name.

5) Don't know if this counts but since Shadow Knights, when killing their lord/person they're close to/handful of innocents makes them immortal, and most of them die in order to become a Shadow Knight/be called by the Shadow Lord/Shad in the first place, my headcanon for my own Diaries Lore is that they are technically undead and therefore cannot die unless it is by "a weapon forged in the Nether's flames" (A Shadow Knight weapon itself) or the Shadow Lord himself.

6) Quite clearly I gave Phoenix Drop a crest because- every other kingdom has them- I wanted to give them one as well so yeah.

Anyway, hope you guys are all okay, stay safe, and enjoyed this chapter!!! 4500 words- biggest chapter of em all so far-

When We're All Together (There's Nothing to Fear)

Chapter Summary

Tommy cares for those in Phoenix Drop wholeheartedly. He will protect them with everything he has.

But what do those he loves think of him?

[Chapter Title from 'This is where I belong' by Bryan Adams]

Chapter Notes

ITS FINALLY HERE! I apologise for the long wait you guys, this chapter- took SO long to write it was so hard. I've gotten into the Tommy-centric groove so this was hard. But this is essentially a chapter of what some of those he is closest to think about him; Aaron, Garroth, Donna and Lucinda. I have plans for others. Laurence -was- going to be in this group but uh- it was way too hard to write everything.

This is also the final chapter before the next reunion chapter so- be prepared. You won't get some fluff for a whole chapter after this. Muahaha.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Garroth sighed, fixing up his armour, smiling warmly. His head lifted up hearing Laurence's shout from his own room in the barracks.

"You're kidding me!?"

"What's going on with you now?" Dante scoffed, chuckling, his arms folded. Garroth walked out, tilting his head. Laurence looked fine, except for the lack of his green cloak.

"My cloak's gone! *Again!* How- How!?" Garroth laughed, shaking his head.

"It's quite clear that it's Tommy." He smirked at his brunette friend. "Can't be any more obvious."

"Yeah but- *HOW*!? Every time! We've started locking the doors!" Dante cackled at the brunette's misfortune, while Garroth could only smile.

It didn't take long for them to notice their cloaks start to go missing, and they knew immediately it was Tommy when Lady Aphmau told them she'd found Dante's red one in Tommy's room in a nice little hideout he'd made. Thankfully, they all had spares made by Cadenza, and after a couple weeks or so, their other one would be returned before their spare was stolen again, with the cycle continuing.

Once they'd explained the situation to Aaron, the werewolf revealed the hybrid had most likely been returning them because they'd lost the scent (of which he'd further explained that the cloaks probably made the teen feel safe).

Garroth couldn't help but smile.

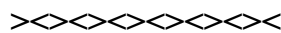
If he'd been told the thin, freezing, almost dead teen he and his lord had found at the base of a portal would soon grow to become a member of the lord's family, and Garroth would feel the constant need to protect him as fiercely as he helps protect Levin and Malachi, he would have thought it insane.

But now? He couldn't see anything being different.

Tommy was their family. He was loud and brash, a whirlwind of energy. But there had been moments he was fragile, moments he had been scared of something, whether it was them hurting him or something else.

In a way, Garroth couldn't describe him as anything other than *Tommy*. Tommy was the only one that had that amount of bright, infectious energy. Tommy was the only one who could make them laugh as hard as they did. Tommy was Tommy. A kid he'd be damned if he ever failed.

"If you're done ranting about your missing cloak, we can get going. We need to go on patrol." Garroth laughed, heading down as his brothers-in-arms quickly came running after him.



It took Aaron a long time to care for those in Phoenix Drop as he did back when he was the lord of Falcon Claw, back when he would come home to a wife and son.

There were long, heavy months of walking away, of not telling anyone where he was, of sitting at the Irene Statue and wondering *why*. Why had he survived? What was so important that he was to live?

He wondered if the gods always planned for him to be here. To slowly feel at home. To belong. To feel like the werewolf was truly *living* again, not just surviving for the sole purpose of running Zane Ro'Meave through with his blade.

On the days he found himself missing Lily, missing Jacob, he'd put himself into the town. Training guards, patrolling, even just *sitting* down in silence, there was always someone who'd come shouting his name and bounce up beside him, whether quiet or talking the werewolf's ear off.

Tommy.

It wasn't as though the kid was ignorant. He understood grief, but it was the way he'd bounce up beside him and talk about anything. He never prompted an answer from the werewolf, only ever spoke in general. Whether he was boasting about his and Yip's most recent successful escapade, or talking about what Lucinda had been teaching him, or the newest animal or plant he and Zoey had found.

The boy managed to show his own light. He was bright, and managed to make them smile regardless.

He remembered Tommy's eyes glistening when they'd first met, watching the guard fight with Dante, cheering loudly. The way the boy fought was impressive. He knew how to fight, and yet he wanted to learn more to protect those he cared about now.

It was no secret to anyone that Tommy looked up to Aaron. Aaron remembered the warmth in his chest as Tommy's eyes glistened at the idea of being the guard's own apprentice, getting to learn right alongside him. Aaron, in a way, admired just how the boy was able to bounce back; no one here could keep them down.

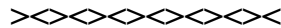
He'd seen that resilience first-hand when Tommy had talked about his past with the werewolf. The boy had been torn down and kept trying to get back up. The hybrid may not have been a werewolf, but regardless, it had sent Aaron's instincts into overdrive.

The instinct to protect him. Tommy was essentially a wolf pup in his opinion, and he'd protect him. He'd be sure to protect the boy and that smile. And in a way, Tommy reminded the old lord of his boy. His smile, the way his eyes lit up, the excitement of wanting

Aaron to teach him what he knows, the werewolf imagined that, perhaps that was what his son would have been like had he survived, had Zane never taken everything.

Jacob would have liked Tommy. No.

Jacob would have *loved* Tommy.



Donna had always loved children. It was no secret to anyone, what with how she had adored looking after Levin and then Malachi, and how she'd sobbed the first time she'd been called 'aunty Donna', and how she'd confided in Aphmau that she had wanted to adopt that tiny little 2-year-old wolf pup before Logan had even agreed. And she adored her son. Yip was everything to her and more (in a way, she was thankful for the wolf tribe having taken her husband to that degree).

That maternal instinct had always been a part of her. And it had been there the first time she'd met Tommy; the bright raccoon hybrid now settled happily in the town with the lord and her family.

The teen had met Donna at the worst possible moment. Though, Dale got stuck in a well every day so it didn't seem like the worst. She remembered smiling, though she took him in.

The boy was standing on too thin legs, shaking slightly, fiddling with trembling hands. His pale blue, almost grey eyes had been skirting about looking around at anything, a shaky smile and doing his best to keep calm. She remembered how the boy had choked out his own name.

It was then that her instinct kicked in once again. The boy had been scared, and she'd wanted nothing more than to protect him. To keep him shielded from whatever had hurt him, whatever had provoked him to falter in his name.

That instinct had kicked in again when Tommy had been panicking upon the fire at Kawaii~Chan's bakery. She was thankful when he'd allowed her to help calm him down. Granted, the woman had been worried that the teen had panicked so much, but afterwards things had seemed fine.

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Donna smiled as she looked aside, Yip and Tommy laughing as they walked through the main square, the werewolf pushing the other teen before taking off, the raccoon shouting at him as he chased after her son. Her eyes softened, shaking her head affectionately as she heard their laughter dissipate through the village.

She remembered when her son had first come home, his tail wagging as he burst through the door.

“So how was your day sweetheart?” Donna had smiled, hugging her son tightly. Yip beamed, green eyes shining excitedly as he sat down.

“Awesome! I got to meet the new kid I’d heard Garroth and Aaron talking about!” Yip’s tail was wagging. “His name’s Tommy! He was allowed to join us in guard training! He managed to actually knock me down!”

Donna had smiled warmly, ruffling her son’s hair.

“I’m glad you met a friend, Yip.” Logan had nodded in agreement, ruffling his son’s hair after Donna, earning a surprised yelp.

“Yeah, just make sure not to make too much of a mess, alright kid?”

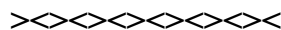
“No promises!” Yip laughed. Logan rolled his eyes, though Donna had softened watching the affection on his face.

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Donna laughed softly as she listened happily to the boys’ laughter before it faded, getting too far to hear. She smiled, shaking her head affectionately as she continued on her day.



“Careful Tommy. Focus solely on it. On your mind, on your heart, and on your soul.”
Lucinda murmured, the witch moving slowly as she circled her apprentice, the hybrid’s clear blue eyes closed as he held his hand out, the little moth that had become his familiar only a couple weeks ago fluttering gently onto his shoulder.

“I’m trying...” The boy mumbled, fingers twitching as he focused. Lucinda smiled gently as she placed a hand calmly on his shoulder.

“Easy...” The witch’s eyes glistened, smiling as the hybrid focused. Tommy’s eyes shot open as he grinned, a small flickering flame focusing on his hand. He laughed, tail wagging excitedly.

“Cinda!! I did it!” The teen laughed, looking up at the witch. Lucinda’s eyes softened as she smiled at her apprentice.

“Impressive...! I know it’s difficult right now, but once you actually have your staff, the source of your abilities, it’ll be easier to control and summon your magic.”

“Well when do I get it!?”

Lucinda laughed, softening at her apprentice, watching him bounce about petting his familiar, *Clementine*. “When it's finished. Then I can imbue witchcraft into it, and then your essence will be able to be combined, so it summons your magic. Trust me, I know you'll like it.”

"Awesome!!" The raccoon cheered, the witch shaking her head as she continued to put things away, looking at him out the corner of her eye.

She remembered offering him to help her make potions, and that day he had poured everything with a steady hand and an ease she had only seen in the most meticulous and strongest of witches and warlocks, yet here he was; a young teen with a talent. Perhaps that was why she’d offered him to be her apprentice.

She saw his abilities. Lucinda could sense *something* in the boy’s soul, his entire being. He had the capabilities for witchcraft, and after all, Lucinda was the strongest witch of her generation. With her by his side?

She *knew*, with *everything* she had, that he would be as strong and powerful as she was.

“...Cinda?”

The witch blinked, snapped out of her thoughts as she turned towards her apprentice, his ears back, head tilted to the side in confusion. “Everything okay?”

Lucinda smiled, ruffling the boy’s hair. “Perfectly fine Tommy. I’m just...well I’m proud. You’re an incredibly talented apprentice, and you’ll become an even more talented warlock.” The boy ducked his head, going slightly pink in embarrassment.

“For now, it’s getting late...Aph and Zoey will be expecting you back home by now.” Tommy blinked, turning to the outside, seeing the soft orange glow of the evening sun start to encase the town and its surrounding forest.

“Shit- I really do! Bye ‘Cinda! I’ll see you tomorrow!”

“Goodbye Tommy...! Be careful!” Lucinda laughed, Bigglesworth nestled carefully on her shoulder as she waved, smiling softly as the hybrid ran through the forest, leaping over her platforms back to the main town. She sighed, fixing her orange hair around her shoulders softly.

She looked around her cottage, at the potions all glistening on their shelves, a special section for those that Tommy had now been working on.

Lucinda never expected to ever have an apprentice. Memories of being her mother Hyria’s apprentice flashed through her mind.

Memories of being abandoned as a child, being raised by her father before being abandoned again, living in a snowy wasteland. But she was glad to be teaching Tommy.

Now he could protect others, just as she did. Just as she would protect him.



No matter the person; a guard, lord, townsfolk, or anything in between, they would protect him.

No matter what, they would *all* protect him.

He was their family after all.

Their son.

Their friend.

Their apprentice.

Their nephew.

No matter what, Tommy was theirs.

Theirs to love, theirs to care for.

Theirs to *protect*.

Chapter End Notes

fanfare and now ladies and gentlemen, please watch your step as you head into the Angst section of this theatre. Ice cream, cookies, blankets and tissues will be provided for you.

Take care. ;)

And Although I'll Be Out of Sight Dear (Know I'll Be Right Here)

Chapter Summary

Sometimes it is not a person who traumatizes another, but a situation that traumatises all.

[Chapter Title from 'The Goodbye Song' by George Salazar]

Chapter Notes

And sometimes, it is a person who creates the situation that traumatises all

[Slight TWs; bit of blood during nightmare sequence, some talk of depressing things.
Please notify in the comments if we missed anything]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phil winced, his eyes adjusting to the pale morning sunlight over the beach he was standing on, the tide lapping at his boots. The avian looked around, paling at the knowledge of where he was. The scent of ash and gunpowder still hung heavy in the air, and a large shadow loomed over the destroyed area.

His wings wrapped tightly around himself, his crows, his flock, nowhere in sight. He breathed out, slowly, continuing to walk, feet crunching against the broken stone, leaves and sticks littering the ground. Phil looked around, moving up an arm to shield himself from the glaring sun.

He winced, blinking a couple times as the spots stopped moving in front of his eyes. And as they did, the avian swore his heart stopped beating as he stared up at a hill. His legs moved without warning as the shadowed form turned, the sun glistening behind it.

Phil felt his breath catch as he stared at the mess of blonde hair he could now see on the horizon. Tears fell down his face as he let out a relieved bark of laughter.

“TOMMY!” The avian raced ahead, beating his wings to gain momentum. How could he have been so stupid !? To think his son, his precious boy, was dead! Surely, he had to have

been hiding from Dream. That was it. His son was alive! He was alive! Phil could make up for everything!

He sobbed as he ran forward, almost crashing into the teen.

“Tommy, I’m so sorry, I-” He froze, arms and wings wrapping around a cold, wet form. He looked up, eyes widening as he stared at the corpse of his son, staring up at him through glossless, unseeing eyes.

“You left me.” Tommy murmured. Phil let out a choked noise, stretching his hand out, but to no avail. The boy faded away, leaving the broken father alone.

The scene shifts. He’s in a cave, surrounded by the words of a mad man. A laugh breaks the silence and he turns. He turns, and there is his middle child, his songbird, laughing with empty eyes and smiling with too many teeth.

“You’ve failed!” Wilbur barked. “You couldn’t save me, and you couldn’t save Tommy! You couldn’t stop The Voices, and look where you are now!”

‘Alone! A father without any children. A failure, Phil. You killed me...you killed US!’ The madman yells at him, tone sounding ecstatic yet words anything but. Wilbur lunges forward, and there is a sword in his chest now, blood trailing down his dirty sweater and spilling over his lips.

“You killed us Phil...it’s your fault.” A voice rings out behind him, more broken, more forlorn than the poet in front of him, and Phil sees Tommy once again, ashy and clammy, and the avian can only watch as his sons push him backwards, falling with useless wings, further, and further, and further, and-

Phil lunged forward, hand grasping his chest as he gasped for air. His wings, heavy, wrapped around him, calming down as he listened to his beating heart.

He was alive.

He was alive. And his children were not.

The avian groaned, running a hand through matted and longer blonde hair. He turned to the side, looking out the window. His crows were asleep in the trees surrounding their home, their mansion now resting in the place by the name of Snowchester (he winced, remembering

the horrific acts now whispered about as ‘Doomsday’), except for one, who had chosen to stay by his side.

It was morning. He had no doubt Tubbo and Fundy were out already. Fundy was most likely helping Niki with some baking, and Tubbo had organised a day with Ranboo. The man tried to shake the cold of his nightmare off, but he couldn’t get Wilbur’s manic laughter out of his head.

“I need to go for a walk...” Phil murmured, getting up and dressed, the little crow nestling onto his hat, cawing happily. The avian walked down the stairs, seeing a little note no doubt from Fundy. He smiled at the thought of his grandson, despite the tiredness that always pulled at his eyes.

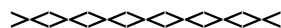
‘I had to leave early to help Foolish build some stuff before I go see Niki. Tubbo may still be here though. See you later grandpa!’ - Fundy.

‘This is Tubbo. I’m leaving for my day with Ranboo. There’s some food in the fridge for you, and some extra fruit in the bowl on the counter. Love ya Phil - The Tubster.’

Phil couldn’t help but smile. Despite everything, they took care of him as much as he tried to for them (*they do more than you do*, a small voice whispered. Phil blocked it out). “I don’t have time.” He whispered, starting to head to the door.

The crow squawked angrily, flying in front, pecking at the flock leader. Phil yelled surprised, waving his hand, chuckling weakly. “Alright, alright...I’ll get something mate.” He looked about, soon settling on an apple, holding it out in his hand. “This suffice?” The crow tilted its head, inspecting the red fruit, cawing as they nodded, nestling back up on his hat.

“Thank you.” Phil chuckled, biting into it as he walked out, the rest of his flock soon following after him as they sensed their leader come back out.



Phil sighed, coat pulled tightly around him as he walked, his flock flapping and cawing above, many resting on his shoulders and hat. The cold air of Snowchester turned to warmth, to sadness as he watched a familiar ghost stare at some wreckage through his travelling, trying to block out the sound of the song he was singing, petting the familiar blue sheep at his side. The crater he sat beside was all that remained of the nation his sons had founded and loved so fiercely it had destroyed them.

He remembered that day, how could he not? Not when his eldest appeared out of thin air, invisibility potion running out right when another war was about to break out. Dream had wanted the country secluded again, he'd claimed that the nation's child president had been planning a hit list, he'd claimed that *they*, a people run by a mourning, traumatized teen and a cabinet of beings all sporting their own problems, were a danger to the rest of the SMP.

He remembered that his oldest hadn't cared about the nation run by children and barely legal adults. He had cared about the supposed hitlist. Techno had asked Dream if he was on it and the response had led to rage. It had led to Withers and Chunk Errors and barely enough time to evacuate before the destruction.

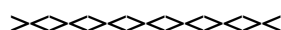
The only people who had lived there were innocents and children and him. His eldest hadn't cared about anything other than a government that wasn't even planning his death. He cared more about the existence of authority higher than him and not the teens and young adults who were in charge. Those who now had scars that would remain as testaments to the horrors they experienced, horrors that would echo forever in their minds.

Sand began crunching under his feet as he walked along the shoreline. From here he could almost see the smoke rising from his eldest's home in the arctic. The avian used to visit his last remaining son more often, before Doomsday. He would visit and ask if Techno had visited his brother. He'd say no. Techno would try and convince him that his baby wasn't worth mourning. Phil would leave. The time between visits grew with each 'no' he received and each horrifying argument that echoed across the frozen tundra.

Techno would always mourn Wilbur in his own way. Wilbur's memorial existed in the ghost that wandered the land, who had kindly asked for his grave to remain unmarked and his memorial in his beloved country's ideals. Ghostbur still visited his brother, not understanding why their father didn't anymore. Tommy couldn't do that. His memorial existed in the community garden outside his first home on the server, in the statue erected in Logstedshire to acknowledge their mistakes and his too short life.

It was hard, knowing he had outlived two of his children by so much. He was always going to outlive them, what with his lifespan, but he'd never imagined he'd lose them so quickly. He's adjusting, though, to a life where he can't return to them. *Everyone* was adjusting to life without them. Tubbo had started bee-keeping again, started allowing himself to joke and mess around with Ranboo like he used to with Tommy. Fundy has started getting ready to move out, to trust Phil on his own and trying to explore the world, to find his mother.

As he hit the cold air of the Tundra, the avian took one final look at the smoke rising from the hut, and with a couple pecks from his flock, he kept walking further away, no end destination in mind, but with the hopes that he could find *something*.



Phil sighed, footprints left in the snow as he continued to walk through the tundra. Some of his flock had dispersed, scouring the land for anyone, people or mobs who may have been attempting to sneak up on him. However, those who lived on the SMP knew better than to tangle with the Angel of Death, especially not since rumors of the admin himself losing one of his lives to the avian hybrid had begun to encircle around (and much to Phil's both delight and fear, he hadn't seen the admin once, only on Doomsday when Techno had arrived with him, not before and certainly not after).

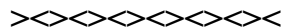
He paused as one of his crows started cawing wildly, almost shouting in the man's face.

"Dadza!! Dadza!!! Weird thing! Further down hill!"

"What..?" Phil murmured, gesturing for them to lead him. As the avian kept walking, carefully using his wings to not fall down the harsh hill, and blinked, stepping back.

The small alcove entrance was open in front of him, the snow slowly melting, letting flowers decorate a seemingly beautiful ground, with a large tree almost stretching across out of the stone. In the middle, however, was a pure white quartz portal, with glistening light blue magic, humming gently.

"What in XD's name...?" Phil murmured, stepping forward, looking about at the place. The avian faltered, however, looking up at a marking almost carved into the quartz at the very top of the portal; a strange person-like figure almost covered in a robe, holding up what appeared to be a small floating orb. A sense of strange familiarity raced through him, as Phil rifled through his pocket, searching for an old object he'd kept on his person for almost centuries now.



"And you got proof of this?" The bounty collector was leaning on the counter of the tavern, staring daggers at Phil. The avian, much younger back then grinned, the bounty for a creature called 'The Wither' slapped on the counter. He placed down both a skull and a shimmering object.

"Got a skull and it left this." The collector raised an eyebrow, nodding impressed. He placed a satchel of gold down on the counter, the avian chuckling, taking it.

“That’s impressive.” Phil turned, a man with a hood sitting down at a table. He looked up, chuckling. “Never heard of that creature.”

“A Wither? Where are you from then?”

The man chuckled. “A land far from here my friend, very far...” He removed his hood, gesturing to the table. “How about a drink with a fellow adventurer?” Phil tilted his head, looking at the stranger. Tanned skin, with brown hair and a dark green eye. A scar went down his left eye, keeping it shut.

The avian grinned, sitting down. “Oh- I’m Philza. Friends call me Phil.”

The stranger chuckled, drinks being brought to them. “My name isn’t one that’s important. Never reveal your name if you don’t have to. Besides, doesn’t the mystery make things interesting?”

“I suppose so.” Phil chuckled, his wings folding in as he chatted slightly with the stranger.

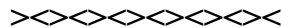
“So,” The stranger smiled a little. “What are you going to do next?”

“No idea, I’ve heard talks about something strange further on in the forest. Something about a goddess.” The stranger chuckled.

“Sounds fun. Take care, Phil. Maybe our paths will cross again one day.” He smiled, getting up. Phil looked at the stranger leaving, before settling back on the table. His eyes widened, noticing a clawed gold coin resting on the table, with the symbol of a strange person in a cloak holding up a floating orb.

“Oh- shit-” Phil grabbed it, racing out, blinking as he noticed the man’s cloak disappear behind a tree. The avian started racing forward, holding it. “Hey! You forgot your- coin...” He trailed off, looking around.

The stranger was nowhere to be found.



Phil sighed, fiddling with the clawed coin. The symbols were exactly the same. Was this how he disappeared? The avian looked up, his crows all nestling nearby, cawing carefully.

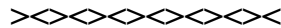
“Dadza be careful!”

“Weird thing.”

“Maybe it’s drugs”

“How could a portal be drugs man?”

“You all, be quiet. I’ll be back...” Phil murmured. The man sighed, focusing as he stepped through the portal.



The avian looked about, confused as he looked over at the trees, the spruce mushroom forest surrounding the portal. Unlike the cold of the winter biome, it was warm, a breeze ruffling through his feathers. He’d never seen a place like this before. *There’s no point to be here*, he sighed, starting to step back to the portal.

And he heard a laugh. A loud, barking laugh. A laugh he remembered.

A laugh that was loud, and rambunctious, and *Tommy* .

No. That was impossible. His son was-

“EY! THAT WAS CHEATING YOU BITCH!” The voice rang out. Tommy’s voice. This was it. He was losing it.

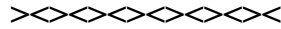
“Tommy, we may be further out here, but still, watch your language.”

Phil had never flown faster in his life. He beat his wings fast. He didn’t care if it was a lie, didn’t care if he was insane, if there was a small sliver of a chance-

He saw it. He saw Tommy. His fledgeling, older, taller, hair longer. Beaming brightly as he held a sword, tackling a werewolf teen to the ground, a few others dressed strangely talking to some others, smiling as they shouted out orders.

Tommy’s eyes were bright and blue as he chuckled, tail wagging as he moved off. Phil wasted no time.

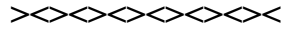
He lunged.



Tommy's eyes went wide as a heavy weight slammed against him. The raccoon's instinct kicked in as he started fighting. Then a voice made him freeze.

"Tommy! Oh god Tommy! You're alive!"

"... *PHIL!?*"



Phil winced at the slight anger in his son's voice, and the shock. He didn't care. He just clutched his son. His head moved, hearing cawing as a bunch of crows started to swoop at the strangers, all shouting in alarm as they drew swords, unique swords that the avian had never seen.

"Death for the Death God!"

"Yo these guys look cool!"

"Poggers! Raccooninnit alive! Pog!"

Tommy squirmed slightly, managing to get out of his father's grip. "Phil- what the fuck are you doing here!?" The boy's ears were flat as he moved back. Phil stepped forward, tears rolling down his face.

"Y-You- I thought- Tommy-...oh XD, I'm so sorry Tommy, I'm sorry-"

"What- what's going on Tommy?" Phil looked aside, not able to understand as a taller wolf man put his hand on Tommy's shoulder, ears back confused. Phil's blue eyes narrowed, wings bristling slightly, crows cawing as the others drew their swords, standing protectively around his son, except for one, a brunette with wide blue eyes.

"Woah hey hey!" Tommy put up his hands, standing in front of the others. "It's okay! This..." The hybrid sighed, and Phil tried to ignore the pain in his chest. "This is Phil...my-

my *father*. ” The strangers all looked between each other, soon putting their swords away (and Phil tried to ignore the sob that almost came through his throat at the slight annoyance at being called Tommy’s father).

“Ah.” The werewolf that had placed a hand on Tommy’s shoulder kept it there, but gestured to the others, who put their swords away. The brunette kept staring, and excused himself to do a patrol. Phil turned back to his son.

“Tommy...I-I thought you were *dead* -...you’ve been here!? Where even *is* here?!”

“Phoenix Drop. My home.” Phil’s heart stopped beating. Home. His son had found *home* . A home he desperately tried to build, and now had. It was apparent in the way these people all immediately moved to protect him, Phil’s crows having now settled, a couple pecking at Tommy and cawing happily.

“Tommy!” A woman’s voice had called out, and Phil turned, seeing a taller woman with pointed ears and blonde hair race towards him, her ears going down as she stepped away, seeing Phil. “Oh- hello.”

“Zoey, this is Phil. My *father* .” Zoey blinked, her blue eyes shining with *something* .

“Ah...well- it’s nice to meet you.”

“Yeah, he was just leaving.” Tommy murmured, looking aside, his ears back. Phil let out a defeated sob, stepping forward.

“T-Tommy- fledgling please-”

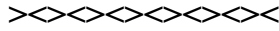
“Don’t call me that! Not after everything you’ve done!” His youngest shouted at him, glaring. Phil stumbled back. Zoey looked at him, *really* looked at him, before turning to Phil.

“My wife, the lord of this village, the leader, would want to meet you. You should come for tea. Our home is the purple and white one on the hill.” Phil blinked at her kindness, nodding slowly, ignoring the tug at his heart that came from Tommy’s groans.

“T...Thank you.” He whispered. The werewolf looked at Phil, tail flicking.

“Apologies,” he murmured, bowing his head slightly, ‘I wasn’t aware what was going on. We thought Tommy was in danger so- we rushed to protect him.”

“It’s alright. I would have done the same.” Phil attempted to smile (and ignored the way he flinched as he heard Tommy mutter ‘would you?’), and folded in his wings as he followed Zoey back to their home, the crows all flying to the trees.



Tommy glared out the window as he looked at his father's form, now sitting over the hill, looking out at the evening sun on the ocean. He didn't know *how* to feel. Tommy's memories of his father were few and far inbetween, and those he did have were full of feelings of neglect, of fear, seeing Phil leave again and again with Techno, seeming tired and annoyed whenever he came home, and the memory of Wilbur's death, and his father once again running away with Techno racing through his mind.

"Tommy." Aphmau's voice pierced the quiet slightly, as she sat down beside him, caramel eyes soft and warm. "Talk to me...are you okay?"

"Yes- no- I don't know mom. I-...I told you of my father...but..."

"He doesn't seem like what you told us." Tommy nodded, closing his eyes.

The Phil he remembered was cold, distant, who wouldn't bat an eye if anything happened to Tommy, who hadn't visited during his exile, who stayed away and left his youngest son, his 'fledgling', to fend for himself, to be broken so far down that he was surprised those here had even managed to pick him back up and put him back together. And yet...

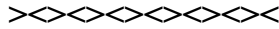
That cold, horrid Phil wasn't the one that greeted him. If Phil was truly as cold as Tommy remembered, he would not have almost knocked Tommy over. He would not have almost crushed Tommy to death in a hug. He would not have been crying that Tommy was alive, brushing a hand through his hair, whispering apologies that only now hit the hybrid.

Tommy's Phil *wouldn't have done that* . So what the *fuck* was so different and *wrong*?

"I don't know what to do..." He whimpered, nudging in close to Aphmau, trembling slightly, relaxing as she moved a hand through his hair.

"My guess? Talk with him. Just the two of you...and you can decide if you want him to stay for tomorrow, and spend some time with him." Tommy looked aside, and nodded.

"Yeah. Yeah I...I like that. Thank- Thank you mom..." He smiled, standing as he wiped his eyes, talking out to the avian sitting on the hill.



“Phil?” Phil lifted his head, turning around slightly, coming face to face with his son, moving aside on his feet, fiddling with the compass around his neck. Phil’s eyes softened. Tommy still had his version of the compass Tubbo still held so tightly to him.

“Tommy...” Phil smiled, wings bristling anxiously as Tommy sat down beside him. The father swallowed, for once unsure how to start the conversation. “You...they’re all lovely.” He smiled, remembering how they’d acted, the excited giggles from the two younger children, looking at Phil shyly and nervously.

“Yeah. They are. Look, Phil I-”

“I’m sorry, Tommy.” Tommy blinked, his blue eyes widening as he stopped, taken aback by his father’s words. “I...I shouldn’t have left you. *God*, if I could go back I wouldn’t have...” The avian sighed shakily, covering his face with his hands.

“Everyone thinks you’re dead Tommy. Niki, Sam, Ranboo, Fundy, Tubbo...they all think you...Tommy we thought you killed...-”

“-You saw the tower.” Phil paused, nodding.

“Yeah. I saw the tower. I...Tommy- for you to have *felt* that way, to have been brought to that point- no words can even...I...I should have been there. I *tried* to be there!”

“...You- what?”

“I tried to visit. I had no clue where it was. I would ask D- *him*, constantly; ‘can I visit Tommy? Please, let me visit Tommy’. And every time, he told me you were angry and didn’t want to...if I had known where you were, I would have screwed that and-...and just flown over to you.’

‘I can’t...I can’t ever say...say something that shows how much I regret it. But I...I am so, *so* thankful that you’re alive...and you’re happy.’

Tommy looked down, letting out a huff of laughter, curling in on himself as he started laughing, tears pouring down his face. Phil’s feathers bristled as he moved forward, his hand moving to his son’s shoulder.

“Tommy?”

“I didn’t think...” Tommy’s breathing hitched as he covered his mouth, sobs wracking through him before he soon calmed enough to speak. “I...I never thought you would care. I thought- I’d just disappeared and-...and no one would care. Tubbo exiled me, no one else tried to fight for me and you..you didn’t care. I had myself convinced that...you never cared. You were barely around, even now. I thought you didn’t care so...I guess it’s nice to know you do.” Phil felt his breath catch, shuddering.

“Tommy...why...why would you think I never cared for you? I *loved* you Tommy, what- who made you think I didn’t care for you!?”



“Who made you think I didn’t care for you!?” Tommy paused, looking up at his father’s gaze, blue eyes glazed over with tears, so close to breaking. The raccoon hybrid paused, looking down.

Who told him? Who told him that his father didn’t care, that his father left them alone.

Tears fell down his cheeks as an old memory resurfaced.

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A small six year old Tommy sighed as he watched the window, ears dropped, as his father walked away with his eldest brother once again. The raccoon whimpered, heading over to his brother, Wilbur sitting on the couch, glaring at an old family photo.

“W-Wilby...?” Tommy whimpered. Wilbur looked aside, moving the brown hair out of his eyes as he smiled.

“What’s up Toms?”

“W-Why does dad leave with Tech a-all the time? And- And why do they never take us with them...?” Wilbur paused, sighing, before he stood, and knelt down in front of the boy.

“Because dad- Phil- doesn’t love us Tommy. He doesn’t care about us, not the way he does Techno.” Tears filled Tommy’s eyes as he fell into his brother’s favourite yellow sweater, whimpering and sniffing. Wilbur hugged Tommy tightly.

“But we don’t need him. We don’t need Phil. You have me Tommy. I’m the only one who cares about you. That’s why I stay to look after you. I’m the only one you can depend on, got it? I’ll never abandon you. You’ll always be right by my side, my right hand man.” Tommy giggled, sniffling as his tears soon dried, hugging his brother tightly.

“I-I love you Wilby...”

“I love you too Toms.”

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. .

Tommy’s hands shook with realisation. His brother’s old words had resonated with him. Soon, ‘dad’ became ‘Phil’ and ‘Philza’. Warm laughs had turned into cold stares. The desire to stay alongside his father turned into the young boy leaving by his brother’s side, wide-eyed and happy towards the SMP, a new land.

Wilbur’s words echoed through his head.

“I’m the only one who cares about you. That’s why I stay to look after you.”

Tommy froze. He’d heard that before.

“I’m the only one who cares about you Tommy! That’s why I come visit you, even when no one else does! I’m your only friend Tommy!”

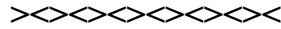
Dream.

DREAM.

His brother had never loved him. Those warm, brown eyes and comforting smile soon turned into the terrifying masked form he still had nightmares.

His brother had-

Wilbur had-



“Tommy?” Phil swallowed as he looked over to his son, who had seemed lost in thought as the father asked him one question.

Tommy’s body soon stilled, staring out at the ocean over the hill he and his father were sitting on. Slowly, ever so slowly, he turned to his father, horror being the only emotion on his face.

And it was then that Tommy uttered the one name Phil hoped he wouldn’t have to hear.

“...Wilbur.”

Oh how he had prayed, begged and pleaded with gods who wouldn’t answer, gods mysteriously silent, that his boy, his son, hadn’t had been the to have hurt his baby...

But that’s what had happened. His child, *his son* , his boy who he had raised and loved, had looked at him and lied to his face, telling him everything was fine but turning around to *his baby brother, oh gods his baby boy his youngest his fledgling* and had told him that he hated them, that he’d left because of him, because of his sunshine his baby his hatchling *his fledgling his youngest son oh gods he never even got to raise his son he never got to be there to support his baby-*

Tommy can only watch as Phil takes in a shuddering breath and tears begin to spill down his cheeks... had his father’s eyes always been so dull? So grey?

“... he told me it was fine...” A mumble, his father was saying something. His father, The Angel of Death, Philza Minecraft, The Survivor, The Hardcore Champion, was breaking down in front of him and he wasn’t even sure 100 percent why.

“... Phil... speak up I can’t hear you.” Gods the boy hoped his father wasn’t going to tell what he feared, that Wilbur was never the loving caring brother that raised him and instead just proof that he’s too trusting, too gullible, unable to learn. That his brother had always been like he was in Pogtopia.

“He told me that you two were okay, that it was fine and that... and that Techno needed me and that it was okay because you knew I loved you and were just going through some things at school or with friends and he told me everything was great and you were fine and that I could go with Techno he needed me more. He told me that you didn’t need me as much as Techno and I believed him!” Phil choked on the words as they left his mouth, his knees trembling under the weight of the realization that Wilbur had lied to him, Tommy wondered why his oldest brother's name was said with such remorse and guilt and anger.

“... He lied to us... Wilbur always told me you didn’t love me and that was why you left, that if I hadn’t been brought home you’d still be there,” The avian collapsed with a sob, Tommy barely able to catch him. “Wilbur... *lied* . He said he was the only one who loved me...”

As they knelt on the ground together, holding each other and mourning the life they just now realised they had been cheated out of having, of the loving relationship the father and son could have had, Tommy realizes his father is crying for him, that his father had always loved him and had always tried but had so much faith in his siblings, that they had so much faith in his siblings, that they became blind to the lies and deceit.

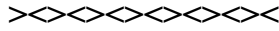
He pulls his father closer to him, and even though he is younger and he needs his dad so so *so* much right now he understands that *his dad needs him more than he could even imagine*. He holds the man who had tried so hard to raise him close to his chest and weeps with him, letting the centuries old man cling to him so tight that if it weren’t for that fact that he could feel how frail his once impossibly strong father had gotten since they last saw each other, he’d fear for his ribs being bruised.

But he doesn’t, he just sits, crying into his fathers shoulder as his own is cried into in turn. He sits there, on top of the hill facing the place he has found to be home, and mourns what could have been his home, what could have been *his family* , if only his brothers weren’t so determined to break their family apart.

Tommy wiped his eyes, swallowing as he finally let go of his father, the avian still gripping onto his son’s sleeves, seemingly still so afraid this wasn’t reality. He coughed, clearing his throat.

“Um...would-” Tommy took in a still shuddery breath- “would you like to stay? I’d- I’d like to show you around to meet everyone...and Zoey’s absolutely *awesome* at cooking!” Phil blinked, his wings folding slightly as he gave a shaky smile.

“Yeah...yeah, alright.” The avian watched as the raccoon hybrid raced in, immediately heading to the elven woman, bouncing on his heels. He ignored the slight stab in his chest at their closeness, shoving it deep down as he walked into the home, adjusting his hat properly back on his head.



“Come ooooo Phil!” Tommy groaned, bouncing slightly on his heels. Phil marvelled at how early the boy got up nowadays. He remembered the days Tommy would sleep in, and still groaned when he was finally up. The avian gave a brief smile, looking about. It was just Phil and Tommy now, Zoey having made a rather large (and to be honest, delicious) breakfast, before leaving with Aphmau and their younger sons to look around the town.

Tommy had explained that this ‘Aphmau’ was the lord, essentially the president of the town. He’d explained a lot about the place, his tail wagging excitedly as he did.

It ~~pained~~ *warmed* Phil to see Tommy so happy and knowledgeable about this strange new place.

“I’m coming.” Phil chuckled, walking down the stairs. As he stepped out, his crows flocked towards him, some landing on Tommy, nudging and pecking at him.

“Aliveinnit!! POG!!!”

“His hair’s longer! Nab it!”

“Dadza and soninnit pog pog pog”

“Pog”

Tommy laughed, swiping at the crows, and Phil noticed the tiny mouth bury itself into Tommy’s shoulder, seemingly frightened.

“What’s that?”

“Oh- this is *Clementine* . She’s my familiar!”

“Familiar?”

“Mhm!” Tommy grinned. “I’m a witch apprentice! Oh- you need to meet Lucinda!! She’s so awesome and cool! She’s teaching me magic! See!?” Tommy beamed as he held out a palm,

and Phil watched as a small flickering orb of fire flickered to life in his son's hand before dispersing with a clenched fist.

"W-Wow..." Phil's eyes glistened with pride, as the crows all cawed, some pecking at his hand.

"Yeah! She says I'm a fast learner, but before I can learn even *more* spells I need to wait til I get my staff, then I'm gonna be the poggest warlock there is! This is when we usually have lessons too! Come on!" The raccoon was bouncing, before waving his hand and racing through the forest.

Phil blinked, shaking his head as he followed after the teen.



"Ready? Focus, and let go." Lucinda smiled, her staff glowing as she held up a shield. Phil watched nearby as Tommy focused, his eyes burning bright as he outstretched his palm, summoning the orb of fire as it slammed straight into the shield, knocking Lucinda back slightly.

He laughed. "Fuck yeah! I did it!" Lucinda chuckled, her crimson eyes shining with affection as she nodded.

"Indeed you did. You're a fast learner Tommy. And with that, our lessons are done for now. Come back tomorrow, alright?"

"Don't we have afternoon lessons as well?"

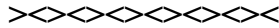
"Well yes- but I believe you should be doing other things than just being here constantly..." The witch smiled, shooting a glance over at the avian. Phil blinked, his dull blue-grey eyes shifting a little. He enjoyed seeing Tommy so happy, and fighting so hard to learn something.

Tommy nodded, the raccoon's tail wagging, *Clementine* resting on his shoulder. "Alright. Come on Phil!" The boy chuckled, racing out, leaping over the platforms as he seemed to have done multiple times. As Phil stood, he felt a hand rest on his arm.

"Your son is a bright boy. He's a quick and resourceful learner...you should be proud."

"...I am. I am." Phil nodded, using his wings to fly back over as Tommy dragged him back further towards the town.

He ignored how frozen the word 'son' made him feel.



“And then Yip managed to shift and was just chasing me through the forest, and then bam! I climbed up a tree and he slammed into it! It was great” Tommy laughed, swinging his hands around in dramatic movements as he recalled precious moments and memories it seemed to the avian.

The teen had taken him all around the town, talking and introducing people, smiling.

He hated that despite everything he was still introduced as 'Phil'.

The people were friendly. He'd been given a lot of their names. They'd walked by a bakery, a cat hybrid Tommy had explained was a 'meif'wa', who had smiled at them and given them each a cupcake, before asking Tommy if he'd want a baking lesson with her and Donna.

He'd been introduced to 'Yip', a young werewolf upon having tackled Tommy to the ground as a large wolf before shifting back. It reminded Phil of when Tommy and Tubbo were younger, and they roughoused outside. Phil had also gotten to meet the guards, confused at the panic and slight nervousness around the same brunette.

He'd asked Tommy about it, seemingly confused, his wings bristled anxiously.

“Oh, Laurence? He's a Shadow Knight.” Tommy had replied, grinning as he watched the guards practice, eyes glistening excitedly. “Shadow Knights actually know about the whole ‘Angel of Death’ myth, but since they're- well basically evil, it's all dark and edgy as fuck. But they've really messed about with it, it was really interesting to read. Though they aren't that strong, one of them was real scared of me when they tried to fuck up Zoey and Aph's wedding a couple weeks ago.”

He'd also mentioned an 'Emmalyn' who would love to know more about the truth, but the raccoon-hybrid had said to leave that for another time, as the librarian was prone to freaking out quite a bit (Phil hid his disappointment well. He would have loved to meet a scholar, it had been so long since the last he had met).

It had seemed that-...so many people knew and loved Tommy here. The way he was close to them, looking up with sparkling eyes and grinning so wide Phil wasn't certain he'd ever seen him smile that wide. They'd talked to Phil too, saying that he had such a 'bright and adorable son' and that 'he was a lucky father'. Every compliment sent him further and further down.

The place was so bright, and the boy mirrored the same brightness as his blue eyes gazed about with excitement and adoration at every little thing. This is where he had been for a year. A few of his crows nudged him in support, still dragging a sigh from the avian's lips.

"Ah, Tommy!" A familiar voice rang out, and both Phil and Tommy looked over. Aphmau was smiling softly, holding Malachi and Levin by their hands. Two of the guards- Garroth and Aaron, Phil remembered now- were walking a bit beside her and her children. "Phil." She bowed her head slightly, caramel eyes shining with warmth. "Having fun?"

"Yeah!" Tommy grinned. Phil gave a brief smile, nodding slightly.

"Good..." Aphmau smiled, being brought forward a little as the toddler and his older brother crashed into the raccoon hybrid.

"Big brother play!?" Levin giggled, looking up excitedly at Tommy. Phil felt his wings bristle a little, but he still smiled.

"Not right now, sorry big man. But hey, later today we can all play some more aight?"

"Can we play tag again Tommy?" Malachi looked up, his green eyes looking up at the boy with adoration.

Phil remembered when Tommy would look at a certain piglin-hybrid like that.

"Course we can bud." Tommy grinned. Levin soon recovered however, as one of the crows landed near them. In a flash of a movement, Levin latched onto it, pulling a feather out as he giggled. Before Phil (or anyone else really) could move forward, the crow started to caw dramatically before flopping limp in the toddler's arms.

"Oh you dramatic shit." Phil whispered quietly, rolling his eyes as he shook his head. The little toddler's eyes started to fill with tears as he started to whimper, tears rolling down his face. Tommy was immediately on his knees wiping the boy's face.

"Hey- no it's alright! They're being dramatic." Tommy ruffled, poking at the crow's beak. "Stop it," he huffed, 'you're making my little brother cry dumb gremlin.' Almost immediately the crow was back up, making strange sad cooing noises as it nudged against Levin's still damp cheek.

Phil watched as they all laughed, but couldn't help but feel a pain bloom in his chest as he stared at the smile on his son's face as the teen ruffled the blonde locks of his supposed little brother. A smile so, so bright. So bright Phil couldn't remember having ever seen it before.

And it hurts. It hurts because he's never been and never will be the one to make Tommy smile like that, because he failed him. Because he failed his son and *these people haven't*. They haven't caused the boy some of the worst pain imaginable. They hadn't trusted him with people who hurt him; they did raise the people who hurt him.

They fought tooth and nail to build him back up from his lowest and have earned time and time again what he could never deserve. The right to call Tommy their family, to call him their *son*. Because that's what he is. *Their* son, not his. Not anymore. He has no right to try and claim that the brightest and most caring and loving and deserving boy to have ever graced the Realms as his when all he has done is cause him pain. And yes it hurts and yes he is in some of the worst pain he's been in over the past year of thinking that the boy was dead but what is the pain of the father to the child he failed? Who is he to put this burden he must carry onto anyone else?

He watches as Aaron, the man his crows had attacked when he first arrived, ruffles Tommy's hair and gods he wished he wasn't jealous. The boy would never let him. Last time he had tried he was pushed away and the look he got had confused him at the time because he hadn't known what he'd done wrong, but now he knows, and the anger in it still hurts, but here, here he somehow brightens even further and smiles at the man, playfully scolding him for ruining his hair and the man laughs and this isn't his place, this isn't his moment to intrude on with his pathetic feelings and pain. Tommy deserves to be happy, and if that happiness is without him then that's okay, because a failure of a parent doesn't matter in the child's story.

The immortal slips away from the group as silently as possible, because how could anyone bring themselves to ruin that moment with something as sad as jealousy and self-hatred because of their *own mistakes*? Gods, he couldn't let Tommy see him cry, not after having seen him cry so many times already. Tommy deserved better than him and he's found better so there isn't any reason for him to worry himself over an old, *oh gods he has lived for so long*, man's depression.

Phil walks to a bench in the town square, close enough that he hadn't just left, *not again not without Tommy's permission he can't just abandon him like that*, but far enough from them that he wouldn't be in the way of their family moment. He wasn't family, he couldn't be a part of that moment. He pushed the tears down, he could pretend he just had to sit down because of his knees, rather than the weight of his emotions.

Aphmau glanced over, having noticed the absence of a presence from the group. She watches as stray tears fall down the face of the man she had come to know as the father of the bright young boy who had joined her family. He shouldn't deal with whatever is happening in his

head alone. When she takes a seat next to him he seems surprised, as if he'd thought they'd forgotten about him. Strange. Phil intrigued her, she had never met someone as old as him, she couldn't imagine the things he'd seen and done, how strong he must be to have lived through so much.

"I'm glad you weren't what I imagined Phil. When Tommy told us of his past the idea I had formed in my head of you- wasn't a pleasant one I'll admit. I suppose it didn't help that when Garroth and I found him...he was- I won't lie, half-dead essentially. Irene knows I'm thankful for my healing. But regardless, knowing you now, I'm glad you're not the person I imagined." The lord of the township sighed, turning away from where they had been watching their boy to face the man next to her with a smile. He didn't smile back. He simply deflated, wings drooping low and eyes dull. They'd grown brighter over the past day since she met him, but now they were back to the dull grey she swore felt so familiar but couldn't place why.

"But I was."

Oh, she thought, watching as the tears he had been trying so hard to keep in, spilled out over his cheeks. His face darkened with them as he admitted to her his greatest regret.

"I wasn't there for him. I trusted and raised the people who hurt him. I didn't notice that they had hurt him until it was too late and he was gone. I never gave him the love and care he deserves. I let his brothers willingly hurt him and push him down far, so far. I'm just as bad as whoever you had pictured in your head."

Oh, she thinks again, recognising where she'd seen his eyes before. They were the same eyes Tommy had on his worst days during his first few months here. Eyes empty of colour due to unimaginable pain and sadness.

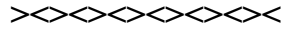
They were the same eyes Garroth sported when Aphmau found him hidden in the mine years ago, when Zenix had betrayed them and caused death and destruction in the town.

They were the same eyes Aaron had as he lamented over the loss of his own village, of his wife, his son. The same eyes he sported when he believed he had lost one of them at whatever point.

They were the same eyes Laurence sported as he struggled with being a Shadow Knight, losing his companion Ungrth.

And they were the same eyes Zoey had when they believed Malachi was hurt beyond helping. The same eyes Aphmau herself had sported many times before. And she knew more than most how support was vital when she could see those eyes.

She swallowed. “But you’re here now.”



Phil stalled.

“What?”

“You’re here now.” The lord repeated, nothing but concern and warmth in her eyes.

“But...I-”

“No. Tommy has spent the *entire* day showing you around, introducing you to people. Not because he *wants* to rub in the fact that you ‘failed’, or that we’ve been better. But because he wants you to see that he’s happy. He wants you to know you don’t have to worry about him.”

Phil remained silent as he looked down. He turned back as the lord placed a hand on his shoulder.

“You’re his father. Did you fail before? Yes.” Phil blinked slowly before she continued. “But you have a chance now. A chance to have a relationship with him again.” The avian tensed as Aphmau hugged him tightly. “I don’t know what gods you believe in...but, I believe in fate, and I know you have a second chance. Things may not be what they *could* have been before, before everything went wrong.’

‘But they can be *different* . Things can be better than what they became. You have a chance to make memories with him. You have a second chance.”

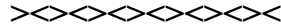
A second chance.

Phil paused. He thought about Tommy’s smiles as he introduced Phil.

Family to family.

Tommy was trying to give Phil a second chance.

Phil's breathing hitched as tears rolled freely down his face. Breaking down, he hugged the lord back, whispering quiet 'thank you's as she smiled sadly, rubbing his back gently. Phil smiled as he sobbed, relieved at the prospect of a second chance. A chance to finally have his son call him 'dad' again.



Tommy was frozen as he looked to the side, having heard his second mother speaking to his father about second chances. He watched as Phil sobbed, breaking down against her shoulder at the thought, and that's when it hit him.

Phil- his *father* - did love him. He had always loved him. Just as Phil had said, Wilbur truly had manipulated him as much as the musician had Tommy himself. Tommy grinned, his own tears starting to flow from his eyes down his face. His ears twitched as he felt a tug at his pants, looking down at the blue eyes of his little brother, eyes glistening with a child-like worry.

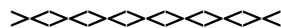
"Big brother sad?"

"No, Levin," Tommy smiled, bending down to the toddler, "these are happy tears. I just-...I just realised something that made me very happy."

"So happy you couldn't hold it in?"

"Y-Yeah big man..." Tommy hugged his brother tightly, picking him up.

"So happy I couldn't hold it in."



Phil sighed as he started walking back to the portal, still glowing a soft blue, the quartz arch shining. Tommy was beside him, along with Aphmau and Zoey.

"Thank you." Phil smiled, bowing his head slightly. "For everything."

“It was nice to meet you Phil.” Aphmau beamed. “You and your wife are lucky to have a son like Tommy. It’s a pleasure to help raise him now.”

“You’ve met Kristen?” Phil’s eyes widened at the mention of his wife, crows cawing excitedly.

“Yes. We met her a few weeks ago.” Phil chuckled. Maybe he would get to see his wife again.

“Well...it’s good to know she’s okay.”

Tommy nodded, and without warning the avian tensed as the hybrid raced forward, hugging Phil tightly.

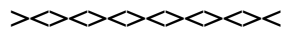
“D-Don’t forget to visit, okay?” Tommy whispered, before stepping back. “And- I-I’d like it if...no one knew where I was for now. Maybe Tubbo and Fundy at some point but...I just...I don’t want *him* to find me, okay?” Phil smiled, nodding.

“I will. I promise.” The father sighed as he turned back to the portal, before stilling once again.

“I see you next time dad!” Phil paused, before turning back to the hybrid, smiling at his son.

“See you Toms...”

And with that, the Angel of Death was followed by his flock back through the portal.



Phil sighed as he flew through the SMP, landing back at Snowchester. He looked around, before turning, hearing multiple footsteps racing towards him.

“Phil!”

“Grandpa!”

Phil turned, chuckling as he saw Tubbo and Fundy race forward with Niki, Puffy and Ranboo, the ram and fox hybrids latching onto him.

“We were so scared Phil!! We- We couldn’t find you! You were gone for *two days* !” In a way, Phil was relieved. Time was the same. Thank the silent gods.

“Sorry you two, I went for a walk and then made a camp a bit away from the main SMP. I was meditating. A sort of- spiritual thing. I wanted to see if I could contact my wife. I’m sorry to worry you.” Tubbo sighed, hugging Phil again.

“It- It’s fine but just...please. Don’t scare us again Phil? Was it worth it though?”

“Well...I couldn’t contact her, but I feel like things are better. Things are gonna be fine.” Phil wrapped his arms around his son’s friend and his grandson, saying goodbye to the other three who had been helping, and started walking back with them.

“Everything’s gonna be just fine.”

Chapter End Notes

Edit 30/9; please guys. Please look and comment on the lore. Brownie and I worked real hard on it, and it is vital for your understanding of chapter 24 and what we have planned. Please. Please. We're begging you. Please for the love of god, look at the lore. Acknowledge the lore. <33

I promised you all angst, and we delivered. 8500 words people. We did have more planned but it will be in an inbetween chapter since- this was already so fucking LONG. And as you can tell there is some lore in this, feel free to drop your theories. It'll move on into the sequel. So please, read carefully a bit.

You Guys; wait, so it was all Vilbur?
Me and Brownie, holding nerf guns; always was.

And now, a message from my idiot wife who I'm pretty sure is possessed whenever she writes Phil monologues of which are the only reason I married her; hello i have returned

to write more wild monologues. These are also the only chapters i read in advance too but like, for sure for sure yall fucked up other this one

Hope you guys enjoy, and I appreciate you all making it through this chapter. Take care guys! I hope we didn't make you too traumatised. You get some fluff and lore before the next one.

I'm Running with the Wolves Tonight

Chapter Summary

What happens when racooninnit instincts meet werewolves? An instinctual understanding, that's what.

[Chapter Title is from 'Running with the wolves' by Aurora]

Chapter Notes

We're back!! Also! I trust everyone has seen the update, that update does say you need the chapter 22 lore for chap 24, take this chapter as the official chapter 23, so lore is needed for NEXT chapter. If the update gets deleted then this will become chapter 23 so uh- ignore all this.

Also!!!!!! A very important announcement will be in the End Notes so do not miss it!! Enjoy the Chapter guys!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy groaned as he rubbed his face tiredly, ears flopped down. It wasn't exactly early, but it was certainly later than when the teen usually got up nowadays. His ears twitched as he heard a soft knock on the door.

"Tommy? You okay hun?" Zoey's voice was muffled through the closed door. "Feeling alright?"

"Y-Yeah mom..." He mumbled, yawning as he quickly threw on his clothes, opening the door. "Just slept in I guess." His tail wagged at Zoey's warm smile, her ears rising slightly.

"I'm glad." Tommy wouldn't lie, since his father's visit and the realisation he had been manipulated long before ever meeting the dreaded admin of the SMP, he'd been having nightmares. Nightmares of memories of Wilbur and everything he'd told Tommy, everything that pitted the young boy against their father, a father who didn't understand what he was doing wrong, and tried desperately to fix the breaking bridge between them.

Tommy was glad that the bridge his older brother had burned was able to be repaired between him and Phil.

Zoey smiled, and moved a hand through his hair, ruffling it gently. As her fingers absentmindedly scritch behind his ears like they had done so many times before, Tommy melted slightly, letting out a quiet purr and calm chitter at her touch.

His eyes went open. *Oh fuck* . Why today? Why one of these days?

“Are- are you okay Tommy?” Zoey tilted her head slightly, eyes glistening with concern. Tommy blinked, nodding as he quickly hurried to fix and fiddle with his hair.

“Y-Yep! Perfectly fine!”

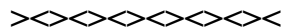
“...Right.” The elf smiled warmly, chuckling. “Well in that case, you’ll want to come down. You’ll miss breakfast otherwise. Aph’s already gone, she had to help Corey with some renovations around town.”

“Mhm mhm. Never better. Just- still a little shaken I guess.” Tommy smiled, relaxing as the concern drifted away from his mom’s face, nudging him softly.

“That’s alright. I’m just glad you’re okay. Now come on, I don’t want it getting cold...!” Tommy grinned, his tail wagging as he followed Zoey down the stairs.

And hopefully, his instincts would calm down. Maybe it was just a morning thing.

Hopefully.



Logan was used to- *strangeness* in Phoenix Drop. One of the only things he was thankful for was the fact that he met Donna, his wife that he loved more than anything, accepting him even after his infliction. He was also thankful (at certain times) for the horrors that had been the second half of his and Donna’s honeymoon, solely because of the fact that it had allowed them to have a son.

He did love Yip, regardless of his ‘tough love’ persona. He’d remembered the first time those instincts kicked in when Donna’s mother had almost hurt him, willingly shifting to protect the young pup.

However, what Logan was apparently *not* used to was the mannerisms of a certain raccoon hybrid. He’d thought he had Tommy, the young teen just a year younger than his son, pegged to a tee. Rambunctious, loud, excitable, trickster, loyal and protective.

Yet here he was, questioning his abilities to read a person from only a couple interactions as he looked aside, noticing the familiar raccoon staring at a shiny brooch Logan had bartered from another merchant on a quick travel to sell, the intricate gold decorations symbolising tree branches curling around a shining ruby nestled as the centre of a flower, the merchant having gone to the elven wife of the town's lord for confirmation that it was an old piece of jewelry created with intent of replicating the sigil of Yggdrasil Forest.

His purple eyes traversed over the young boy, blue eyes slightly dilated as his clawed fingers twitched a little, head tilted to the side as he remained, unblinking, staring at the brooch, glittering softly as the sun passed with its rays over the markets in the town square.

"You alright there boy?" Logan spoke, leaning over the side of his stall a little, raising an eyebrow. Tommy remained silent. The merchant rolled his eyes, clapping his hands, a soft smile gracing his features as the boy seemed to snap back to reality, eyes going the smallest bit back to their normal look as he looked up.

"Huh- wha? Oh, hi Logan."

Logan sighed. "*Hello* . Now what are you doing? You feeling alright?"

"Oh- pssh, yeah of course! Why?"

"Because you blanked out while staring..." Logan felt a small bit of unease tighten in his chest. "Do you feel ok?"

"Yeah! Yeah! Just uh-" Tommy shrugged, chuckling a little as he stifled a grin, hurrying off. Logan raised an eyebrow. Then it hit him.

Yip being a pureblood meant he had certain instincts being a werewolf. He was entirely unaware of what instincts were there for other hybrids aside from the werewolves and mief'wa, but he wasn't used to Tommy acting that weird.

Logan dug around, sighing softly as he smiled, putting away some of his own gold as he noticed the hybrid staring at the brooch again. The werewolf turned around, looking to the side of his stall, gaze flickering as he watched Tommy move forward, stretching out as he took the brooch carefully, tail flicking happily as he slipped off, Logan chuckling as he heard soft purrs and chitters from the hybrid.

"You're welcome kid..."



Tommy sighed as he walked through the town, scratching the back of his neck as he chittered quietly. His instincts had been going off for almost a week now. He'd been told by both of *them* multiple times to keep them in check, but now he was in a safe environment?

They were starting to surface again. None of them meant he would *hurt* someone, but it was very obvious he'd stolen a couple things and started making a nest in his room (well- stolen more than usual).

His ears twitched as he heard rustling. Sniffing the air, he caught the familiar scent of the oak forest combined with coal. Yip, most likely having been to their little hideout, of which they'd slowly been collecting a nice pile of treasures, and with Tommy's own knowledge, they managed to make some traps in order to keep it all nice and safe.

The teen gave little chitters as he felt his instincts take over again, grinning as he leapt up into the trees, racing through them as he caught sight of the werewolf. He lowered down slightly on the branch, tail flicking as he leapt down, screeching excitedly as he tackled onto the werewolf.

Excitement raced through him as Yip let out a surprised bark, growling playfully as he moved around, laughing as he tackled Tommy. The hybrid chittered as he growled happily, leaping up to the trees, Yip's eyes sharp as he laughed, shifting to his more werewolf form, claws scratching at the tree, barking and howling slightly as he tried to swipe playfully. The other teen chittered, tail wagging as he leapt over, starting to run through the forest as Yip howled, chasing after him.

The raccoon-hybrid growled happily, both of them yelping as Tommy leapt at the werewolf, who barked in surprise as he tripped, rolling down a slight hill, crashing into the water. Yip shifted back as he shook his head, water dripping down his face as they looked at each other.

Tommy snorted, before tossing his head back, cackling with laughter. Yip snickered, following after as the two of them managed to get out of the lake.

"You cheated!" Yip laughed, pushing the raccoon-hybrid to the side. "You *know* I can't climb trees!"

"Well maybe you should get better!" Tommy grinned, wheezing as he flopped down on the ground, laughing. "Oh fuck...thanks big man."

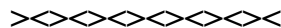
“Hey- it’s fine. I’m a pureblood werewolf. I don’t know how ‘instincts’ work for you but, I get them from time to time. It’s a bit difficult not being able to rough-house as much sometimes.”

“You- have instincts too...?”

“Yeah. Turned werewolves don’t *really* have them as much, but purebloods like myself have moments. It’s especially hard not having people to wrestle with.”

“Well I’ll gladly beat your ass anyday.” Tommy grinned, tail wagging. Yip’s eyes widened as he snarled playfully.

“You little- get back here!” Tommy laughed as he took off, his friend not far behind him, tails wagging.



“You’re sure none of you could find them?” Aaron’s ears were flat as he walked up the hill, Aphmau, Zoey, Molly and Emma quick on his heels. Aphmau sighed, her caramel eyes a fearful concern as she looked aside to the guard.

“Certain. Tommy was looking after them, and I doubt he’d do anything to put them in danger...!”

“I know.” Aaron smiled warmly, placing a hand comfortingly on her shoulder. As they all stopped at the playground outside of the lord’s house, Aaron sniffed, his ears twitching. His coal black eyes sharpened slightly as he caught the familiar scent of the raccoon-hybrid mingled with the children.

The werewolf tilted his head as he walked inside, starting to head up the stairs as he followed the hybrid’s scent. “Tommy?” He murmured quietly, heading up to where the boy’s room was. “You alright up here?”

He waited. There was no response but some quiet chittering. His ears were flat with anxiety as he knocked on the door quietly, hearing a hissing behind the door. The werewolf opened the door quietly with a sigh. “Tommy? Come on, you’ve worried-” He trailed off, seeing a nest of held up blankets and pillows all nestled in the corner, Tommy’s eyes shining, dilated from the nest.

“Tommy...?” Aaron whispered, starting to step forward. Tommy let out a warning growl, pulling something tighter to his chest. The guard’s eyes softened as he let out a soft chuckle, as all four of the missing children were asleep, curled up close in Tommy’s lap.

“Oh Irene...” He chuckled. Kyle and Alexis were flopped against each other, curled up close to one of Tommy’s legs. Malachi and Levin were nestled close together in their brother’s lap, a small wet drool patch slowly gathering on Levin’s pant leg. Tommy’s eyes were dilated as he purred, keeping the children close in his nest.

All at once, Aaron understood, chuckling gently. *Instincts*. Aaron relaxed himself, letting his ears go back, closing his mouth and slightly closing his eyes. Tommy’s ears were flat before they relaxed, the growling starting to calm down as he stared at Aaron, blinking a little.

“Hey Toms...you know the kids need to get home...” He kept his voice low and soft, moving his tail between his legs. Tommy looked down, letting out a quiet hiss that almost sounded like a whine, nestling them deeper into his nest. Aaron chuckled, sighing softly.

“Come on Tommy...you can look after them another day.” His ears twitched as he heard the door, Aphmau peeking in, her eyes softening as she sighed in relief.

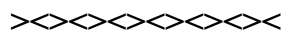
“Oh Tommy...” She chuckled. Aaron put a hand out calmly, smiling gently.

“It’s alright Toms.” The raccoon-hybrid chittered, letting out a purr as he let Aaron move forward, carefully picking up Kyle and Alexis. The werewolf smiled. “You can keep resting with Levin and Malachi...but Alexis and Kyle gotta get back home Tommy.” The teen purred softly as he curled tightly close to his brothers, nodding slightly as he relaxed.

Aaron chuckled, getting up as he looked to Aphmau, her head tilted to the side quizzically. “Instincts. Similar to the ones pureblood werewolves like myself have. They must have kicked in and since raccoons love to nest-”

“-He nested them with him.” Aphmau finished, as Aaron nodded in confirmation. The lord smiled gently as she walked out, before coming back with Levin’s favourite blanket, moving forward as she handed it to Tommy, the teen purring and chittering as he nudged it over his brothers, soon closing his own eyes.

The guard snorted in amusement, smiling warmly as he walked out with the lord, chuckling as he recounted the explanation to the other mothers’, who smiled and bowed their heads gently before heading off with their children.



Tommy rubbed his eyes as he slipped out, the moon glowing softly above. He moved through the forest, ears twitching as he saw Aaron sitting down nearby, his eyes closed as he looked up at the moon, wind brushing carefully through his hair.

The werewolf's ears twitched as he turned his head, smiling warmly. "You feel alright Toms?"

"Y-yeah. Just couldn't sleep and I could see you. And- sorry bout earlier..." Tommy mumbled, kicking at the ground. "I didn't mean to worry them..."

"Hey-" Aaron stood, putting a hand on the teen's shoulder- "It's alright. You have instincts, and at that moment they demanded to have the children in a nest." Tommy relaxed, smiling slightly as he nodded.

"Yeah they've- been sprouting back up over the couple weeks...I was always told by Wilbur and- *Dream* to keep them quiet so...they've started coming back."

"I understand. Pureblood werewolves have them too."

Tommy nodded. "Yeah, Yip said- wait- you're a pureblood too!?" Aaron smiled, nodding as his eyes changed to a sharp red, with a black ombre.

"Mhm." Tommy's eyes glistened as he bounced excitedly. "I am. I don't know much, werewolves listen to me willingly, even turned ones are drawn. I never knew my parents, the lord of Falcon Claw is the one who brought me in. My werewolf form is larger than most and- well regardless, I have instincts myself. More often than most, like Yip."

"Poggers..." Tommy whispered, before shaking his head. "What were you doing out here?"

Aaron chuckled. "A run. Running a night under the full moon is fun...relaxes you. Least it does me." Tommy shuffled on his feet, nodding as Aaron stood, smiling. "Do you want to join?"

"Huh-? Fuck yeah!" Tommy beamed, nodding excitedly. Aaron chuckled, and the teen watched in awe as the guard slowly shifted to a large black-furred werewolf, larger than the natural form he'd seen from Yip, with red tips of his ears and tail. Aaron nudged the boy, before letting out a howl as he started bounding through the forest.

"Wha- hey! Wait up!" Tommy laughed, eyes sharpening as he leapt through the trees, doing his best to keep up with the large werewolf. Aaron's eyes seemed to shine as he raced about with the hybrid. The teen chittered, tail flicking as he leapt around the trees, soon managing to land on Aaron's back, causing the werewolf to growl slightly in surprise, but he turned his head to make sure Tommy was holding on before picking up speed.

Tommy tossed his head back, gripping onto the werewolf's fur carefully, letting his laugh echo through the forest, loud and beyond blissful.

It was moments like this that made Tommy realise truly how lucky he was to have the life he loved.

Chapter End Notes

Now for the announcement, you guys ready;

1....

2....

3....

FANFARE WE HAVE A DISCORD FOR 'Protect me from the world I used to know'!!!! (The AHITP series as a whole). Brownie and I posted a survey of whether we make a Twitter or a Discord and Discord won with 50+ votes!!! So feel free to join, we're so glad to finally interact with all of you! Please take heed that we both run on Australian times so yeah- time may be silly but its a construct anyway-

Here is the LINK!

<https://discord.gg/XRVHw9UT>

If the link doesn't work, let us know in a comment and I will reply to it with a fresh link ready to go!

Can't wait to see you all there! Once you arrive please read the messages that have the rules and brownie's message so we can get you all started. See you next chapter and in the discord!!! <33

All These Legends I Carry with Me (All These Lifetimes That Only I See)

Chapter Summary

A reunion of husband, wife and son.

And the reveal of the strange natures of a boy's salvation.

[Chapter Title from 'Turn Back Time' by Derivakat]

Chapter Notes

PLEASE NOTE: This chapter contains reveals of the lore displayed in Chap 22

Woo! It's here! Brownie and I have been sitting on this chapter and lore for ages and we finally get to start showing it even more from now. As you may also notice, this story now has a set out chapter count. That's because Brownie and I have a chapter plan for the rest of the book, which further motivates me to finish so I can get started on the sequel.

This'll be fun, some peeps in our discord will get to see if they guessed things right ;)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy bounced on his heels as he raced through the forest, Aphmau's laugh echoing behind him. "Be careful Tommy!" She shook her head as she followed after the teen.

"Sorry!" The raccoon-hybrid beamed as he ran ahead, panting as he stopped by the portal, tail wagging excitedly. Aphmau smiled, soon catching up to her son. "I'm just excited!" The hybrid waited patiently, ears rising as he watched the shimmering blue portal move about carefully and gently.

It had been a couple of weeks since he'd seen his father again, and he was hoping today would be the day that he's able to visit. Aphmau put a hand on his shoulder, eyes soft as Tommy watched the portal.

Slowly but surely, he beamed as the portal began to shimmer brighter, and it didn't take long for the familiar blonde avian to step through, wings ruffling as he shook off the feeling of stepping through.

“DAD!” Tommy grinned, racing forward, barrelling straight into his father (who, if not for his wings moving out to stabilise him would have most likely been tossed back through with the teen as well), who blinked in surprise before smiling, wrapping his arms tightly around the boy, his flock cawing and flying about excitedly.

“Raccooninnit!!!”

“POG POG!”

“It’s the BOY!”

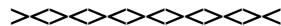
Phil chuckled, holding his son by the shoulders. Tommy looked up excitedly, bouncing on his feet. Aphmau chuckled as she stepped forward, bowing her head gently.

“It’s nice to see you again Phil.”

“And you.” Phil bowed his head in response. Tommy bounced on his heels, smiling brightly.

“Come oooooon Phiiiiil!! I wanna show you around some more!! I want you to see my poggers fighting techniques!” Phil laughed, shaking his head.

“Alright, alright. Lead the way then.”



Phil beamed as he watched his son, eyes shining with pride. Tommy grinned, using the training sword as he leapt at Yip, tail lashing as he maneuvered around, listening to the quick shouts coming from Garroth and Laurance respectively. Aaron stood nearby the avian, his tail flicking very slightly as he watched them. And while his face was impassive and neutral, Phil could easily see the slight glimmer of pride in his coal-black eyes.

“He’s a quick learner, your son.” Aaron’s voice held a bit of authority, the same Phil heard from Aphmau upon their first meeting, however a little bit softer. “He’s not old enough to be an official *apprentice* yet, but he will be next year.”

“What do you mean?” Phil was-... *curious* to say the least, about how things worked here. Tommy mentioned he would be an apprentice in a year, but he was still confused about a fair amount of things to do with this strange new world of which Tommy now called home.

“Ah, typically for guards, they train at the Guard Academy in O’Khasis once reaching 15 and come back to be a proper guard under slight supervision of an elder guard. But some, in other villages, from 16 to 17 they can train together. Then once they hit 18, they become a proper guard apprentice under a guard in that village. If they *want* to be one.”

Phil nodded, smiling warmly. “And- who would be training him?”

“I would. Or well- I will be. Tommy’s shown interest in being a guard of Phoenix Drop for months now, even before his entire year here. About a month ago I offered him to be my apprentice.” Phil blinked, his wings folded in. He looked back to his son, who had successfully knocked Yip to the ground, beaming as the other trainees clapped and the guards cheered.

His eyes softened with pride. “I have no doubt you’ll teach him well.” Phil *may* have been jealous of Aaron at first- yes- perhaps that was still there, but he had to admire the way the werewolf adjusted to things. And the avian would have to be blind to not notice the occasionally stormy glaze that washed over the guard’s eyes as he ruffled the teen’s hair occasionally.

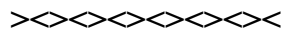
And well- Phil understood the pain of mourning the loss of a child (in a way, he still was- regardless of the fact that the death brought forward the birth of a brighter Tommy).

“Did you see dad!?” Tommy laughed as he raced up to the fence, leaping over it with ease. Phil chuckled, warmth blooming in his chest as he ruffled his son’s hair.

“I did...! You’ve grown up so much!” Phil beamed, hugging his son tightly. Tommy’s ears went flat as his face burned with embarrassment.

“PHIIIIIL!” Tommy groaned. “You’re embarrassing me! Get off!” The hybrid snorted as he pushed his father gently, causing Phil to snort, smiling gently as he let go.

“Alright, alright.” He chuckled, shaking his head. “Now come on, you were telling me about showing me the forest?”



“And this was where I got to meet *Clementine* !” Tommy beamed, pulling Phil further through the forest, the little moth darting about happily, doing her best to avoid the flock that had since nestled on the trees and Phil’s shoulders and bucket hat, before snuggling back into Tommy’s neck, in-between the boy’s now longer and fluffy hair and the soft sky blue bandanna, which, with what he could see from the other guards and their shields, was the symbol of this town.

Phil smiled, his wings nestled in carefully as he continued looking around with his son, before they started to head back. He looked down at the moth, whose clear eyes glanced up at the avian. He could sense something strange about his son's little companion and familiar. Its eyes were lifeless and yet held a spark, a glimmer of centuries of locked-away knowledge.

It was the same glimmer Phil had, and the same glimmer in the mysterious stranger he had met many, many eons ago (his fingers traced the claws in the coin in his pocket).

"I'm proud of you Tommy." Phil smiled, as his son looked up at him, eyes shining in response. "You've grown up, and you're so-... *knowledgeable* about this place. It makes me proud."

"Well- Emmalyn talks a lot about the Divine Warriors and stuff. Some actually look like- like Travis and Garroth and Aaron- it's so weird! Oh- she'd really like to meet you! Especially since you've got that whole- Angel of Death thing." Phil blinked. He remembered that name. Tommy had mentioned her on his first time here; the scholar of Phoenix Drop.

He'd been disappointed to not meet her before. It had been *centuries* since the last time he had met a scholar. He'd take any and all questions thrown his way.

As they walked back through the town, Phil looked up at the banner for the library hanging above. Tommy opened the doors, grinning brightly as he looked around.

The library was well-lit, with shelves of small knick-knacks and tiny statues and plants, and rows upon rows of bookshelves, leading up into a second floor. There was a fireplace with a seating area, and a desk with some open books with a tiny statue on the door.

Sitting at it was a short woman with long pale blonde hair tied into a bun, thick black-rimmed glasses along her face and indigo eyes. She held a quill, writing carefully in a journal alongside the books she was reading. Her head snapped up immediately, beaming as she saw Tommy enter the library.

"Oh! Tommy! Hello!" She grinned, standing up quickly as she hurried over. "Were you looking for more books? I recently got a small shipment from Nicole in Scaleswind on certain tales of the Divine Warriors!" Phil let out a huff of a chuckle, the librarian glancing up at the tall man, her eyes shining *ever so brightly* up at the avian. "O-Oh Irene..." She whispered.

"It's nice to meet you," Phil smiled, bowing his head slightly as he adjusted his hat to show his face more. The raccoon-hybrid beamed, swinging on his heels slightly.

"Uh- Dad this is Emmalyn. Emmalyn this is-"

“Y-You-” Emmalyn cut Tommy off, her voice shaking- “You’re the Angel of Death!! In the flesh! Oh my IRENE! The *Angel of DEATH* ! In my library! Wait-” The librarian turned, gripping Tommy tightly by the shoulders. “You called him dad-! THE ANGEL OF DEATH IS YOUR *FATHER*!?”

“Eh- y-yeah? I just- it never seemed to come up! Plus- there was a *long* period of time where I kinda hated him so- you know.” Emmalyn panted heavily, letting him go as she began pacing.

“The Angel of Death- is in *my* library! Centuries of lost and possibly never ever written down knowledge- this is amazing-” Phil chuckled, listening to the scholar, leaning over to his son.

“You weren’t kidding...she is certainly-”

“A little kooky?”

“...I was going to say *ecstatic* , you little gremlin.” Phil grinned, ruffling his son’s hair, his ears twitching in response to his father’s touch. Phil looked up, walking forward as he placed a calm hand on the scholar’s shoulder.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Emmalyn was it?”

“Uh-” Emmalyn blinked, bowing low (so low, Phil was afraid she would fall over). “Y-Yes! It’s a pleasure to meet you Sir. Is that how you’re addressed? Sir?”

Phil laughed, a warm, gentle laugh. “Please, call me Phil. Or, if you feel the need to be *somewhat* formal, you can call me Philza. Tommy told me you’re a scholar?”

“O-Oh yes sir- uh- Philza! Mr Philza!” Phil chuckled. He supposed that was as good a thing as he was gonna get. “I’m a scholar of the ancients and myths of the region! And- and the realm entirely I suppose. I’ve dedicated my entire life to the studies of the Divine Warriors and other such gods and heroes of legend. The Lunar Goddess, the Blood God, The Goddess of Death-”

Emmalyn was cut off by a swarm of crow feathers, a tall, black-dressed woman with a heavy black hat and a glittering heart pendant appeared in the library. Phil felt tears glisten in his eyes as he looked up at Kristen, his wife, whose eyes were stormy as she turned to Phil, before softening (the avian had no doubt she could see the bags that still hung heavy, even if Phil had been sleeping easier knowing his son was still breathing, and the way he was still gaunt, and weaker than he had been when they had first parted, and the still semi-grey in his usually oh so blue eyes still regaining their old colours).

“Oh Phil...PHIL!” She laughed, bringing her husband into her grip tightly, sobbing into him. “I’m so sorry! I-I haven’t been able to see you- I can’t reach where you were and- and now Foolish is gone so I have to deal with everything in my domain alone-” Phil cut his wife off with a kiss, cupping her face in his hands.

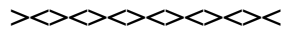
“I missed you...” He breathed softly. Tommy smiled, his tail wagging uncontrollably as he leapt up at Kristen, hugging her tightly. When he let go, he tensed. Emmalyn was staring at the display, her hands shaking and eyes wide, glistening. But most of all, she was frozen.

“Uh- Emmalyn...?” Tommy whispered, putting a hand on her shoulder. Immediately, the librarian grabbed him, shaking the hybrid.

“TOMMY YOUR MOTHER IS THE GODDESS OF *DEATH*!?”

“Well if you think this is a shock wait until you hear about my brother.”

“YOUR WHAT!?”



“Well that’s all certainly- *interesting*...” Phil trailed off, the teacup in his hand as he sat on the couch beside his wife, Tommy on his back on the carpet reading. The avian’s wings were settled in carefully, Emmalyn telling him about the way his legends as the Angel of Death were spun.

It interested him that a group would see him as such a harbinger of darkness (at least he understood now, why Laurance had seemed so panicked, doing his best to remain calm in the man’s presence).

“O-Oh yes! I-I’ve spent my whole life studying your- or well all legends and stories on divinity! My friend Kenmur also helps occasionally, when he isn’t busy with experiments or his inventions.” Phil smiled, it was interesting to know there was someone a bit like Sam here.

“Though it’s curious...how *did* my- ‘legends’ even reach here? I’m certain I would remember a realm as unique as this in all of my travels...and I never met anyone from here.”

“Oh- that’s because of one of the Divine Warriors, Kul’Zak the Wanderer. He travelled all throughout the realms after Irene shut herself away, and he shared the tales he came across to other realms, including this one! It’s in his namesake after all. I’m not certain if it’s one of his official titles but he is also known as the Relic God of Stories, among other things.”

“Interesting...” The thought made Phil go slightly red; after all, he had been noticed by someone who appeared to be on the same standing as a god or goddess here.

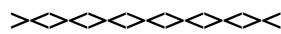
Before he could ask more questions, the door to the library opened, and the blonde knight Phil remembered as Garroth pushed through calmly. “Emmalyn, Lord Aphmau requests-” his head turned to the side, seeing Kristen and Phil (Tommy finally lifted his head up at the voice), and bowed his head slightly. “-sorry, I didn’t know you had company.”

“It’s alright Garroth! Um- tell Lady Aphmau I’ll be there soon.”

“If you don’t mind, actually,” Kristen smiled warmly. “I would like to see this portal myself. If it leads to where my son and husband have been...well-...I haven’t been able to see them in years since being there. I want to know if I can perhaps see it myself.” Phil nodded.

Garroth smiled, Emmalyn adjusting her glasses, standing up. “In that case, let Lady Aphmau know I’ll be there soon! I’ll meet her there! I just need to collect some new books on the Divine, from studying it before I think it may be a remnant of their power! Or at least one of them.” The guard nodded.

“Very well. It’s good to see you again as well.” Bowing his head towards the others, Garroth walked out. It didn’t take Emmalyn long before she stood up, racing about to her desk to grab some books before heading out, Phil alongside his wife and son not that far behind her.



Phil looked up at the glistening portal, walking beside his wife and son as Emmalyn raced through, Aphmau, Aaron and Zoey waiting there with Garroth, alongside a brunette male with goggles on the top of his head (who Tommy had quickly introduced to his parents as the Kenmur that Emmalyn had mentioned).

Aphmau blinked, smiling warmly at the woman who now arrived. “It’s nice to see you again Kristen...”

“Likewise miss Aphmau. So,” She turned her head to the portal, chucking as a couple crows landed on her, cawing loudly, “this is the portal that led my son and Phil here...?”

“Mhm. Since this is at the border of the forest surrounding Phoenix Drop, we barely come around here.” Garroth spoke calmly. “The old lord’s house is a bit further west of here, but I’ve never seen this before...”

Aphmau nodded. “I felt a strange magic when on patrol with Garroth, and found the portal and- Tommy.” She smiled warmly, as Emmalyn stepped forward, adjusting her glasses.

“Interesting...it’s not any portal I’ve seen before...! And the only one I’ve really seen is a Nether Portal...the quartz reminds me of the portal to the Wyvern Realm, but that needs a staff to transport there, not something like- like *this* !”

Kristen stepped forward. “Apologies but-...do you mind if I try something? I...I can sense something strange about this portal. It’s certainly from a god...it feels-...somewhat familiar but-...I can’t pinpoint the energy. In addition to that, I want to see if this way I can enter where I can’t see...” Aphmau nodded, gesturing to the portal, making sure Emmalyn hurried aside carefully.

The goddess stepped forward, her hands glowing as she placed them on the portal. She pushed down, trying to move through. The portal began to glow brighter, and Phil smiled as it seemed to shimmer, the same way it started upon his use of it, before a blast sent Kristen immediately into a tree, cracking it slightly, the portal seeming to break and shut off before its soft blue portal reappeared.

“MOM!” Tommy’s ears were flat as he raced over, the avian moving anxiously as well, gripping his wife’s arm.

“Are you alright!?” Kristen winced, shaking her head as she stood, adjusting her hat.

“I’m- I’m alright.” She sighed. “But it appears I cannot enter that world even from another...” Emmalyn’s eyes scrunched up as she moved her hand through the portal, bringing it back.

“Strange- very strange.” The librarian looked up the portal, running her hand over the quartz, the trees around it, before looking up, her eyes widening as she saw the carving of the symbol at the top, glistening. “AHA!! I know whose portal this is!”

Scanning through a book, Kenmur raced over as well to help her, before Emmalyn smiled, showing them a page of a Divine Warrior.

“That symbol is the symbol of ‘the Wanderer’, the symbol that belonged to the Divine Warrior Kul’Zak, also known as Kul’Zak the Wanderer!” Phil looked at the illustration, his eyes widening as he recognised the dark eye, though the robes seemed different than the inconspicuous cloak the stranger he met eons ago had worn.

“I’ve met him!” Emmalyn looked up.

“You’ve *what* !? You- You met a Divine Warrior!?” Phil nodded, rifling through his pocket as he pulled out the coin.

“I met him- centuries ago...before I was even immortal- before meeting my wife...he never told me his name, but we had a chat, and he left this on the table.” He handed the clawed coin carefully to Emmalyn, who passed it to Kenmur, the brunette adjusting his goggles over his eyes. “I ran after him to hand it back, and saw him go behind a tree. But as I went up, he was gone. Only-...” Phil paused.

“Only blue sparkles were left.” Emmalyn bounced, rifling through the books she had brought, one having the symbol entirely on the cover.

“Of course!!”

“What do you mean of course?” Tommy’s head was tilted, his tail flicking slightly.

“Kul’Zak was a wanderer, he isn’t worshipped in a specific region, unlike many of the other Divine.” Emmalyn began to explain. “Instead, he was worshipped by travellers, merchants, people who never stayed in one place. Aside from stories like I said earlier, he was *also* known as the Relic God of time and pathways. One of his powers consisted of the creation of portals! He’s the one who created the portal to the Nether that trapped Shad the Destroyer.”

“I thought Irene was the only one who had the ability to create realms...” Aphmau murmured softly.

“She is-” Emmalyn nodded, taking a breath- “Kul’Zak was the one who made the *portal*, and Irene was the one who created the Nether for the sole purpose of harbouring Shad, keeping him trapped. No one can open the portal here.”

“Then what about all the creatures?” Tommy tilted his head. “You know- ghastrs, endermen- that stuff.”

“The what?” Emmalyn tilted her head confused. Phil nodded in agreement.

“The Nether connected to our home has many dangers; ghastrs, piglins, wither skeletons, to name a few. And we can enter ours, we light the portal with a flint and steel. But- that makes sense...the stranger- uh- Kul’Zak...I had a Wither skull. He didn’t know what it was...” Emmalyn ‘hm’ed in response, pacing the field.

“To create a realm of that intensity that could still be travelled to...perhaps it disrupted the order of the world. Not just this realm, but others.” Kristen nodded.

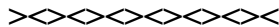
“I remember something like that. It was eons and eons ago, but the gods of each and every realm had to create two dimensions connected to theirs in order to keep the balance. Each one is different, depending on the realm.”

“Interesting.” Emmalyn whispered. “But that was only one. Another connection of Kul’Zak’s powers were he could create his own doorways to realms he would visit. Realms and dimensions that already existed, like yours. This is one of those doorways. They were everywhere, as he would help other travellers find where they called home. But- with his death, there was no ability for these portals to stand.” Phil’s wings bristled anxiously, sharing a look with the lord, then his son and wife.

“Then-” Tommy stepped forward- “how did it work for me? And dad? Why is *this* one so different?” Emmalyn looked aside.

“That-...I don’t know. Kenmur and I will need to keep researching it. But there is no denying it Lord Aphmau...”

“This portal is of incredible importance.”



Tommy smiled as he looked over the ocean with his parents, tail wagging while he leaned on his father, who was reading one of the books Emmalyn had given him on the history of this realm.

“I wish you didn’t have to go...” Tommy murmured, hand holding his mother’s. Kristen smiled sadly while Phil wrapped a wing around his son.

“I know,” Phil murmured, planting a kiss on his son’s head. “But I need to help protect those still there. Everyone else still believes you are dead, remember?” Tommy sighed.

“..Oh. Yeah...” He curled up tightly, looking aside. “Is-” The teen fiddled with the compass- “Is Tubbo okay?”

Phil froze, his hand moving through his son's hair, Kristen watching him sadly. "In a way. He mourns you...but-...he's trying to move on. Ranboo's helping him." Tommy nodded.

"Good. Good...I don't want him moping all the time. And- Ran's good...I guess, from what time I spent with him." Phil smiled, ruffling his son's hair.

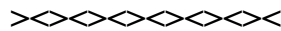
"I need to start heading back. I'll see you next time, okay Tommy?" Tommy nodded, hugging his father tightly, before hugging his mother just as tight.

"I love you both..." He whispered. Kristen's eyes softened as she nudged him, planting a gentle kiss on his forehead, soon being pecked by Phil's murder.

"We love you too Tommy."

Phil smiled, holding his wife's hand.

"So much."



Phil sighed as he walked up to the portal, his wife walking with him to see him off. He turned, hugging his wife tightly.

"I missed you." He whispered. Kristen chuckled, kissing her husband gently.

"I missed you too...I'm so glad you're okay." Phil chuckled.

"So am I..." As he stepped towards the portal, Kristen gripped his arm.

"One more thing-" she called quickly- "could you tell Foolish to come back? I...sent him to look after and check up on you for me and-...he hasn't come back yet. I'm worried- is he okay?" Phil nodded.

"He's perfectly fine Kristen. And don't worry, I'll let him know." Kristen smiled thankfully as she let go, and Phil stepped through, feeling the warmth again dissipate as he landed in the frozen tundra yet again.

He took a step, before turning back, looking up at the symbol of that stranger.

“I don’t know how this works...or even if you can hear me...” He murmured, taking off his hat, lowering to his knee and closing his eyes in a bow respectfully. “But I want to thank you, for giving my son a place he truly belongs, where he’s happy. And thank you for letting me repair my relationship with him.” Phil stood, adjusting his hat back on his head.

He chuckled, opening his wings as he looked back at the portal, remembering the words the stranger- that Kul’Zak- had uttered to him that fateful day.

“Maybe our paths will cross again one day.”

Chapter End Notes

To those 5 in our discord who said Kul'Zak; well done lovelies XD. [Link to our Discord; <https://discord.gg/XRVHw9UT>]. Of course, this chapter is not without all reveals; after all, how does the portal still work if Kul'Zak is dead and gone? And why now? And why can't Kristen seem to enter the SMP?

I am impressed though at the stretch of who people reckoned it was (Esmund and Menphia were choices that surprised us XD, Enki not so much) but- enjoy! And make sure to be on your toes, another reunion chapter is coming very soon.

Enjoy guys!!

[Also- Phil and Emmalyn friendship our beloved]

I Never Said That I Want This (This Burden Came to Me)

Chapter Summary

Tommy needs help learning how to summon his magic without a staff and through his and his familiar's bond alone.

Thankfully, a certain (Demon) warlock knight is capable of such a task.

[Chapter Title from 'Monster' by Imagine Dragons]

Chapter Notes

Double Chapter upload? I'm bloody spoiling all ya'll XD.

Guess that comes from leaving a completed chapter for a day and needing to continue regardless. Nice little soft chapter here ya'll, before I'm preparing to break your hearts. Next is the next strange p.o.v. chapter, and then we get Reunion 2; electric boogaloo.

Have fun ya'll!

By the way, this chapter is solely mainly Tommy and Travis bonding because everyone in the discord made me realise I've been mistreating my boy by forgetting him (IM SORRY *sobs*) so hope this pleases them XD /j

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy huffed, his eyes narrowing as he glared at his outstretched palm, *Clementine* fluttering carefully around him. The hybrid's tail flicked in annoyance, growling.

"Come on you piece of shit..." He grumbled, watching annoyed as flames flickered and died out. He huffed, grabbing a rock and chucking it through the forest with a frustrated yell. "*Stupid!!*" He huffed, *again*, tail curling tightly.

"Tommy? That you?" A more carefree voice called out. The raccoon-hybrid looked up and behind him, recognising the voice. He waited, before the familiar white-haired form of Travis, one of the lesser guards came walking through the clearing, his green eyes glowing slightly. "What in Enki's name are you doing?"

"Oh- sup Travis..." Tommy looked aside, huffing. "I-...I'm trying to learn more witchcraft. Lucinda says I'm almost ready for my staff, but I need to practice more on controlling my abilities without it in case I get in a position where I don't have it."

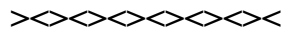
Travis nodded, smiling sadly. “And from the growling I could hear, I take it that it isn’t going well?”

“NO!” Tommy threw his hands up, groaning as he flopped down on the grass. “How am I going to get better if I’m just focusing on conjuring it!? How can I control it if I don’t use it in that type of situation where I’ll have to!?”

Travis looked aside. “You know...I’m a warlock myself. I could help you if you like.”

“Really!?” Almost immediately Tommy leapt up, his previous sour mood forgotten as his eyes shone at the guard. Travis nodded, chuckling, while he fiddled with the hood of his cloak.

“Yeah. Come on, I know somewhere we aren’t likely to cause damage.” The raccoon-hybrid beamed as he followed the warlock, bouncing excitedly.



Tommy looked around the field, smiling brightly. Travis chuckled, smiling warmly. “I will warn you kid, my witchcraft- it can be dangerous...”

“Please,” Tommy scoffed, beaming still. “I’m big man Tommy Innit! I can take it!”

Travis sighed. “Alright.” Tommy’s eyes glistened as Travis’s eyes lit up a bright green, with a slight purple tint to them that the hybrid had never seen before. “Come at me then kid. Show me what you can do!” Tommy took in a deep breath, *Clementine* fluttering about.

He felt the blood of his new warlock capabilities flow through him, and the hybrid grinned as he summoned flames to his hands, watching as they flew out towards the man. Travis raised an eyebrow, spinning to the side and summoning a shield of energy and magick, the flames dissipating quickly.

“Faster.” Tommy growled, racing forward as he threw the flames at a closer pace. Travis kept moving around him, summoning a shield.

“Stop it!” Tommy huffed, a cascade of flames reaching the warlock. His eyes widened as Travis summoned his own, but a bright and furious purple, erupting around the field, panting.

“You’re strong.” Travis panted heavily, wiping sweat from his brow. “But you can’t just rely on one set of witchcraft. What about ice?”

Tommy focused, doing his best to summon a colder spell, though growled as he only managed to summon a couple pieces of snow. “I can’t! Lucinda can’t even help with it!”

“You can. What do you focus on to summon your fire?”

Tommy looked aside, before closing his eyes. “My old anger. How weak I was, how I couldn’t protect anyone, and I want to protect those I have now!”

“Anger and ferocity. Focus on something else for your ice. Try and make it strike right at me.” Tommy sighed, inhaling and exhaling his breath.

He focused on the cool waters of the lake and the beach, he thought of the cool nights he would spend with his family. The family he loved, that he wanted to protect.

His eyes opened, flashing an icy blue as he threw his hand up, summoning a barrage of ice towards Travis, the warlock leaping back, shouting slightly as a spike cut at his arm.

“Shit- Travis!” He ran forward, the ice cracking and shattering, melting under the sun. Travis held a hand to his arm, looking back at the wound. “I-I’m sorry! Hang on!” Tommy moved his hand over it, glowing a soft yellow as he healed the wound, leaving nothing but a scar.

“Healing magick. Impressive. And don’t be sorry!” Travis laughed, hugging the boy. “That was great! Now keep going. Use your guard training, defense, offence. Try and knock me down.”

Tommy grinned.

This would be *fun*.



Tommy was panting as he glared at the warlock, summoning ice in one hand and flames near the other, striking at him with a spike before throwing a flame from the side. Travis beamed, summoning a shield over the ice and more flame at Tommy’s.

The hybrid felt the wind move around him, slamming into Travis, knocking him immediately into a tree as the smoke of the fire they'd used earlier began to dissipate with the wind.

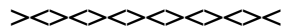
"That was awesome Tommy!" Travis laughed. Tommy grinned, starting to run over, before he stopped. Travis looked up, groaning slightly.

Travis's once flushed peach skin was now a dark grey, almost black, his hair still white, but his eyes were a striking violet. He had horns that jetted from the sides of his head, and his nails almost looked like claws, his ears slightly pointed. It reminded him of Bad a little (he wondered how the demon was. He seemed sick the last time Tommy had seen him).

"What?" Travis was still smiling, showing sharp teeth.

"Y-You-..." Tommy whispered. Travis tilted his head, before looking at his hand. Immediately, the warlock deflated, tears gathering in his eyes.

Travis didn't respond, only stood quickly and ran further through the forest. Tommy blinked, his ears going flat. "Travis?!" The boy looked up at his familiar, *Clementine's* antennae down as she landed on her companion's shoulder, and Tommy took off after him.



"Travis?" Tommy looked around the forest, his gaze landing on the warlock, holding his knees as he sat by a tree, staring into the lake. Tommy stepped forward, ears flat.

"I didn't mean to scare you." Travis's voice was shaky. "I didn't think that would happen."

"What- what even happened?" Tommy tilted his head, sitting down. Travis sighed heavily, running a hand through his hair, the hybrid noticing how he tried to keep from touching his horns.

"My father is known as the Demon Warlock..." Tommy tensed, remembering that legend in the books Emmalyn had given him; of Enki's companion who had been driven by hatred and jealousy, and soon destroyed himself in his desire to control both magicks and witchcraft. "My mother died trying to protect the island where we lived, and it was because of me that the people were kept safe."

"This form is his blood. If I use a lot of my- my magicks, this comes out." Travis huffed, slamming his fist into the lake, startling the hybrid. "I *hate* it. So...I try to use as little as possible."

“Why?” Tommy tilted his head. “I knew a demon back where I used to live, and he was pretty chill.”

“Because-...” Travis sighed again- “because he’s not a good man...and I try to ignore his blood as much as I can.”

Tommy shuffled slightly. “Well-...I reckon it’s cool!”

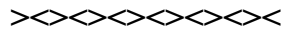
Travis scoffed, chuckling slightly.

“I’m serious! I just- it just surprised me.” Travis looked aside, smiling weakly.

“..Thanks kid.”

Tommy grinned. “Will you- will you still train with me? Please?” Travis looked up, ruffling the boy’s hair as he smiled.

“Sure.”



Tommy beamed as he weaved through the town, trying quickly to get to the field where he and Travis had been meeting for practice for almost 3 days. Lucinda was impressed with how fast Tommy was learning now, learning new powers that Lucinda hadn’t even managed to teach him yet.

He’d let it slip that Travis was helping him, but unlike the fury he (unfortunately) expected from the witch, she just smiled, her crimson eyes shining.

“Travis is a very capable warlock.” She’d said. “As long as you leave the bulk of your training to me, I’m glad you’re reaching out and getting help from others with witchcraft or magick abilities.”

And he was. He’d even gotten help from his mom on her barrier magicks, to see if he could try and extend his shields to protect larger areas. Unfortunately, he hadn’t managed to really do that yet without causing a massive headache or knocking him unconscious.

But he'd also gotten help using witchcraft to do with the earth. It listened to him (Zoey had claimed it was because he was the family of an elf, which excited him. Even if they weren't his birth family, he was connected strongly to them), even if he was still learning.

It was fun, learning how to use his abilities in a combat scenario. He was able to combine them with his guard training, bringing up ice like both a sword and shield, or using wind to keep an enemy's blow from hitting.

He both prayed he'd never have to fight like that in actuality and *hoped* he would.

The hybrid winced as he slammed into another person, shaking his head as the person chuckled.

"And where are you off to in such a hurry?" Tommy looked up at the familiar blue-haired guard, a laugh settling in Dante's voice as he helped the teen to his feet.

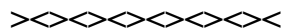
"Training!"

"There- isn't *any* guard training today Tommy."

"Not *guard* training! Travis is helping me learn more about using my witchcraft in a combat setting to get me more used to it without a staff!" Dante blinked, chuckling.

"Impressive. Something tells me you'll be a *very* formidable foe." The guard laughed, ruffling the boy's hair, which earned him a jokingly annoyed huff while he fixed his hair back up.

"Damn right I will!" Tommy huffed proudly, before taking off running again, managing to weave through the forest, narrowly dodging Kenmur, who was bringing his latest invention to Emmalyn for testing. Dante laughed softly, watching the boy shout an apology as he kept running, soon disappearing through the trees as he went back onto his patrol.



"Travis!!" Tommy beamed, racing up to the warlock, who turned, smiling.

"There you are. I was beginning to think you had cold feet. Didn't know I was *that* intimidating."

"Ha! You wish bitch!" Tommy laughed, eyes shining as he met Travis's emerald green gaze.

“Come on then,” Travis smirked, “put your witchcraft where your mouth is.”

Tommy beamed, flicking out a hand as the ground shook, throwing the warlock off of his balance. Travis blinked in surprise, and smirked, before jumping up, using the wind to push his flames closer to the hybrid.

Clementine fluttered about, strengthening Tommy’s powers as he summoned his shield, though the force of the flames knocked him back a couple of feet. Travis laughed, and Tommy beamed as he noticed the knight’s form transform to that of his demonic heritage, extending a clawed hand, moving a finger to taint him, bringing him closer.

Tommy chuckled, and ran forward, however he zipped quickly to the side, summoning ice and flame together, making a misty area where he disappeared, climbing up into a tree.

Travis blinked, coughing. “Oh you little shit! Where are you!?” The man moved the wind, flames igniting up in his hands as he looked about. The raccoon grinned, pushing himself off, pulling the cloak over the man’s head, accidentally tearing it thanks to his horns.

“Oh that’s so cheating!” Travis scoffed, laughing.

“Is it? Maybe you’re just slow!” Tommy barked back, sending spikes of ice towards the warlock, who spun around, flicking flames out around the boy. Tommy smirked, eyes glowing as he brought a hand towards them, wincing and focusing, and soon, little by little, the flames dissipated. Travis blinked, his violet eyes shining.

“Impressive, dissipating another warlock’s witchcraft. That’s something only high-level witches and warlocks are able to do.”

“Well I have a good teacher. Well- two of em.” Tommy grinned, tail wagging. Travis blinked, taken aback slightly before smiling, chuckling.

“Aaron’s gonna be a lucky guard to have you for his apprentice.” Tommy smiled, rubbing his shoulder from the pressure of the movements, the warlock laughing as his form dissipated back to normal, running a hand through his hair.

“Come on, let’s get some food. Can’t train too hard on an empty stomach.”

“What? Afraid I’ll beat you?”

“HA! You aren’t even close little witchling.”

Tommy laughed, smiling as Travis moved a hand over the boy's shoulder, before tripping him over, laughing as he took off ahead.

"EY- you bitch!" Tommy cackled, racing after the warlock. "Come on *Clementine!* Let's show him what we're made of!" Tommy shouted, and threw his head back while running, his laughter echoing through the forest.

Chapter End Notes

BAMF (Badass Motherfucker) Tommy my beloved. He will definitely be a formidable person to fight.

Hope you guys enjoyed this chapter, take care! I'll see you in the next one ;)

[By the way; Since there's not really any lore to how the Demon Warlock came to be or who he used to be before Michael in Mystreet, I sorta-...made my own assumption. I have it connected to a lore doco that's for my own Diaries Rewrite AU so- check it out if you're interested! :D]

We Will Be Forever As One (My Brother Under the Sun)

Chapter Summary

Tommy wasn't alone anymore. He had friends, family brothers.

Brothers not just in his family, but in the way he was training to be a guard.

Brothers that would stand beside him, and never back down from a fight.

[Chapter Title from 'Brothers Under The Sun' by Bryan Adams]

Chapter Notes

Here we are! The next P.O.V. Chapter! And you guys know what that means.

A reunion is coming soon :)

This time it's Yip and Brian! This was so much easier than the first one XD, maybe cos there's been more interactions and I'm getting better at writing long bullshitting monologues.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Yip's tail wagged as he ran up the house that belonged to the lord of the village, green eyes shining as he knocked. It didn't take long before his Aunt Aphmau opened the door, chuckling. Her caramel eyes shone softly as she turned to the kitchen.

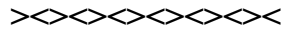
"Tommy, something tells me you have training now!" The familiar hybrid peeked his head around, grinning as he saw Yip standing there, mischief gleaming in his eyes.

"Uh- yeah sure!" Tommy laughed, quickly shoving the rest of his breakfast in his mouth, giving his other mother a quick hug and his brothers a ruffle of their hair, nudging the lord before heading out, pushing the werewolf playfully, who could smell the other boy's excitement from here.

"So what are we planning today!?"

Yip chuckled. "I say we scope the area and see what we can find." Tommy laughed, eyes shining.

“Hell yeah.”



Yip smirked as he hid in the bushes nearby the barracks, looking up at the tree, his hybrid friend crouched carefully, hidden in the branches. Inside, they were watching as Aaron put his broadsword against the wall, stretching while he talked with Laurance.

“You know the plan?” Tommy whispered. The werewolf chuckled, grinning.

“Course I do, I came up with it!”

“We’re done for.”

“Wha- *hey!*” The boy laughed, rolling his eyes at his friend. Yip slipped out of the bushes, smirking as he walked in, heading upstairs. Aaron’s ears twitched as he turned, coal black eyes shining friendly.

“Morning Yip.” Laurance turned to the side, smiling as he looked over at his apprentice.

“Yip? What are you doing this early? We don’t have a patrol for a couple hours yet. Go and rest, kid.”

“Yeah- I know so I decided to try and work on my crossbow, since you know-” Yip started walking about, making sure neither guard was looking at the balcony, waving his hands about slightly- “I’m not all that *great* at the crossbow...” His gaze flicked up, noticing his partner in crime leap onto the balcony silently, slipping through as he moved to open the door.

“And it keeps making this weird noise whenever I pull it back and set up a bolt! Sort of like-like a-” Yip started to make a loud noise he’d heard more broken crossbows make, giving the perfect cover for Tommy to open the door carefully and grab the sword, without them hearing the scraping sound. Laurance sighed, his arms folding.

“It could be broken. Bring it up here and I’ll have a look at it. Kenmur’s working on making some better ones.” Yip beamed, his tail wagging as he saw Tommy slip back through, closing the door and leaping down and into the bushes.

“Great! I’ll do that!” Yip ran down, looking over the crossbows, before grabbing one he could tell was starting to splinter and climbed back up. “I’m pretty sure it was this one.”

Laurance smiled. “Thanks Yip. Make sure to be here for patrol later, okay?”

“I will! Bye Laurance! Bye Aaron!” The werewolf climbed back down and out of the barracks, running to the forest as he laughed, Tommy holding up the huge sword in both of his hands.

“We have achieved the ancient relic of the poggest man in Ru’aun!” Tommy cheered. Yip cackled, tail wagging.

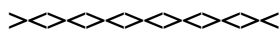
“How long do you reckon it’ll be til he notices it’s gone?”

“Oh like- 5 minutes tops.”

“Wha- TOMMY! YIP!”

“Make that 5 seconds.” Yip’s ears were flat as they looked up, Aaron leaning over the balcony as he growled at them, however as both boys could tell, his eyes were shining, clearly amused by their little game (as many of the guards were. Whenever Yip and Tommy would steal their weapons, they always returned them immediately upon being discovered and asked, unless they took the ones that were more general).

“Run man!” Tommy laughed, nudging his friend as they both took off into the forest to their hideout, cackling and cheering as they smiled.



“Honestly you two.” Aaron scoffed, chuckling as Yip handed him back his sword. “You two never get tired of stealing the same things do you?”

Yip shrugged, sharing an impish look with his friend. “Not really.”

“Not when we can make a different plan each time!” Tommy laughed. Aaron sighed, shaking his head. He hadn’t gone to get the sword for about an hour, before he had to get ready for a patrol.

“Honestly you two...” He ruffled their hair as he walked off, putting the sword back on the sheath on his back. Yip chuckled, leaning on the raccoon-hybrid.

“Oh man...” Tommy wheezed, throwing his head back with his laughter. The werewolf grinned, stretching before pushing his friend playfully.

“I better get ready for patrol. See you afterwards? Maybe we can see what *Brian's* doing.” Tommy's eyes shone.

“Now you're speaking my language wolffy.”

Tommy grinned, pushing the werewolf playfully before he headed off, most likely to continue his lessons from Lucinda, Yip mused. If he couldn't find Tommy anywhere else, Lucinda was definitely up there.

The werewolf smiled, tail wagging as he kept walking to meet his mentor for patrol. Werewolves grew up quickly, which meant a friendship he could have had between Levin, Malachi, Alexis and Kyle couldn't happen, and there were no other werewolves.

Sure, he had Brian, but the two of them rarely hung out outside of training. So in regards to a 'friend', Yip didn't have *any*.

Then he heard about Tommy from his mother. Granted, he probably shouldn't have, but was it really his fault if he couldn't sleep and *happened* to overhear his mother talking about a child she heard about to his father. And then he met him.

Almost immediately they clicked. After all, they were only a year apart, having met when Tommy and he were 16 and 17 respectively.

They enjoyed causing chaos, and they worked well together; they were both wild and chaotic, yet they both protected those they loved and would fight for them fiercely.

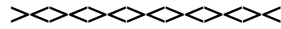
The guards had commented on how Yip and Tommy would fight *together* during paired exercises; they were a force to be reckoned with.

But other than fighting together, Yip enjoyed how *excited* he was when he would spend time with Tommy. They were one and the same. He remembered how Tommy saw an old friend in Yip, and in a way- well, he had silently thanked that friend for letting him become as close as he was with the teen.

The guards considered themselves brothers. And Yip?

He saw Tommy exactly the same way. To him, they *were* brothers, in all but blood.

And that was the way that they would stay.



“Damnit- you two get back here!” Brian huffed as he ran after the two teens with his loyal wolf Grey Wind at his heels, his blue eyes narrowed in both anger and exasperation.

He may not have been as wild and chaotic as they were, but they seemed to *love* tormenting him, especially when it meant that the other guards were too busy laughing at them.

Garroth, his mentor, had told him many times to leave it be, that they would return the items when ready. They were younger than he was (which Brian felt was ridiculous, after all, he and Yip were around the same age), and that they’d grow out of it. Well- Yip might.

Of course Brian understood why Tommy would do it. Multiple times Brian’s own cloak had gone missing. It was the way he knew he was safe; taking the items that smelt like those he cared about.

As annoying as it was to spend most of his time chasing the two all around the entire bloody town, Brian often than not found himself laughing while running after them, occasionally being knocked down by Tommy, who used his witchcraft to control the wind.

It was a game to them, and while it wasn’t *entirely* to him, he knew they never went too far. Even Tommy, as rambunctious and loud as he was, seemed to understand how far to take things.

He remembered their first meeting. The boy joined the guard training for fun to keep him moving about. He’d remembered how carefully he tried to listen, and how anxious he had seemed when holding a sword, flinching quietly at movements. He also remembered how frightened Tommy had looked when he managed to knock Yip down; a look on his face Brian recognised, the face he’d had a few times himself when he was younger.

The look of fear that you’d done something wrong, that someone would be so angry at you that you wouldn’t know how to react.

And he’d remembered the boy’s relief and how quickly he bounced back as words of encouragement and pride were spoken to him, as Yip laughed and begged to be taught the same move. The boy still looked like that occasionally; frightened. Mainly when he would

use his witchcraft to his advantage, which was mainly to create a shield, since the boy found it easier to simply swing a sword.

It was then that his training revolved around Travis as well, who could use his own sword and magicks at the same time as Tommy could.

Regardless of how the boy acted, Brian knew how unique and dimensional the raccoon-hybrid was. He wasn't just some loud, arrogant kid. He was matured beyond his age (if the dull and tired gaze in his eyes when he had first arrived were any indication), and even with learning to love those here and be as bright as he used to, the boy could still pull back, and he was still mature. He understood how important things were here, how important it was that they work together. The entire town, as a whole.

He hoped when Tommy became a proper guard, gaining his own mentor (of who everyone knew was going to be Aaron; they could tell how the werewolf's eyes shone with pride at every success Tommy had), perhaps they could be closer.

That he could be as much Tommy's brother as Yip was.



No matter how loud Tommy could be, how proud or wild, they still cared about him.

He was their friend, their brother.

They would both protect him just as much as he would them.

They were all connected to each other.

In all but blood.

Chapter End Notes

Now everyone, please exit left to get to the angst section of our ride. Please keep your arms and legs in the cart at all times. There is no escape, but comforting tissues and blankets will be provided after the ride.

Take care!

I Should Have Let You In (Oh How We Regret Those Things We Do)

Chapter Summary

Friends, brothers, finally reunited.

Guilt and regret can finally be lifted, and love can run free again.

[Chapter Title from 'Be My Escape' by Relient K]

Chapter Notes

Love can build from trust, no matter how broken.

And trust will always be on their side.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Slow down Tommy!” Tubbo laughed, the child laughing as he ran after his friend. The hybrid in front of him laughed, looking back, his blue eyes shining with excitement and happiness.

“Then get faster Tubs!” His tail wagged as he kept running through the field, bringing up dandelions and other flower petals. The ram hybrid pushed himself faster, ears risen as he kept following after his friend.

“I don’t even know where we’re going!”

“That’s the fun of it!”

Tubbo sighed, rolling his eyes. It didn’t matter where they were going, and Tommy knew it. He knew no matter what, Tubbo would follow him anywhere, even to the ends of the earth.

They laughed, crashing down a hill in a pile by a lake. The two boys pushed up, tackling each other before flopping down by the lake. Tommy picked at a dandelion, chuckling.

“I wish that Tubbo and I will always be by each other’s side...” The raccoon-hybrid whispered, dandelions blowing up and away into the wind. “Course it doesn’t matter! We always will be!”

“We will?” Tubbo smiled brightly.

Tommy laughed, swinging an arm around the other child. “Course we will!” He sighed, looking up wistfully at the clouds.

“We’ll fight monsters bigger than both of us!”

“I’ll try and make this as painless as possible, Tubbo.”

“We’ll stand by each other no matter what!”

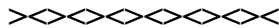
“Tubbo, please escort Tommy and Wilbur out of my country.”

“And no matter what the circumstances,” Tommy leaned his head on his friend’s, the hybrid’s own tail wagging. “You’d never let me down.”

“Dream, escort Tommy out of my country.”

“No, I won’t Tommy.”

“I promise.”



Tubbo sighed, ears flat as he walked to his friend, his brother’s memorial. The ram hybrid couldn’t quite believe it had been a year. Of course, he was doing better. He was beekeeping again, he had Ranboo, Fundy, Phil. He was still friends with many of those after L’Manburg’s destruction (It was again, only because of Phil’s begging that Tubbo hadn’t strung Techno up or use his home for the practice of his new- *hobby* for taking the last breathing memory he had of his best friend).

But none of that mattered as much as they did. Not without his brother. His friend.

They'd promised each other they wouldn't leave each other's sides.

Tubbo probably would have screamed at Tommy that he was the one who broke that promise, but in reality?

Tubbo did. *He* was the one who looked his friend in the eyes, defiant and angry, yet pleading, begging Tubbo to not send him away *please just let him stay let him prove himself hewouldn't do it again Tubbo please-*

And sent him away, to the one place that had led Tommy to his end.

It didn't matter that the boy tried to visit his friend, was turned away at every opportunity (he hadn't even hated Tommy when Dream had lied and said Tommy was too mad to see Tubbo), and didn't even try to force his way there.

He never tried to disobey Dream, who had already caused them so much anger and pain, didn't think anything of it.

He should have. He should have *known* something was wrong. And now? Tubbo would never be able to apologise to his friend for failing him.

"I'm sorry." Tubbo croaked out once getting to the memorial, placing the flowers down, alongside the dandelions. "I broke our promise...all of them..."

"I'm so sorry..." Tubbo sobbed, pulling his jacket tighter around himself.

As the hybrid cried, he was unaware of the form of the avian who had been sharing his home watching sadly, making a thought in his head to ask the next time he left.



"Where are we going Phil?" Tubbo shivered, ears down as he tried to adjust the beanie onto his head, grumbling uncomfortably at every moment the wool tugged at his horns. He'd need to fix it up, he needed that area for his horns.

He didn't know why Phil decided suddenly that he needed to *also* go on these journeys. These strange meditations that Phil would leave for occasionally, come back lighter than he'd been in all this time since Tommy's death.

“Just trust me.” Phil smiled, his eyes glistening in that way parents’ eyes would when they knew something that their child didn’t, and wouldn’t know until they decided to reveal whatever it was that they knew. Tubbo sighed, rolling his eyes as he kept walking, feet trudging in the snow behind the avian.

He could smell smoke. He snarled in anger, knowing where they were. But what surprised him was Phil kept walking, sparing no passing glance at the cottage where his eldest lived in isolation (did he even still visit? Tubbo wasn’t sure, not that he cared. Techno deserved to be alone after all he’d done), before they reached a small hill.

“Careful.” Phil murmured, taking Tubbo’s gloved hand as they walked down. Tubbo blinked as he looked up at the quartz arch, a strange portal glimmering softly. Vines had overgrown over it, cracks evident of its age.

“What the fuck is this?” Tubbo whispered, his blue eyes glistening with both confusion and curiosity. Phil smiled.

“This is where I’ve been going. Come on.” Phil, still holding Tubbo’s hand, began to walk towards the portal. Tubbo’s eyes widened, pulling back.

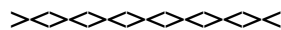
“Wha- hey hang on! What the fuck Phil! You can’t just say that and then start bloody dragging me!”

“Tubbo.” Phil stopped, holding the boy by his shoulders. His eyes were warm and soft. “You trust me, don’t you? You know I wouldn’t lead you astray...”

Tubbo looked aside. “I-I know. Just- don’t let go...ok?” Phil smiled.

“I won’t.”

And with that, Tubbo took in a deep breath as he let Phil lead him to the portal, warmth and safety enveloping him as he stepped into the blue mist.



Tubbo blinked as he opened his eyes, birds whistling nearby as they flew about. The spruce trees were high overhead, mushrooms, both large and small littering the area. Phil stood beside him, taking in a deep breath as he smiled brightly.

Tubbo, on the other hand, swallowed anxiously, his hand moving up to tug at the bandanna his brother had once worn (the hybrid's own was tied to his wrist, he wanted Tommy's as close to his heart as it could be). "Where the hell are we?"

"We're in a place called Phoenix Drop."

"*Why?*"

"Because- trust me, what's here will help you cope..."

"Cope with *what* !? I have been coping! I've been living like Tommy-" The boy choked on his words, managing to finally utter his friend's name for the first time in a year- "like Tommy would want me to."

"Tubbo- listen..."

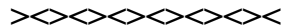
"*No!* What the fuck are you on about Phil!?" Tubbo clutched his compass, looking down.

Then he saw it.

The compass, that had been broken for a year now, the compass Tubbo assumed had stopped working because his brother was *dead there was no one to lead him to-*

Was moving. It spun around wildly, before landing in a direction. Tubbo breathed shakily, looking up at Phil, who smiled knowingly.

Tubbo wasted no time running through the trees, ignoring Phil's shouts behind him.



"Careful Tommy!" Aphmau laughed. Tommy beamed as Levin giggled wildly, the toddler resting on his brother's shoulders. Malachi was running eagerly beside them, green eyes shining excitedly.

"We are mom!" Tommy called back, the hybrid cheering as he spun around, giggling as he brought his brother down slightly. Levin's blue eyes were shining happily, squealing brightly as he looked at his big brother.

“Spinny!” He shouted immediately, seemingly unprompted. Aphmau soon caught up, taking a hold of her other son’s hand, as Tommy laughed.

“You liked that huh? Want it again!?” Tommy beamed, spinning with his brother again. Levin still squealed happily, but shook his head, blonde curls flopping in front of his face.

“No! Spinny! Spinny!” Levin’s hand started to move to the compass on his brother’s chest, string carefully hidden by the bandanna around his neck.

Tommy’s ears twitched confused as he put the toddler down, Aphmau immediately picking him up. The raccoon-hybrid held his compass, blue eyes widening.

It was spinning, then stopped, pointing to the forest.

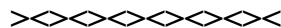
All at once, Tommy understood why his father had asked that strange question the last time he visited a couple weeks ago.

“Tommy, if I brought someone here who...who missed you, that I trusted to not say anything to anyone else- would you mind?”

Tommy had responded that he wouldn’t. But he didn’t think Phil would really find *anyone* who would miss him so much to warrant a visit here.

“Tommy? Everything ok dear?” Aphmau put a hand on Tommy’s shoulder, shouting in surprise as the teen took off, clutching the compass tightly, following it.

He hoped this wouldn’t be some cruel joke, some sick game.



Tubbo kept running, panting. He’d since torn his jacket off, leaving Phil to pick it up as the avian shouted at him from nearby. He didn’t care. The compass was working. That could only mean one thing.

He soon stopped, panting as he caught his breath. He could hear chatter nearby, see houses and buildings that stretched high, fields of wheat and potatoes and carrots, of strawberries and apple trees and orange trees. He couldn’t stop, he needed to know-

“Tubbo!?” A voice. Older. Brighter. *Happier*. Tubbo turned, meeting the blue gaze of his friend, a bit far away, standing at the top of a hill.

He didn’t look the same, Tubbo first realised from what he could see. His hair was longer, yet still curly, almost long enough to go into a tiny ponytail. He looked strong, lean yet healthy with proper meals. His blue eyes were shining with tears, brighter and clearer than Tubbo ever remembered. He was wearing a red tunic over a white striped shirt, with simple brown trousers and a bandanna around his neck with a strange symbol.

And resting on his neck, in his hand, was the compass.

“Tommy!?” The boy (apparition? Ghost?) took a step back, a laugh breaking from his throat.

“TUBBO!” This was real. Tommy was real.

Tubbo was never a crier, but he could feel tears burst from behind his eyes as he started running.

“TOMMY!” He screamed. The other hybrid soon started running as well.

“TUBBO!” He laughed, bright, so bright.

They were so close to one another. Tubbo let out a sob, leaping up at his friend, arms wrapping around his neck as he brought his friend to the ground in a hug.

“TOMMY! Oh XD Tommy I-I’m so sorry! I’m sorry! I never meant-! I wanted to bring you back! I tried to- I tried- I tried-” The boy started hiccuping, breaking on his words, stuttering as he clung to his friend.

No longer did he smell of the oak trees and the ash that used to still settle around L’Manburg even after the first war. He smelt of fresh baked bread, of spruce trees, of some strange incense and flowers.

But this was his brother. This was his Tommy.

Tommy sobbed, clinging Tubbo close to him, before pulling away, a smile bigger than Tubbo had ever seen gracing his features. “It- It’s okay Tubs- I-I forgive you- I missed you big man.”

All it took were those words to break Tubbo down further. The ram hybrid fell into his friend’s arms, screaming and sobbing as the teen could do nothing but wrap them around the boy tightly.

Phil soon came into view, panting. “Gods kid- you gotta stop. I’m getting old, you know. These bones can only take so much.”

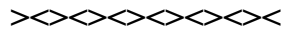
Tommy chuckled, finally managing to let go of his friend to wrap his arms around Phil. “Thank you dad...” He whispered. Tubbo sighed.

“Wait- so this is where you’ve been going!? You’ve-” Tubbo looked up at Phil, his ears going back- “You’ve *KNOWN* Tommy was alive, and didn’t *say* anything!?”

“I told him not to Tubbo.” The teen turned back to Tommy, who was looking down at the ground, fiddling with the new bandanna around his neck. “I told him not to say anything, because the more people that knew, the more chance that-”

“-that Dream would find out.” Tommy swallowed, nodding in agreement as his friend finished the sentence.

“Yeah. And I-I can’t let him hurt anyone here.” The hybrid shook his head, gripping Tubbo’s hand. “But it’s okay! Now we- we can be together again! Come on, I need to show you everything! There’s so many people you need to meet!” Tubbo could only give a yelp of surprise as his friend dragged him through the forest.



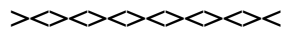
So many thoughts were running through Tommy’s head. Tubbo knew where he was. Tubbo was back, they were together again! He’d need to talk to him, find out what was happening. How L’Manburg was, whether Ranboo was treating him right or not (after all, Tubbo only deserved the best when it came to a best friend, that was why Tommy was his best friend).

He was glad to see Tubbo, despite the dull gleam of his blue eyes, shining with pain and guilt and regret. His brown hair was still short, horns cared for. The scars from Techno (his witchcraft burned angrily at the thought of his brother) had healed well.

Tubbo had never been someone who clung tightly. He'd never been all that clingy, but now? Now he was clutching Tommy's arm tightly, afraid of losing him again.

Tommy also noticed Tubbo was wearing the red bandanna he had given him on his wrist, the green bandanna that had once been Tommy's around his neck. He'd forgotten where that was.

The hybrid smiled as he reached the town, worried caramel eyes of his mother meeting his, rushing over with his brothers.



Tubbo immediately tensed as the stranger came closer, and blinked as Tommy let go of Tubbo's hand, still smiling brightly.

"Tommy! What on earth happened!?" The woman looked up, blinking as she met Tubbo's gaze. "And who's this?"

"This is Tubbo! Tubs, this is my mom Aphmau!" Tubbo blinked.

"Uh...hi." He leaned forward slightly to Tommy, ears flat. "What about Miss Kristen?"

"Mom *is* still my mom Tubbo! Just...Aphmau and her wife have been raising me here too...! So- they're my moms now too." Tommy smiled, taking a small blonde-haired toddler into his arms. "And these are my little brothers! Levin-" He bounced the toddler who giggled in his arms- "and Malachi." Tubbo looked down to the shyer boy, moving brown hair out of his face, green eyes shining with curiosity.

"It's nice to meet you." He mumbled, clinging tightly to Aphmau's dress. Tubbo smiled slightly.

"It's a pleasure." Aphmau smiled. "Now I see who that 'Tubbo' was that I read on his compass when we first met."

"Y-yeah..." Tubbo swallowed, looking back at Phil who smiled at the woman, the avian bowing his head in respect as the woman did the same.

Tommy beamed. "Mom- do you mind if I show Tubbo around!? Oh- you gotta meet Yip!" Tubbo's ears were flat, trying to search for a hint of jealousy or anger in Phil's face, but all he

found was warmth and happiness.

“Of course. Just make sure you’re home by dinner. Tubbo, if you like you can join us...”

“Uh- t-thanks miss...”

Aphmau chuckled. “Please, just Aphmau.” She smiled, taking Levin back as she walked off, the toddler waving over her shoulder.

“Bye bye!” Tommy laughed, waving back at his brother. Phil grinned, ruffling their hair.

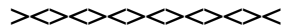
“Be careful, okay? I’ll be with Emmalyn in the library.”

“Okay dad!” Phil’s eyes were warm as he walked off. Tommy grinned, holding Tubbo’s hand.

“Come on! You gotta meet everyone.” Tubbo looked up at his friend, blue eyes shining with so much excitement, his hand trembling as he held Tubbo’s, as though afraid he’d let go.

This is still your Tommy. He’s still your Tommy. Tubbo reaffirmed, shaking his head, and finally letting a smile appear on his face.

“Lead the way then big man.”



Tubbo couldn’t lie, this place was nice. Tommy had told him everything. Including how he was learning to be a warlock (Tubbo didn’t quite believe it until his friend summoned flames in his hands and dissipated them just as easily), and a guard.

He’d met a few of the people. They were nice, and as careful with him as they appeared to be with Tommy. He especially liked one of the werewolves who was introduced as Aaron (Tommy was definitely right; he looked awesome).

But nothing could have prepared him for next.

“Oh-” Tommy beamed as he caught sight of another werewolf, black hair with red tips tied in a ponytail. Tubbo watched as Tommy crept around and leapt on the boy, who yelped in

surprise and growled playfully as he pushed the raccoon off of him.

“Dear Irene Tommy!” The wolf laughed, green eyes shining. Tommy grinned.

“Well maybe you should be better! Don’t you have good senses!”

“It’s hard when your horrid scent muddles it up.”

“Wha- EY! Fuck you!” Tommy snarled playfully as he leapt again on the boy.

Tubbo felt a pained pull at his heart. Tommy looked so *happy* . Not even during the fight for L’Manberg did Tommy look that happy. He seemed so free.

Tubbo wished he wasn’t jealous of this other boy, wished he didn’t have the urge to pull Tommy away and say he was *his* best friend, not that boy’s!

But this boy was here for Tommy when Tubbo wasn’t. Was the one who made him smile again. Yell the same way they used to, run after one another.

“Tubs!” He was snapped back to the reveal of Tommy and the stranger standing in front of him. He wished, *oh so wished* that the look of Tommy’s arm around his shoulder didn’t hurt him so much. “This is Yip! Yip, this is Tubbo!” The werewolf- Yip- smiled, extending a hand.

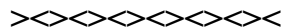
“It’s nice to meet you. Tommy’s talked a lot bout ya.”

“He has?” Yip nodded in confirmation, and Tommy’s eyes shone.

“You know what we gotta do?” Tommy smiled, a mischievous gleam in his eyes, and finally, Tubbo understood a moment of his friend’s emotions.

The look of causing mischief. And Tubbo finally felt another grin form on his face.

“Lead the way, big man.”



Brian could deal with Yip. He could deal with Tommy.

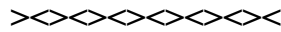
So why, why were they so determined to make him suffer?

Why did they have to bring a third?

Why?

Why did they hate him? Did they *want* him to go insane?

Most likely.



Tubbo was laughing as he sat in the hideout with the werewolf. He had expected Tommy to set something small on fire with those powers, but no.

They stole things from a (knight he supposed) man who shouted and sighed, much to the laughter of some of the others he had met earlier.

Tommy had run to get them lunch, still laughing his head off. Yip's tail was wagging as he turned to the boy.

"I gotta admit, it's nice to meet you finally." Tubbo looked up, and aside.

"Yeah-...uh- thanks."

"For what?"

"For...taking care of Tommy. I'm glad he had a friend here."

Yip smiled. "You're welcome." He chuckled, leaning his head back. "Now I see why Tommy said I reminded him of you."

"...What?"

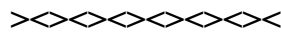
"Yeah!" Yip's tail wagged, and Tubbo leaned forward slightly, his small tail wiggling almost happily. "It was the first time we actively messed with Brian. He accidentally called me 'Tubbo'. He said it helped- to see you in me, I mean. He didn't feel so alone." Tubbo's ears went down, smiling slightly, giving a little chuckle.

Tommy didn't hate him. Tommy had never even *forgotten* about him. He'd tried to keep them as close as possible. Tears gathered in his eyes that he hurried to wipe away, not before the werewolf managed to catch his gaze.

"Are you okay? I didn't mean to upset you-"

"-No I-I'm fine." Tubbo smiled brightly at the boy.

"In fact, I'm *great*."



"Do you *have* to go!?" Tommy whined, his ears flat as he stood with Phil and Tubbo at the portal. "You- You stayed for dinner- surely you can stay the night!"

"Big man, I got stuff tomorrow." Tubbo laughed.

"And I promised Fundy I'd help him with some things..." Phil smiled. "I'll meet you on the other side Tubbo." Tubbo nodded as the avian stepped through, disappearing.

Tubbo looked up at Tommy, swallowing, and hugged him tightly. "I'll visit again soon, okay? Real soon."

Tommy smiled, huffing. "*Good.*"

Tubbo laughed, and slowly took the green bandanna he had given Tommy off, holding it out. "Wait for me, okay?" Tommy smiled, tying it to his wrist. Tubbo felt warmth rush through him at the gesture.

"Always dumbass."

Tubbo laughed, warmth surging through him as he leapt through the portal, smiling brightly at the avian still waiting as they walked back, his heart lighter than it had been in a year.

He couldn't wait to see his friend, his *brother* again.

Tubbo_ has left the game .

Ph1lZa has left the game.

Tubbo_ has joined the game.

Philza has joined the game.

The admin roared in anger, throwing his fist into the screen, bold yellow letters crackling and glitching. The mask was on the table, his brown hair falling in front of his anger and hate-filled eyes.

“STOP IT!” He screamed at the screen.

How were they *getting out*!? NONE OF THEM COULD GET OUT!

That was what he was proud of. Whoever would come could not leave. This was his playground, those here his dolls.

And Phil and Tubbo weren't playing fair.

He was angry. But no longer could the admin hide behind his smile and screens.

No.

He needed to get to the bottom of this.

He needed to find out where they were.

He needed to find *TOMMY*.

Chapter End Notes

As promised, now the angst is over for now XD. (As hard as that is to believe with the ending)

But be prepared, there will be some more secret lore soon ;)

Noone's Ever Lost Forever, When They Die They Go Away (But They Will Visit You Occasionally, Do Not Be Afraid)

Chapter Summary

Guilt and regret can be difficult to move on from. Aaron knows that better than most.

But now he has someone who wishes to help just as much as the werewolf did him.

[Chapter Title from 'Lost' by Amanda Palmer]

Chapter Notes

Me; don't worry guys I'll give you fluff! :D

Also me, now writing a hurt/comfort chapter between Tommy and Aaron; *sobs* forgive me

[Also! We now have a spotify playlist for this series! Link:
<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/2MLGGLyj5jGXiGFXyCGkC1?si=be91bfa446ff4949>
]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Aaron whimpered as he tossed and turned, trying desperately to sleep, without the sharpened claws of painful memories gripping tightly.

He winced, panting heavily before throwing himself up. The werewolf ran a hand through his hair, coal black eyes tired and weary. Tears lined his eyes as he looked to the window, clutching his head tightly, voices and people echoing through his head.

“Daddy! Daddy look!”

“What is that? Give it to me!”

“Lily...Lily get up! PLEASE! J-Jacob? C-Come on son- don't- don't do this to me!”

He hated it. Hated when the memories would surface and drown him in his old guilt and pain. Guilt that, thanks to the lord of this town and the people in it he'd felt start to loosen. Pain that he had felt relax slowly at every moment he spent with a certain teen.

He walked over to the side of his bed, rifling through an old satchel, the satchel he had with him upon first meeting the lord, saving her life from a pack of werewolves.

He reached in, pulling out an old teddy bear. One arm was torn off, and one button eye was gone, the other holding on by a thread.

The once-lord had given it to his son from when he was but a newborn. Lily had laughed, a gentle, comforting laugh that moved on the breeze.

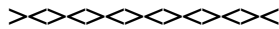
"You're just spoiling him! Honestly..."

"Oh- you are just jealous that I got him his first toy before you."

His tears landed on the toy as he cradled it in his arms, rocking back and forth on the floor of his room, curled tightly in the corner.

"Forgive me son..."

"Please, forgive me..."



Tommy smiled brightly as he walked through the town, tail wagging as he tightened the bandanna around his wrist. He was more than thankful to have Tubbo with him occasionally now, on the same visits as his father. He missed his old friend, his other half, more than anything.

His ears rose as he caught sight of his favourite knight (Travis was a close second- *very* close second) walking by. Tommy grinned, running forward.

"Aaron! Hey- Aaron!" The hybrid slowed down, ears going flat as he noticed the way the werewolf walked, almost stumbling a little, his tail not moving like it usually did, coal black eyes dull and tired. Tommy recognised it; he'd seen Aaron many times on one of these days, slower, almost not there.

He knew why. He had asked Aphmau the first time he'd seen it when Aaron wouldn't entirely talk to him, didn't seem- *right* in a way. It was more he'd learned about Zane that was mentioned briefly, and all the more he heard made him thankful he hadn't met that man (and yet more anxious too- he *really* wanted to beat his face in).

The boy shook his head, continuing to run, soon landing in step with him, causing the werewolf to jump slightly and flick his gaze to the side. Tommy smiled, ears twitching.

“Yip and I have been practicing more moves together that we think are really cool! I mean- it was mainly Yip's idea, it was while we were waiting for Travis to come for his sword- it was *so* fun, he never saw it coming- I'm surprised you couldn't hear his scream from all the way over here!” Tommy laughed, his eyes flicking to the werewolf, who already appeared to be relaxing, a quiet spark shining in his eyes.

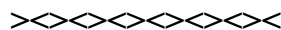
His ears twitched, which Tommy knew was his silent signal that he was listening. The hybrid grinned, putting his hands in his pockets as he kept talking.

“Since I'm pretty light on my feet when I use my wind, we used the fact that Yip has his shield and holds it, and I can use my witchcraft to vault off of it and bam! Block attacks! Though we gotta be careful, they might have quicker reflexes. We can't wait to see how it'd go next time we're practicing! Though Travis's sword is *really* heavy, so we just kept it nearby and I held my practice one again.”

Aaron chuckled briefly, causing Tommy to smile. It wasn't often that Aaron would respond with anything in these moments, so the hybrid took it upon himself to talk when he didn't have to respond. His eyes were shining with amusement and pride, but they still seemed sad.

The teen forced his ears to stay up, turning back to walking, making sure he dodged the wall of the building nearby. “Oh yeah- Lucinda's proud of my progress too! Travis has been helping me keep control of my witchcraft without a staff. It's so fun! Oh- you gotta look!”

Tommy bounced in front of the werewolf, holding out his palms, his eyes glowing a soft blue as his hands began to glow a soft white and blue, and in a tiny ‘poof’ of sparkles, his little familiar *Clementine* was resting on his palms. The hybrid beamed looking up at the guard, and through his excitement failed to notice the look in his eyes.



“I've learned to summon *Clementine*! I'm still learning but it's so fun! Lucinda's finally teaching me illusions as well! It's cool isn't it?!”

Aaron stood rigid, unable to tear his gaze away from the sparkle in Tommy's eyes, that gleam as he searched for the pride and praise he was looking for, the happiness at the thought of someone he cared for being proud of him.

For a moment, he didn't *see* Tommy. Instead, he saw Jacob, with his dark brown hair, bright, innocent, *alive* cyan's eyes gazing up at his father as he held the bird carefully in his palms, an injured wing placed carefully.

"Daddy! Mama and I found a baby bird! She said his wing was sore. I think he likes me! We can keep him while we look after him right?!"

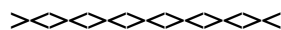
It only solidified his grief, his guilt. Tommy was so much like his own son, whether he meant to be or not. He knew Jacob would have adored the boy as much as Levin and Malachi did. Tears rolled down his face as Tommy finally noticed that he hadn't responded.

"A-...Aaron?" *Clementine* had fluttered off of Tommy's palm and onto his shoulder, settling into her own little nest she'd made in it. "Aaron are you- are you okay?"

He couldn't- he couldn't do it. Why couldn't he move? Where was the air? He couldn't be here- he needed them, but they were gone. They were gone and he was here, but he was also dead. He died the second his wife and son had taken their last breaths.

Why did he trust him? Why did he bring him into their village? Why was he so fucking trusting!? He killed them. He killed them. They were dead because of him. Not Zane, him.

Aaron ran out into the forest, feeling his instincts take over as he controlled the werewolf blood into his own, feet turning to paws as he raced into the forest. He didn't know where to go, but he needed to go *somewhere*. He just needed to hide.



"..Aaron?" Tommy looked around the forest, ears back with anxiety and worry. He hadn't meant to upset the guard, hadn't even noticed anything until the first few tears started to fall down his face.

"Aaron!?" His ears twitched, trying to pick up even the smallest sound from the forest, sniffing as he tried his best to catch the werewolf's scent. *Clementine* fluttered up and ahead, before soon coming back, landing on Tommy's finger and bouncing side to side a little.

“Did you find him girl?” Tommy smiled as his little familiar bobbed her head up and down. “Well then lead the way!” The boy took off after the little moth, stopped as he saw the werewolf sitting by the lake. Aaron was still in his werewolf form, ears flat as his claws dug into the earth.

“..Aaron?” Tommy whispered. Aaron’s ears twitched as he turned to the side, pure red eyes gazing into Tommy’s. All that came out was a quiet whimper.

The hybrid looked at him sadly, not saying a thing as he sat in-between his front paws, ears flat. Aaron moved a paw in front of the boy, pushing him close as he lied down, closing his eyes. Tommy smiled sadly, a hand moving carefully through the fur on Aaron’s muzzle as he curled up, soon falling asleep himself.

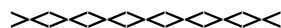


Tommy sighed, running a hand through his hair. Aaron still hadn’t said anything, but the hybrid could tell he was grateful. His ears were flat as he looked out the window, closing his eyes as he maneuvered carefully to not disturb his sleeping familiar.

“Mom?” He whispered, opening the window. Tommy smiled, the cool wind brushing against his face. “I don’t know if you’re able to-...well *do* anything, but-...it’s Aaron.’

‘He’s-...he missed his family. And I was wondering if- you’d be able to find them and-...maybe help me give a message to Aaron? I...I wanna do something for him. He’s like- a cool older brother you know? Like- like the way I used to look at Tech when I was younger. Just-...if you can help I-I’d really appreciate it. Thanks mom, I love you!’

The teen chuckled as the breeze moved against his cheek softly, closing his eyes to savour the moment, before pushing himself up and heading towards his bed.



Tommy blinked, his eyes adjusting to warm sunlight. He looked around; the trees were thick, unlike the thinner spruce and oak trees that littered the forest around Phoenix Drop. He

recognised them; dark oak. He took a couple steps forward, looking around as he tugged at the bandanna around his neck.

“At least I’m still in my clothes...” He murmured, swallowing down the anxiety that followed any dream he tended to have; they were never usually good.

He looked about, hands tracing the grooves in the trunks as he stepped forward into a town. It was nice, hidden by the forest but yet held its own glistening fields, tall buildings and squares. It reminded him of Phoenix Drop, but it seems further accepted into nature.

What confused him though, was the lack of people. He couldn’t entirely hear anything, except for a child’s laugh. Following the noise, Tommy soon stopped, watching as a young boy, around 6 years old chased after a butterfly, dark brown, almost black hair pushed out of his face with the wind, cyan eyes glittering excitedly as a werewolf tail wagged excitedly.

The boy stopped as he almost crashed into Tommy, looking up with wide, curious eyes. “Oh. Hello!” The boy smiled, and Tommy smiled back, bending down slightly.

“Hey,” Tommy’s ears twitched, smiling warmly, “I’m Tommy. I’m not gonna hurt you, don’t worry.”

The werewolf shuffled on his feet slightly. He looked almost ready to run, before he leaned slightly, werewolf ears twitching as he sniffed.

“Mmmmm...” He made a little uncertain growl, before shaking his head, a smile appearing on his face. “Okay! I’ll trust you, mr! You smell like dad, after all!” Tommy blinked.

“Y-Your dad?” The boy nodded, before blinking.

“Mhm! Oh-” He stood up straight, beaming- “my name’s Jacob!”

Tommy’s eyes widened. “Jacob..?”

“Yep!” The hybrid stared at the werewolf, finally recognising the boy’s face shape, the almost black hair, and the slight reddish glimmer in his eyes.

“Jacob?” A woman’s voice echoed from the largest cottage, as a pale hand pushed open the door, a lady with dark brown hair and the same glittering cyan eyes as the boy walked out, her eyes widening as they landed on Tommy, a smile gracing her features. “Ah, you must be Tommy. She told me we’d meet you...”

“Uh- ‘she’?” Tommy jumped as he heard a loud caw, looking to the side. Sitting on the top of the town well, was a crow, black eyes shining softly as it leapt off, giving a loving peck to Tommy’s cheek before flying about Jacob, who laughed in delight as he started to chase it. The hybrid chuckled softly.

“Thanks mom...”

The woman looked back up to him, stepping aside as she gestured for him to enter. “I’m Lily, by the way.”

“I-I know miss.” Tommy smiled politely as he followed her in, looking around the home, ears rising as he sighed, the fire roaring carefully. Lily beamed, placing down some cups, pulling aside a chair for him.

“Would you like some tea?”

“Uh- no I-I’m alright. Thank you...I didn’t expect this in all honesty.”

Lily smiled gently, placing a hand carefully on the boy’s shoulder, before sitting down beside him.

“...So-...how’s Aaron?” Her gaze glittered sadly, as though she already knew how he was, but wanted confirmation that- that it wasn’t all how he was. Tommy sucked in a breath, fiddling with the bandanna on his wrist.

“He’s- He’s good...! Most of the time. He’s gonna be my mentor to be a guard once I-I’m 18 in a year...” Lily smiled. “But-...he does miss you...a lot...he- he blames himself for...for what happened...”

“I was afraid of that...” Lily sighed. “Do you- know everything that happened?”

Tommy shook his head. “No. I only know what my mom told me. This- Zane released an amulet which Aaron took and- it killed everyone. Everyone believes it was a monster...”

“That- is half of the truth.” Lily looked aside to the window, where Jacob was still playing excitedly. “Zane came into our town...it wasn’t far from O’Khasis, he called it ‘making relations with the outlying villages’...he acted friendly. Aaron- he trusted it. Trusted him.’

‘Aaron started to get suspicious after a while...things would happen that only Zane could fix. People were starting to doubt my husband. Zane overheard Aaron talking to me one night, and Jacob came home saying that Zane had ‘given him a gift’. In Aaron’s paranoia he took it, and-”

“-And it destroyed everyone.” Lily nodded. She smiled sadly, both hers and Tommy’s heads lifting up as there was a sharp caw nearby.

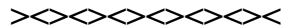
“You should be waking up soon.” Lily smiled, moving a hand onto Tommy’s. “Do me a favour, will you?”

“A-...Anything...!”

“Tell Aaron that I love him. Tell him Jacob and I are watching over him. And-...and tell him that- that I hope one day he moves on. That one day he finds a love that makes him happy as he was with me, if not more so. I want to be able to both welcome him and whatever family he makes here...”

Tommy smiled, tears in his eyes. “I will.” Lily stood, hurrying herself over to hug the boy tightly.

“Thank you...” She whispered, and Tommy couldn’t help but slowly drift to sleep in her grip.



Tommy yawned, waking with a start. He looked out the window, the sun only just starting to rise over the hill. He rubbed his face, smiling as he saw a crow feather resting on the windowsill.

“I know what I gotta do...” Tommy nodded to himself, grabbing his jacket and shoving it on before slipping down the stairs carefully, writing a quick note to his family.

‘I woke up early. Needed to do something. If I’m not back for breakfast don’t wait for me, I’ll see Donna. - Tommy.’

With that, Tommy nodded, racing out to the forest and knocking on a door. He only hoped she knew what to *do*.

It didn’t take long for Lucinda to open the door, her crimson eyes blinking as she tilted her head. “Tommy? What are you doing here so early?”

“I-I’m sorry ‘Cinda, I just-” Tommy shuffled on his feet- “what do you know about shrines that can worship the dead?”



Aaron sighed as he sheathed his broadsword, shaking his head as he struggled to hide the tiredness from his eyes. He began to walk through the town, blinking as the familiar blonde-haired teen ran over to him panting.

“Aaron-” The boy wasted no time grabbing his hand- “come on! I gotta show you something!”

Aaron unfortunately didn’t have much time to react, before the teen started pulling him through the town. The boy was smiling as he led him through the forest still close to the town, the area where the werewolf knew Laurance’s wyvern had been buried.

Once Tommy let go of his hand, the werewolf froze.

Settled carefully together were two beautiful shrines, decorated with flowers and old fairy lights Aaron recognised from Zoey’s stash of them.

In the wood, he could see a carefully carved image of falcon wings outstretched behind a wolf paw, claws outstretched.

The symbol of his old town.

“So I-I talked to my mom- Kristen-” Tommy explained- “and I remembered how she told me that shrines to the dead could help them watch over their loved ones so- I asked Lucinda to...to help me...”

‘I...I know your wife- I know that Lily would still love you, and she’d want you to move on.’ Tommy smiled, looking up at the werewolf, still frozen, staring at the shrines, candlelights flickering gently. “And- I bet she looks forward to the day she gets to see you again after you’ve lived a full life.”

“You- Aaron you taught me it was...okay for me to love those that- that hurt me, to- to miss them. And now I get why you were able to help with that because- because I...I know what Zane did, properly. I just-...I just wanted to help like- like you did me. So now you- you can talk to them...! And they’ll be right here.”

Aaron felt tears roll down his face as he engulfed the young boy in a hug, holding him tightly. His shoulders shook with every breath.

“Thank you, Tommy.”

“You’re welcome Aaron.” Tommy’s tail was wagging as he looked up at him, eyes glistening happily. Aaron chuckled as he sat down in front of the shrines, ears twitching as he heard Tommy sit down with him.

“Jacob would have liked you. So much...” He whispered. Tommy smiled, almost knowingly, as he rested his head on the werewolf’s shoulder.

“I bet I would have liked him too.”

Chapter End Notes

I wish I could say that this is gonna be over by next chapter but-...there won't be some fluff for a little while. I'm so sorry. I'll try and make it into chapter 30, I promise. I swear. I didn't mean for this to be upsetting I'm so sorry XD

Take care guys!

[Also, as an explanation of Lily's recount; it's never specified WHY Zane targeted Falcon Claw, so I decided to make it so he sort of manipulated Aaron and pretended to be his friend, then caused the destruction once Aaron was getting suspicious. It also

works with how Aaron seemed to understand and assist Tommy in earlier chapters when it came to mourning those who hurt you]

Don't Say It Wasn't True (That You Were Not The Monster That I Knew)

Chapter Summary

The axe forgets but the tree remembers.

[Chapter Title from 'Requiem' from the musical Dear Evan Hansen]

Chapter Notes

Lore time lore time lore time!

I have been sitting on this for a while. Also- I apologise in advance if any of you are Techno Apologists I am NOT and- this really shone through in this fic (tho he wasn't painted nicely in Phil's first chapters). I really tried to race through this chapter while keeping it good because- c!Techno has always made me feel uncomfortable, he has no development- so yeah. Sorry guys, but I promise, mine and Brownie's Techno shall have the development we crave- just not yet ;)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

She stood tall. She stood powerfully. That was in Her nature, after all. To be powerful and strong. Never before had She pleaded. Never before. Had not even pleaded to be taken to those She cared about.

But now She knew She was about to plead. She needed to. She only hoped Her old friend would listen, listen finally, to Her pleas. He had to. He was the only one keeping this from occurring.

It always confused Her; the strange connection He had to that little mortal, thin and cold, of whom He had never met before, leading Him to the safety of the land beyond. It seemed they still held secrets from one another.

She could hear Him sigh. No form, not like Hers. He was nothing but a voice, a distant memory of who He used to be, fractures of His memory keeping Him here. She was no fool. She could tell His sigh was for Her. And slowly, with a deep exhale, did His voice speak.

"I will not."

"Please." She pleaded, grasping Her hands together. "Please."

"I will not. I shall not. I will not allow him to endanger their lives." She sighed, wishing there was something to grasp to, some sort of warmth to cling to. All She could do was go down to Her knees, closing Her eyes.

"He will not!"

"He will!" His voice roared, causing Her, though ever-so-powerful, to flinch. He had never been angry, not in the time She had known Him. Though She supposed He had a right.

She was the one to leave them first after all.

"He has caused SO MUCH pain, this shall not be any different!! The carnage he will raze will be horrific. He does not know how to hold back."

"Please..." She did not know what else to say. What else could She say? "I know he is different. I know he-...I know he is good. You know I would not have chosen to deliver my powers onto him should I have known if he were anything but good."

The voice was silent. She took that as an opportunity. An opportunity to continue.

"Please...just this once. I am begging you, my old friend. Let him through."

Another sigh. She never knew what those meant, even before now.

"Very well. But promise me this. If he fails whatever strange test this is that you have planned for him, he shall be punished." She was silent. She did not want to punish him.

"I will not need to." Perhaps others would call Her arrogant. Over-confident. But She was not. She had faith, hope, in Her champion.

"Promise me." He repeated.

She relented. Take what She could, that was what She had always been taught.

“Very well...I promise. I promise on my godhood.”

“Then I shall open the gateway for him.”



The cold bit at his tall form, however it did not bother him all that much. Perhaps it was due to the natural heat he generated, or the thick coat he donned.

The arrow flew through the air, hitting the stag with expertise as he landed in its neck, the creature stumbling before falling to the snowy ground, breath leaving its body.

Score!

10!

10!

Eh- I'd give it an 8

What the fuck man?

Techno groaned, shaking his head. “And here I was enjoying a lovely walk alone without you all.” He grumbled, walking forward as he pulled the arrow from the stag, wiping the blood off of the arrow shaft, voices dancing in his ears.

The piglin looked up at the sky, clouds still moving overhead. It was later, he should be getting home soon. Nowadays was the time *he* had used to come by.

He hadn't in months.

It didn't bother the hybrid. If his father was going to be selfish and act as though Techno needed to be taught a lesson, then he didn't need him around.

Besides, Phil had proven he didn't want Techno as a son after abandoning him, not choosing to fight alongside him against the destruction of the country and people that wanted him dead.

"This is the ONE THING I have left that Tommy loved Techno! Damnit you are not taking this from me! From HIM!"

He couldn't help but scoff. His father had been so sentimental over a traitor. When had his father become so *weak*? Perhaps he had always been weak in that sense, but the hybrid had been too distracted by his fighting prowess to even notice.

Phil wasn't his father. It wasn't like Techno hadn't been without one before. He rolled his eyes, grabbing the diamond sword he kept for skinning his prey and bent down, ears twitching as he heard a strange noise.

He stood, listening again. He started walking towards the snowy biome, over the mountains further from his home, voices chattering.

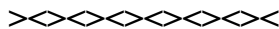
Yo are we gonna find a cult?

Cultnoblade

CULTNOBLADE!!

Techno groaned, rubbing his temples as he kept walking, leaping down the icy cliffside and further into the trees. He folded his arms, a strange portal glistening in the centre of the strange area. Perhaps his instincts should have made him step back, away from this strange area just outside of his territory, but they didn't.

Instead, he extended a hand, voices seeming to quieten with a strange curiosity as he walked through, a strange tingle racing through his body at the gesture.



Techno closed his eyes tightly, shielding them from the sun beating down, a heavy contrast from the clouded skies of his snowy terrain.

His feet crunched on the leaves starting to fall, turning to gentle ambers and red. It had been so long since he'd seen autumn. The snow didn't really dissipate in his home, his arctic empire.

But he didn't like how it felt. It was warm, enveloping him.

It made him feel safe. Which unnerved him.

The birds tweeted overhead with their sweet songs, of which The Voices tried (and failed) to replicate. He moved through the forest, still silent, still careful. He was a warrior of many years, he would not lose that just because he was in a strange place he did not know.

His ears twitched as he heard voices, laughter and giggles. Five, three small toddlers, a child, and-

He stilled.

He knew that laugh.

That laugh full to the brim with arrogance and an idiotic nievity. The laugh of an annoying traitor that saw himself as better than everyone else, completely unaware of the pain he had put others, even his family through.

He drew his axe slowly, its gold glimmering in the sunlight that stretched through the trees. The Voices disappeared as he kept walking, slowly, ever so slowly.



"Careful Levin!" Tommy laughed, his hands holding the toddler as he let him play slightly in the lake, Malachi helping keep Alexis and Kyle at bay, his green eyes shining excitedly. Tommy had been asked to babysit the children while Molly, Emmalyn and Emma dragged Zoey and Aphmau off on a girls' day, to which the teen had happily agreed.

His heart warmed at the happy glimmer in Malachi's eyes at the idea of helping his big brother babysit the younger children.

“Splish! Splash!” Levin laughed excitedly, his arms waving, occasionally hitting the older boy, who scoffed playfully, throwing himself back on the bank as he captured Levin in his arms.

The toddler squealed in excitement, and Malachi smiled, holding Alexis and Kyles’ hands.

“Come on! We gotta defeat the monster!” The two toddlers squealed excitedly as they ran (or moreso stumbled) forward with the child. Tommy laughed, playfully flopping over as the children clambered onto him.

“Oh noooooo...!” He laughed, swaying his head dramatically. “I’ve been defeated!” He chuckled, ruffling Malachi’s hair, before his ears twitched.

A twig snap.

Almost immediately, Tommy’s guard training kicked in, eyes quickly surveying the area as he focused on the skills they’d taught him.

He looked around, the bird songs stilling. Even *Clementine*, who had been snuggled in his bandanna had hidden herself in the tufts of her warlock’s hair. He sniffed the air, smelling the scent of smoke, of dark spruce trees-

And of coal. Of gold.

“Tommy? Are you okay?”

“Big brother?”

Malachi and Levin’s voices snapped him out, as Tommy put the children down, grabbing Malachi’s hand. “Malachi, listen to me.” Malachi looked around, scared, but nodded as he moved close to his brother.

“W-What’s going on? Y-You’re acting like mom did before w-we were sent away for a- for a little while.”

“Everything’s okay. I just need you to go to the guards. Okay? Tell them I heard something near the lake. And I want you to listen to them for whatever they tell you, alright? Go through that way, where there’s more cover.” Malachi nodded, taking their hands, letting Levin hold onto his little coat that Cadenza had made for him.

The hybrid stood as they ran off, steeling himself, eyes sharpening as the form came through the forest.

Before, the image of his brother would have frightened him, with his glistening axe and eyes devoid of any and all emotion.

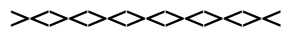
But now?

Now all Tommy was, was *angry*.

Tubbo had told him everything. The things they now called ‘Doomsday’. When Tommy had asked how Techno was, Phil shrugged, saying ‘who knows’, a pain in his eyes too painful to bear, so Tommy dropped it.

And Tommy would be *damned* if he was going to let Techno lay a fucking *FINGERNAIL* on his new family. He wasn’t some scared little kid anymore, holding a sword too heavy for his frail form to hold.

He was motherfucking *Tommy Innit*.



Techno scoffed as he came face to face with his supposed “dead brother”. He could hear bushes rustling, supposedly the others of the group running away. He didn’t bother with it. He was focused on the traitor, the little *shit* in front of him.

“Technoblade.” Techno, in a way, was impressed at the growl in the boy’s voice. But he was still a child. Techno was a seasoned warrior, he could easily smell the fear still radiating off of the boy, easily see the trembling in his hands, the panic in his eyes.

“So, you’re not dead.” Techno scoffed, rolling his eyes. “I knew it was a waste for Phil to mourn you. He should have listened to me.”

The piglin didn’t notice Tommy’s eyes go wide, the panic turning into anger and disgust.

Nor did he notice the boy run, and with an angry roar, punch his elder brother right across the face.

Techno *stumbled*.

He stumbled, shaking his head as he noticed his blood on the grass. He moved a hand to his lips, wincing. His tusks had taken a fair amount of the blow, but he knew it would leave a bruise. He didn't have enough time to react as a heavy blast of wind slammed him onto his back, Tommy glaring daggers down at the man.

"You...You selfish, arrogant FUCKER!" Tommy screamed. Gone was the fear, gone was the trembling, gone was the panic. All that was left was a red, hot, burning inferno of *rage*.
"HOW DARE YOU TREAT OUR FATHER LIKE THAT!?"

"Oh please, like you cared about him."

"I DO!" Tommy's voice was steady, unlike the shake Techno remembered.

Who was this? This- this was not the traitorous brother of his. This was some strong, confident stranger wearing his face, his voice, his mannerisms.

"I do care about him. I'M the one who held my father after realising I was tricked into hating him! I'M the one who got to make my father smile again! Don't think I don't KNOW what you did!" He laughed, pacing as he shook his head.

"What so it- it wasn't enough to destroy L'Manberg the first time!? WHAT WAS LEFT OF *WILBUR* !?"

"THAT PLACE KILLED HIM!"

"OH WAKE UP TO YOURSELF YOU PRICK!" Tommy was trembling. "My *entire* life, I have been scared of you. Of what you could do. Now I see I was scared of nothing but a pathetic, weak *coward* who hides behind a mask, claiming that anarchy is the true release of man who exudes his strength over people he *knows* will defy him, who will question what he's doing."

"You hurt me. But not just me. You hurt Wilbur. You hurt *TUBBO*! You hurt father, and Quackity, and Sam, and Fundy- EVERYONE! DID YOU NOT CARE TO THINK THAT PHIL COULD HAVE DIED IN YOUR SO-CALLED 'DOOMSDAY'!?"

Techno stared at the boy, pushing himself up, growling.

“He abandoned me. Just like you did! Why would I mourn a *traitor*!? But now...I'll just make sure he has something to mourn.” Techno stepped forward, his axe glistening as he lifted it, resting calmly in his hands.

He was stopped.

A large, hulking form stood between himself and Tommy, pushing Tommy back behind him, holding a large purple broadsword. Dark, coal black eyes glared into Techno's fury-ridden red ones, glimmers of red sparking. A deep growl rested in the strange hybrid's throat. A growl that Techno understood all too well.

A growl that meant *STAY. AWAY.*

He stepped back, noticing the red and black shadows and flames that seemed to move around the man, and he frowned.

Why did this stranger- this person who had shoved themselves in front of him and the traitor feel familiar to him?

“Tommy!” Another voice shouted, a black-haired woman, standing proud with a glistening white sword moved towards the boy, glaring.

“You stay away from him!” A white-haired male shouted, horns growing out his head, skin melting to a dark grey, violet eyes gleaming as flames erupted in his hands.

“What are you doing in *our* town!?” A blonde spoke next, holding a blue shield and sword, jagged and sharp. Many more joined them; a bluenette woman, a bluenette male, a brunette male, but Techno didn't care.

His eyes kept landing on the woman, the strange demon, the blonde, and this wolf.

There was something familiar in them. Something that made him stall.

He should have dragged his blade through them by now.

So why, why did this thought of hurting them feel so strange?

It frightened him.

He didn't like how the fury in the wolf's eyes filled him with a strange feeling (*anxiety*, one of his Voices crooned, almost as though they were enjoying it.)

He didn't like how the defensive stance of the blonde made him get ready for something, something where he wouldn't get truly hurt, not unless he pushed.

He didn't like how the demon's powers filled him with dread and yet a comfort of something long gone.

And he especially didn't like how the angry and defensive gleam in the woman's eyes filled him with despair.

He shook it off, trying desperately to stand strong. Tommy glared from behind the male.

"You heard them *Technoblade* -" he spat his brother's name with such venom and hatred-
"get out of here."

Techno scoffed. "Why would I do that?" He grinned, relishing in the way the boy's form flinched slightly, remembering the sickening grin from The Pit. "Blood for the Blood God remember? He'd be *very* impressed."

"She!" A voice perked up. A blonde woman was kept near the back, two of the strangers with weapons trying to keep her back. "The- The Blood God, that is. It's a she."

"I'm pretty damn sure I'd know the gender of the god I worship under."

"Well you don't! The Blood God was a woman. No one knows how she achieved godhood, there are stories that she was a mortal who caught the eye of a War God, others say she challenged a god to a duel and won, and was gifted with immortality and godhood-"

Techno's snarl made her yelp and hurry back. Tommy pushed past the man in front of him, glaring up at his brother.

"Get out Technoblade."

“ *No* .”

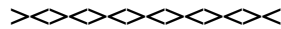
Tommy glared. “I don’t think you heard me...” Techno watched as Tommy’s eyes sparked with anger, flames surrounding his arms as a barrier went up, protecting his family as a blast of flame slammed into the piglin, throwing him across into a tree, a heavy cracking sound heard as the tree broke, crashing to the ground. Before he could get up, Tommy stepped forward, a foot on the piglin's chest.

He was stronger than before.

“GET OUT OF MY HOME! I *hate* you Technoblade. I NEVER want to see you again.”

Techno scoffed, wiping blood from his mouth at the impact, standing. He took one look at the traitorous boy.

“This ain’t over *Theseus* . Trust me...”



Tommy watched as Techno walked away, panting heavily, his hands shaking. The barrier went down, looking around at the scorched grassy field of the forest, burns on the trees around the area, but thankfully, his family was unharmed.

“Tommy...” Aaron murmured quietly. Tommy’s breathing hitched as he crumpled against the werewolf, sobbing while he clung to his uniform.

Years of pain and anger had built up, and finally, *finally* he had told his brother how he felt.

“It’s okay kid...” Aaron whispered, a hand carding through the boy’s hair, before Aphmau and Zoey hurried close, clutching their son.

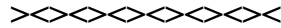
“Katelyn, Garroth, Travis, Dante, Laurence. All of you start to go to that portal, make sure that- *beast* is gone.” The guards all nodded as they hurried off, weapons still brandished.

Tommy didn’t care. He sobbed as relief pulsed through his body.

The scars that remained on his body from Techno’s words and weapons could finally heal.

He didn't stop sobbing, not even as his mothers took him carefully back, whispering soft words of reassurance to their son, Aaron going as well to make sure he was okay.

And he may not have been at that moment, but at least now Tommy knew he would be, truly, entirely, *okay* .



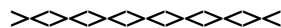
Techno walked back to the portal slowly. He was aware of the people following him. He wasted no time stepping back through into the cold air.

The Voices were still a little quiet. It amused him, how even for voices without bodies, he could feel their disappointment radiating within him, as though from his very soul, his being.

The hybrid scoffed, rolling his eyes. He didn't *care* about Tommy. And it was clear that Tommy didn't care about him either. But that was fine, the traitor could play pretend all he wanted.

Techno knew what he was.

A cowardly child hiding behind a loud voice and fake arrogance.



She stood tall. But no longer in Her desperation. But in anger. She wished to scream at him, Her pain and anger reached beyond the stars, the heavens above.

How DARE he!? She was the one who had chosen him, She had brought him up with Her gift. The Voices had been a sacrifice, an issue She had not expected. She did not know what side effect he would have, but She had hoped it would not be so cold.

He was not the champion She had chosen. He had grown cruel, crueller than that of who She had known, who She had helped destroy.

One day, She would be able to reach him again. He had made a fool out of Her, made Her- in a way lie to an old friend. And he would suffer. She would teach him what he should have known.

None could hide forever, not from Her. She would always, always seek them out.

There was no escape from her fury.

Chapter End Notes

So! Bit of lore to cover~ who was the strange She/Her and He/Him who were having that conversation? (Obviously the 'he' they were both talking about is Techno, the gateway being the portal), and why did they all feel strange to Techno? And how come Emmalyn's beliefs of the Blood God are so very different to Technoblade? So very strange indeed XD.

Obviously this will not be answered until later, in the sequel! I promise to make the next chapter as fluffy as I can- I'm so sorry.

But hey- you guys got BAMF Tommy! (I've been wanting to write him popping off for so long-)

You Are Never All Alone (Because I Will Always, Always Love You)

Chapter Summary

Tommy was not just beloved by those in the town and his friends, he was beloved by his family.

They love him more than anything.

[Chapter Title from 'In My Arms' by Plumb]

Chapter Notes

fanfare once again, this is a POV chapter just before the next reunion! This one- I don't believe will be as angsty as Tubbo or Phil's, because I don't really know what much to do but there will be some. Because I adore the angst and I love drinking your tears /j

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Aphmau sighed, digging through their storage downstairs, looking aside at the crystal-like broadsword she had hanging up with her other, much older weapons that hadn't broken throughout her time as lord. There was peace, nowadays. She didn't have much of a need for it, though she kept it on her whenever she left her home.

The last time she had held it that was not training was when that stranger was discovered, in order to protect her son she had drawn her blade for the first time since The Battle for Phoenix Drop.

“Mom?” Tommy’s voice brought her out of her thoughts, chuckling as her dogs ran forward, barking as they started attempting to jump up on the teen. The hybrid laughed, petting each of them as the lord quietened them with a sharp whistle. “What are you doing down here?”

The lord looked up, her gaze softened as she saw her eldest adopted son walk forward, his tail wagging. “I was sorting through some things...” She chuckled, and Tommy smiled, before his gaze landed on the same sword.

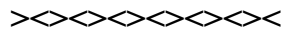
“I’ve never seen this before...” The hybrid murmured, stepping forward as he smiled, tail wagging. “I mean- you were holding it when- when *he* came through but I never knew you could use one...!”

“Yes, well- I learnt a while ago. Aaron was the one who actually trained me in more- more unique styles of combat.”

“He did!?” Aphmau laughed, watching the boy’s eyes shine, and she smiled thoughtfully.

“Indeed. Perhaps you’d like to learn some skills yourself?”

The lord could do nothing but laugh as Tommy looked like all his birthdays had come at once.



Aphmau grinned as her sword clashed against Tommy’s own, still one of the simple iron ones all of the trainees had before their mentorship, when they were given the chance for their own. He was capable, that much was certain.

She spun, moving against the ground and pointing her sword at Tommy’s back, chuckling. The hybrid’s eyes glistened as he turned, tail wagging.

“Holy shit- that was so pog mom!” Aphmau laughed (even to this day she had no idea what he meant by that - but she assumed it was something good since he only ever said it if he liked something), putting her sword back in its hilt. “Have you always been able to do that!?”

“Well I led a war, dear...course I do.” Her eyes saddened for a moment, remembering the fear and pain of having to send her partner and children away, her friends that had become so close to her.

She looked up, eyes saddening as she noticed the way Tommy shuffled on his feet. Many times, she had forgotten the boy, far too young and fragile to ever experience those horrors had suffered as well. He had to fight at such a young age, all the while he had been manipulated by those supposed to care about him.

In truth, the truth the lord would never reveal, was that she had felt an attachment to Tommy the moment she found him. The way he, though unconscious, leaned into Garroth’s warmth as he helped carry the boy back. And for him to choose to stay with them, the act had further warmed her, knowing the boy finally felt at peace.

Zoey had to stop her many times from heading to that portal, for driving her blade through those that had hurt him once the hybrid had told them all the truth of his past, all of the pain he had gone through. She had since calmed, only slightly.

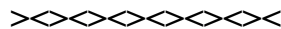
The boy's father came to visit occasionally. She got along with Phil. The avian was wise, yet just as curious about this world as she had been. It was no secret he held guilt over how Tommy had suffered, and perhaps that was what had convinced her to help him realise he had a second chance.

Regardless of whatever outcome, Aphmau was certain, as she looked at how the boy began to show her his strengths at witchcraft, eyes shining brightly, that no matter what had happened, if she had the chance to go back, she would not change a thing.

She knew that no matter what, this boy would be welcomed into her family. After all...

Aphmau believed in fate. And it was no coincidence the boy had been rescued by *them*. And she would protect him, just as fiercely as she loved him.

For he was not just her son, but a son of Phoenix Drop.



Zoey hummed as she worked through the garden, smiling gently as her hands brushed against the flowers, chuckling as a little bee flew by and landed on it. She chuckled, before raising her head as she heard footsteps approach.

She looked aside, beaming as she saw the precious teen that had so quickly and so easily made his way into their hearts head up, eyes glistening.

“Hi mom...!” Zoey chuckled, not able to help the bright smile that she felt on her face. No matter what, the boy always had a special ability to make her smile. “What are you doing?”

“Ah, just working in the garden...” She chuckled, blue eyes glistening softly. “Perhaps you’d like to join me?” Tommy’s tail wagged as he hurried over, sitting down on his knees as he listened carefully to the elf, occasionally getting distracted by the bugs and bees that would come over and land on the flowers.

Zoey- to put it simply, *adored* the teen. She remembered the day Aphmau had opened the door and Garroth had brought the limp boy into their home, up to their spare room that had since become his (they were working on upgrading the house) and tucked him in carefully.

Zoey had helped Lucinda heal him, bandaging him up. So many of the scars had worried Zoey, but not as much as the boy's frail form itself; so thin as she put the bandages on she could feel his ribs and bones underneath the skin. She had seen the dullness of his eyes, any joy that the boy should have had in life siphoned out of him.

It had been a long process, but she was proud of the boy's progress. The one day that never left her was the day she had first held him; the day they had all first held him. The day of that nightmare.

To this day, even a year and a bit after it, the boy had never mentioned what it was about. But for the days after, he had clung to them tightly, refusing to be without at least one of them.

When she had met Tommy's father, she had remembered what he told her and her wife; of what he had been through. She had been nervous, scared of him, not without her partner there who was far more stronger and capable than she was.

But then she had seen it; the way his eyes were as dull as his son's had been when he first stayed there, the way one of his hands kept moving towards the boy, trembling before moving it back to his side. The way his clothes were loose, yet looked as though they *should* fit on his body.

It had been a shock to learn of who his parents' were, but the fact that it hadn't stopped him from occasionally calling both herself and Aphmau 'mom' warmed her heart.

She had never imagined this would all ever happen when she had been exiled and abandoned. Never imagined she would have such a full and complete family. But here she was.

"Mom?" Tommy's voice brought her out of her thoughts, chuckling as the boy had a little butterfly on his finger (which was soon scared off by his little *Clementine* - she was curious as to when the little thing would reveal itself) as he looked at her. "Are you okay?"

Zoey smiled, wrapping an arm around the boy in a hug, relaxing as the teen tensed in surprise, before snuggling into it.

"Of course I am dear."



Malachi had been an only child before. He'd never been alive for long enough to reach that moment where he may have wanted another sibling. He got along perfectly with Levin though, he remembered being so terrified as a ghost that he wouldn't be loved or accepted, but Levin had smiled brightly, having been *so* excited to have a little brother!

And Malachi enjoyed being an older brother, but he also enjoyed being a younger brother, it seemed.

Malachi had never had the chance to look up to anyone. He supposed he could look up to his mothers, especially Aphmau, having been the one to rescue him from that silent hell, where the house wouldn't stop moving and nothing would make noise aside from his own sobbing and *no one knew where he was he was alone-*

There were moments, where that fear and panic would overwhelm him, making him tremble and sob for his family, for his parents, both now and old, that were far, far gone by now.

He supposed, looking back at it, they never truly loved him. The moment they learned of his powers they had sent him away, believing he had to be "fixed" instead of trying to help him understand, help him learn he was still loved.

But it didn't stop him from waking up at heavy, deep moments of the night, doing his best not to wake the toddler sleeping in his own bed beside him with his cries from every nightmare that would wake him.

Malachi sniffled, wiping his eyes free of tears that started to fall down his face. That was another thing he was happy for; the ability for him to live again. He could run, and eat, and drink, and feel as well as he used to.

The young boy carefully pushed himself up, hand tightening around the small wolf plush he was given as he opened the door, moving slowly to where he knew his eldest brother's bedroom was.

Every moment something scared him now, he seemed to go to his older brother. And every time, Tommy would smile and let Malachi climb under the covers, pushing himself close to the raccoon hybrid, falling asleep to the sound of his brother's heartbeat.

He looked up to Tommy. The way the boy fought fiercely to learn how to be both a knight *and* a warlock, and the way he protected him and Levin over himself. He felt safe when it

came to being with his brother. He hoped one day he could protect his family just like his eldest brother did.

The boy carefully pushed open the door, slipping into his brother's room, carefully moving towards his bed and pulling on the sheets softly. Tommy moved his head slightly, blue eyes opening tiredly, blinking a couple times as he smiled softly, moving a hand out to ruffle the boy's hair.

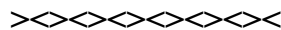
"Another one?" The teen murmured. Malachi bit his lip, gaze flicking down to his feet as he nodded, fiddling with his nightclothes. Tommy chuckled softly. "Alright, here we go..."

Sitting up, Tommy picked Malachi up, scooting him close as he pulled the blankets back over the two of them, wrapping his arm around the young boy. Malachi smiled, snuggling close, eyes closing as he felt his brother's hand move through his hair carefully.

"Have a good sleep, big man. Love you." Malachi smiled.

"Night..." He yawned, pushing in close to his brother, smiling as the warm comfort and safety he always felt with the teen coursed through him as he started to drift back off to sleep.

"Love you too."



Levin loved his big brothers. When his mama had brought home his first big brother, he'd been so excited! After all, it wasn't just gonna be him and his mama and mommy anymore! And oh- did they play a lot together!

Then they had to go away for a little while, but mama said they'd be back! And they were! And his mama was waiting right there for him and his brother. And everything was nice, and fun, and happy!

Then they brought in his next big brother, though of course back then Levin hadn't *known* he'd be his big brother. Levin had wanted to see him immediately, but his mama had picked him up and put him on her lap.

"Sorry love, but you can't see him..." She'd murmured to him.

“Why?”

“Well- because he is very sick right now, and it’s important that he feels safe.”

“Can I see soon?”

“I’m sure you’ll be able to see him one day.”

And he had! Malachi had helped him carefully up the stairs and into his room. Of course, he’d immediately been interested in his fluffy tail that flicked about and curled tightly.

But his mama soon took him out, scolding them softly for going in and scaring him, which made Levin upset. He hadn’t *wanted* to scare him!

Soon, Tommy had become his big brother, and he loved them no matter what. He looked a lot like that other strange man that would come by, with the large wings. Levin *loved* them. They always looked so fluffy. Tommy held him up to them sometimes.

Levin giggled, flopping back as he looked up at his big brother, sitting down in their little play area, Malachi on the swing, learning how to push himself while Tommy used his powers to move him forward.

Tommy looked down, snorting as he tickled the toddler, Levin letting out a wild squeal before getting up, so his big brother would chase him around, which he did!

He loved his big brother, now and forever.



No matter what, the hybrid had wormed his way into their hearts. The hearts of his mothers and the children, now his brothers.

As much as he wanted to protect them, rest assured *they* would protect him as well.

They’d protect him no matter what threats came their way. No matter *what* -

They’d be there for him.

They wouldn't let him feel any more pain.

For he was both their son and their brother.

For he was the boy they *adored* .

Chapter End Notes

And now everyone, watch your step, and please open the second door on your right to enter the Fluff with a little bit of Angst room for the next section of your scheduled programming.

Be Not Afraid, Come Follow Me (Answer My Call and I'll Set You Free)

Chapter Summary

The final reunion, a nephew and uncle.

Guilt can finally be let go.

[Chapter Title from 'The Voice' by Celtic Woman']

Chapter Notes

Here we are!~ The final chapter of the Reunion Arc! After this we just have a couple more chapters to finish up the story and tie it together with a neat little bow! Isn't much lore left to give except for one more chapter and the epilogue XD.

Hope you enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Fundy looked around the misty forest, his ears flat as he adjusted his hat. He sighed.

“So, it’s one of these again...” He mumbled, rolling his eyes. These dreams were never good. Not in his mind anyway. He looked down, the same spectral fox staring up at him with glowing blue eyes (blue eyes that were so blue, they reminded him of someone- but who?).

“Well? What do you want this time!?” He shouted, baring his fangs at the spectral creature. The spectre let out a yip, loud and piercing against the strange forest. Almost immediately, it turned, and began leaping off. Fundy sighed, yelping himself as the wind pushed him.

“Alright alright! I’m going! Geez...” He sighed, running forward after the fox, leaping over broken logs and cracked stones. He ran past broken feathers and compasses, past remains of cloaks and swords and capes. He blinked as a glimmer of white broke the distance, shining a soft blue.

“Hey- hey wait a minute!” More foxes appeared, racing faster and faster in front of him, quicker and quicker leaping over logs and rocks and compasses and feathers-

The white arch was getting closer; a blue light flashing and overwhelming him and it was bright why was it so bright and Fundy could do nothing but close his eyes-

There was a warm sun. A breeze softly flutters. He stood below a hill, the foxes were gone, except for the first, that yipped and ran up. There was a figure on the hill. As the fox stopped, it morphed, into a tall figure with glistening blonde hair that shone in the sun and bright, bright blue eyes that were warm and alive and Fundy could not stop himself as he was pushed forward, but then he fell and he couldn't stop himself and he-

Fundy woke up with a start, panting as he clutched the bedsheets in his home, close to the remains of his family in Snowchester. His heart was pounding, and the fox hybrid wasted no time getting up, throwing his pants and jacket and hat on as he pushed open the door and ran into the freezing cold of the still pitch black morning.

The hybrid ran through Snowchester, panting as the soft light of the lamps illuminating the streets of the country. He ran down to the beautiful home he knew belonged to his grandfather and Tubbo, heaving breaths as he banged loudly on the door.

Come on come on COME ON- Fundy panted as the door opened, Phil's tired form standing in the doorway, wings limp and bushy. He rubbed his eyes, tilting his head slightly.

"Fundy? What in XD's name are you doing here?"

"Grandpa- just- give me a minute-" Fundy wheezed, leaning his hands on his knees- "Okay- okay okay okay- so- you know how I have those dreams about the future- things that come true?"

"Y-Yes? Fundy, what is this about?"

"Okay- just- just hear me out- so- I just had one- I was following this fox and- and it led me through a strange forest with things I didn't recognise and then to this arch-" Fundy took a deep breath, tears in his eyes- "And I saw something- and I know- I know what it meant grandpa."

"Tommy's *alive*. He's somewhere- not here, but he's alive! And I-I think that weird arch has something to do with it! We gotta go find him!!" Phil blinked, slowly, before smiling slightly.

"Fundy, calm down mate. I-...I have something to show you. But it's gotta wait til the morning."

"Why!?"

"Because, mate-" Phil grabbed Fundy by the shoulders- "it's 2am. And you may be young but I am an old, *old* man. I need sleep." Fundy smiled, tail wagging.

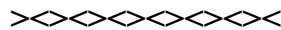
“R-Right- yeah okay- night grandpa!” Fundy hugged Phil tightly, before walking back to his own home.

Normally, he was told they were just dreams, silly little things that probably didn’t mean anything. He had expected Phil to humor him, perhaps in a last ditch effort to possibly believe he could see his son, or at least a body.

But his eyes had shone, almost knowingly, no hint of surprise. It unnerved Fundy, but at the same time excited him.

He knew he was right.

He *knew* his uncle was alive.



Fundy’s tail wagged as he kept following his grandfather, eyes shining excitedly as they walked through the snowy tundra, leading him through to a strange forest area. The hybrid’s eyes widened as he caught a glimpse of the same quartz arch, however unlike his dream, there was no glistening blue.

Phil smiled knowingly, wings rising slightly as he stepped towards it, placing a hand on the edge of the arch carefully.

“Hello old friend. Do you mind for today?”

Fundy blinked. His grandfather-...was talking to an arch.

Yep.

He finally snapped. He knew it was coming but-...it was *very* hard to watch.

Before he could respond and possibly take an old man to bed, the arch flickered to life, a beautiful blue light stretching across the arch, transforming it into a portal. Phil smiled, patting the edge of the portal as he took Fundy’s hand.

“Now- please don’t do what Tubbo did and run away from me...”

“G-Got it...!” Phil smiled, and Fundy closed his eyes tightly, bracing himself for whatever was to be on the other side, as he (unexpectedly) felt the strange comfort that also seemed unnerving, much like his dreams.



Fundy blinked at the sunlight, wincing as sharp birdsongs entered his ears. The trees, both shorter spruce and oak glistened with leaves of orange, red and yellow, the soft tones of an autumn wonderland as Phil kept walking through, wings folded as his hands ran across the trees and mushroom stems.

The hybrid’s ears were flat as he sniffed, blinking as he could smell the ash of smoke, of a strange feeling in the air. It unnerved him, but he kept following his grandfather, before he stopped.

“Just through here...” Phil smiled, as through the forest Fundy could see the outskirts of buildings of cobble and wood, of bricks and stone. A town, not as large as the country he lived in, but large all the same. His ears twitched as he could hear voices, and moved to hide beneath Phil’s wings as two strangers appeared, one of light brown hair and the other of dark brown with auburn tips.

Unlike the defense the hybrid expected Phil to take, the man simply smiled. To his surprise, the stranger’s green eyes shone with familiarity as he put away a glistening green sword.

“Phil...!” Fundy blinked as the stranger said his name. “Back again?” Phil seemed to chuckle, Fundy watching as he bowed his head.

“Laurence, Yip. Do you know where Tommy is...?”

The stranger- Laurence- nodded. “He’s a bit further down the shore there, by the beach. He’s there with Malachi and Levin. Zoey needed to run her stall and Lord Aphmau is helping work on some renovations.” Phil smiled, and the other (with ears much like Fundy’s, he realised) sniffed.

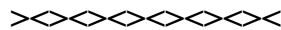
“Who's that behind you?”

“Ah-” Phil moved his wings, a hand on Fundy’s shoulder to keep him from bolting or attacking, whichever came first- “This is Fundy, he’s- actually Tommy’s nephew.” Laurence blinked, smiling.

“Nice to meet you.” His voice was level, and he gave one more nod to Phil before continuing on his path with the other. Fundy grasped his grandfather’s cloak.

“Phil...where- where are we?” Phil chuckled.

“A town called Phoenix Drop. Now come on, we have Tommy to surprise.”



Tommy’s tail flicked happily as he smiled, helping Malachi build his sandcastle as he kept a close eye on Levin, *Clementine* fluttering close to the toddler as he tried his best to look for shells. Malachi’s green eyes were shining as he kept close to his brother.

“Tommy! Tommy!” Levin’s giggle made his ears twitch, and the hybrid turned to see what the boy was looking at. He ruffled Malachi’s hair quickly before standing, chuckling as he watched his brother stare astounded at a crab carefully scuttling across the beach.

“That’s a crab big man...”

“Crab!” Levin squealed as he got up, Tommy recognising the way Levin’s hands would move when he wanted to grab something, and quickly lifted the toddler up into his arms.

“No- no no no, that’s not something you wanna do.”

“Why?”

“Because crabs have special things they can do.” Tommy chuckled as he moved his hand like a crab claw. “They can pinch things that scare them.” He chuckled, ‘pinching’ at his brother’s cheek, who squealed, giggling.

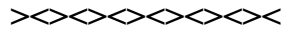
“No!!” Levin giggled while trying to get out of his brother’s grip. Tommy laughed, flopping back on the sand as he heard another laugh he recognised. The hybrid lifted himself up as he looked over at his father.

“Dad?” Tommy chuckled as he put Levin down, the toddler stumbling carefully over to his brother, flopping down while Malachi tried to get him to help (without putting sand in his

mouth that was) with their sandcastle. “What are you doing here? I didn’t think you were visiting for a couple weeks yet.”

“Yeah well- something came up, and someone wanted to see you.” Tommy tilted his head as Phil chuckled, moving his wings up, uncovering the familiar form of a fox hybrid, who fiddled with the pins on his jacket as he stared, ears flat.

“U-Uncle...?”



In a way, Fundy had prayed, hoped for something, *anything* , to show that his dream had been right. That he hadn’t misunderstood it. That his uncle had been alive- so he could apologise for abandoning his own family-

And now that he was, all of those words died out, unable to do nothing but stare at the boy who had helped raise him when Wilbur wasn’t around (which was almost constantly, until the hybrid had grown up, which was so, *so much faster* than he ever wanted).

He was different. Fundy could tell. His eyes were bright and clear, his hair clean and almost longer slightly, but still as curly as it had been years ago. He wore a simple white shirt with a red and gold overshirt, and brown trousers. His shoes were off, beside two smaller pairs, most likely because of where they were.

What if Tommy didn’t remember him? What if so much had changed that he didn’t know who the hybrid was anymore? Oh god-

What if he *hated* Fundy? What if he hated everyone who seemed to abandon him- who never showed up- what if he had been told how Fundy had initially reacted to hearing of his uncle’s death-

All of his insecurities vanished, however, as Tommy wrapped his arms around the hybrid. He chuckled, ruffling the boy’s hair like he used to, always cackling at the way the fox pushed away and grumbled, fixing his hat back over his hair.

This time, Fundy just clung tightly to his uncle. “Y-You’re alive...m-my dreams were r-right...”

“Uh- yeah...I have been for a while but-...I didn’t want anyone knowing cos- Dream and all...” Tommy mumbled. “But- Phil and Tubbo know. And now you do as well.” Tommy chuckled, before punching his father in the arm.

“ *No more Phil .*”

Phil laughed. “Alright, alright. I’m sorry Tommy.” Tommy rolled his eyes, smiling affectionately. It was then that Fundy noticed the two children more, who had since clung to the boy’s legs, looking up at him, the taller more shyly, but the other almost seemed to be curious.

“Ah- big man, these are my brothers. This is Malachi-” he ruffled the hair of the taller one, who shrunk further behind him- “and this is Levin.” Tommy picked Levin up, the toddler squealing with delight as he wrapped his arms around the boy’s neck.

Fundy wished he hadn’t felt that ping of jealousy, remembering how *he* used to be the one who would laugh and wrap his arms around the boy’s neck, or scream for a piggyback ride, hear his uncle laugh at the prospect of helping take care of him.

“H-Hello...” Malachi seemed to whisper, gaining a little bit more confidence at how calm Tommy seemed.

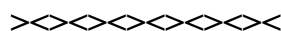
“Hi!!” The toddler, on the other hand, beamed. “Oooo...wolfy!” He giggled, pointing at Fundy’s ears. Tommy laughed.

“No Levin-” Tommy snorted. “Fundy isn’t a wolf, not like Aaron or Yip. He’s a fox.”

“Oooh...” Fundy chuckled slightly. Tommy looked up at the hybrid, still smiling.

“Do you wanna see where I’ve been? I think you’ll like it.” Fundy blinked, and couldn’t help his tail from wagging.

“Yeah I-I would- I really would...!”



Fundy sighed as he leaned his head back, sitting by the strange statue on the hill with his uncle. Phil was still talking with that ‘Aphmau’, meanwhile Levin and Malachi were asleep on Tommy’s lap, pushed in close together.

“You were right.” The hybrid smiled, closing his eyes as the breeze moved through his hair. “This place is nice.”

“Right!?” Tommy sighed, a hand moving through Malachi’s hair, his other Levin had a tight hold on. Despite his happiness, Fundy knew he felt jealous. After all, he hadn’t been able to have much of that. He had grown up so quickly, too quickly.

He missed the days it would be him that Tommy would hold, he’d had so many memories of them that had resurfaced over his time of mourning.

But he knew he was older now, but he had the chance to make better memories with his uncle now. But he couldn’t stop the guilt.

“I’m sorry.” Fundy murmured. Tommy tilted his head, looking over at the hybrid. “Y-You’re my uncle, and-” Fundy took a shaky breath in- “and I just-...ignored it. Ignored you. I wish I hadn’t, and I-I’m sorry- I’m sorry...maybe I’m more like Wilbur than I realise and-”

“Don’t you *dare* ever think that.” Tommy hissed. “You are *NOTHING* like that prick. And just because we had a rocky past doesn’t mean you ain’t still my nephew.” Tommy smiled, wrapping an arm around the fox hybrid.

“So-...how’s life on the SMP? You doing good?”

“Y-yeah.” Fundy smiled, wiping his eyes, feeling so much better now. “I’m good. Spend a lot of time baking with Niki and Puffy or helping Quackity with his new plans. Phil’s good too- though I see why. Tubbo’s still been seeing Ranboo occasionally.’

‘Though...’ Fundy looked down. “Dream’s been weird.”

“How so?”

“Well- in case you didn’t know he helped Techno blow up L’Manberg in what we all call ‘Doomsday’-” The way Tommy’s eyes shone sadly made him realise the teen *did* know- “But...he’s also been watching. I can swear I’ve seen him around occasionally. Not doing anything but just-... *watching* . It’s unnerving. He’s planning something Tommy I-I know he is he’s acting too weird not to be and I just-”

“-Easy...” Tommy murmured, scratching behind the hybrid’s ears, knowing that it always calmed him down (and still did). “It’s okay...you’re strong. And so is dad, and Tubbo, and everyone else. It’ll be okay. Dream’s a pussy anyway, he wouldn’t do anything when he doesn’t have any leverage.”

“R-Right-” Fundy chuckled, as he leaned his head on Tommy. “I’m glad you’re alive uncle.” Tommy smiled, nudging Fundy, giving him warmth the hybrid would cherish for the rest of his life, even as he got ready to head back to the SMP with Phil, confident that he’d return soon.

“So am I Fundy.”

Chapter End Notes

Here we are! Bit of sus actions from Dream being mentioned, but at least he hasn't hurt anyone xD. Gotta admit I apologise that this chapter didn't seem as full as the other reunions, I didn't expect much of Fundy and Tommy's, it just needed a little XD.

I'll see you all next time lovelies! Take care!~

It's Greater Than Fiction, The Life That We Lead (Just Think of Your Prospects, My Darling Take Heed)

Chapter Summary

Tommy's journey through witchinnit is evolving.

And so is a little friend of his.

[Chapter Title from 'Song of the Witches' by S.J. Tucker]

Chapter Notes

Welcome back one and all! First chapter of the end XD, we've had a fun ride, but I assure you, the sequel will be so much more xD

Enjoy your witchinnit!~

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy stirred, rolling around in his bed, nose twitching as a strange feeling bushed across it, almost like fluff. He waved a hand, grumbling, before it landed again.

He sneezed, shooting up violently as he blinked, blue eyes landing on the glistening look of *Clementine*, resting on his hand as she looked up at him, eyes seeming excited.

“Morning girl-” Tommy chuckled as he pet her gently with a finger- “what’s gotten you so excited this morning hm?”

The little moth tilted her head before fluttering up to her little nature area, before nestling into her little pocket made with his bandanna. Tommy smiled softly, petting her. “There you are.” The hybrid beamed, tail flicking as he hurried downstairs, ears rising as he could smell Zoey’s cooking.

Everyone else was already awake, and Aphmau smiled as she looked over to him, eyes shining. “Morning then sleepyhead. Big day yesterday?” Tommy yawned, nodding.

“I got to experience some- early practice with Aaron...” He smiled, rubbing his shoulder. Thankfully, he wasn’t in *too* much pain since he was rather used to normal knight training, but he was certain once he was *actually* Aaron’s apprentice, then the werewolf wouldn’t hold back.

“Well make sure to be careful.” Zoey smiled, bringing the teen down slightly to plant a gentle kiss on the top of his head. Tommy went red, messing with his hair before plopping down, mouth almost watering at the breakfast given to him.

“Make sure to eat up, both Lucinda and Aaron wanted to meet with you this morning, over at her cottage. We’ll be going too.” Aphmau smiled, and Tommy noticed a certain glimmer of pride in her eyes, caramel gaze flickering over to her wife, who had the same gleam in her own eyes.

“Why?” Tommy tilted his head, Levin giggling as the lord helped him with his food. “And what about Levin and Malachi?”

“Molly’s going to be looking after them for the day. Don’t worry...they’ll be *fine* .” Zoey chuckled. They all knew how protective he was of his brothers.

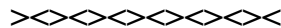
He didn’t just love them. Tommy could remember how his ‘brothers’ had protected him; but now that he knew the truth about them, and how they *really* felt, he was going to make sure his younger siblings *knew* that he would always be there for them.

Of course, he knew they had to grow up at some point, but he wanted to look after them as much as he could. He wanted to do what his brothers were *supposed* to do with him, and he would do what they had, but better.

So until they grew up, Tommy would help look after them.

It didn’t take long for him to finish, running back up and grabbing his jacket as he smiled. “Should I head over now?” Aphmau chuckled, nodding.

“Mhm. We’ll be there soon Tommy.” The hybrid’s tail wagged as he nodded, hugging them quickly before racing out, excitement surging through him.



The raccoon-hybrid leapt over onto the platforms before racing inside, beaming as he saw Lucinda chatting calmly with Aaron, the witch's gaze moving over to him, crimson eyes softening.

"There you are Toms, I was wondering when you'd get here." She chuckled, orange hair curling over her shoulders.

"Well- I needed to finish breakfast." Tommy swung on his feet slightly, looking (and feeling) rather confused. He wasn't used to the werewolf being here, especially since his mothers had told them they would be here as well.

It didn't take long for Zoey and Aphmau to come as well, still leaving the hybrid confused. "So...why is there such a group here?" Lucinda smiled, walking over to him.

"Well- Tommy...as you know I've been working on your staff." She took a breath, before continuing. "A witch or warlock's staff is a piece of themselves, and so your staff must be something that will connect with you. Such as mine." Lucinda smiled, gesturing to her staff resting against the wall, yellow crystal glittering softly in the centre. "And, yours is finally ready. It was difficult, because it is not an ordinary staff." Tommy tilted his head, before his eyes glistened with excitement as Aaron stepped forward, handing him a belt with a sword sheath.

The hybrid beamed, pulling the sword carefully out of its sheath, branded with the crest of the town. The sword itself was not quite as large as the broadswords that his mother and Aaron had, but it was still large in its own right.

It was thinner, a bit like a mixture of Dante's and Laurence's. It looked almost crystal like, an icy cyan that glistened almost pure white as the light hit it. There were runes delicately etched into the blade itself and on the hilt, as it rested perfectly in Tommy's hand.

Aaron smiled, tail wagging.

"This is the sword you will be using when you become my apprentice. Lucinda and I have spoken, and we believe it will be good if it is *also* your staff. Just- make sure you don't use your magic during training unless told." He winked, and Lucinda smiled.

"This does not mean your witchcraft training is over though Tommy. Having a staff simply means we can learn more advanced spells now. I'd applaud you on how quick you've learnt, but...then again I was a quick learner myself, and powerful even as a child. There's something special about you Tommy. Are you ready?"

Tommy beamed, nodding excitedly. “Fuck yeah!” *Clementine* fluttered excitedly on his shoulder as the hybrid held the sword carefully, walking forward to Lucinda. The witch’s eyes shone proudly as she grabbed her staff.

“Close your eyes, and focus on the blade and your energy.” Tommy nodded, listening. He could feel a gentle pull from his chest, and he kept still, as Lucinda’s own staff started to glow as she held it to the sword, murmuring gentle incantations. The hybrid closed his eyes, remaining calm in a time when he would have most likely been jumping about.

He stumbled slightly, but strangely felt stronger than he used to as a warlock. His ears twitched however, as he noticed a weight get larger on his shoulder, followed by a surprised shout that sounded like Aaron and Aphmau, alongside a normal chuckle from Lucinda and a giggle from Zoey.

“What?” Tommy opened his eyes, blinking as he caught something in the corner of his eye. Lucinda gestured to the mirror, and the hybrid looked up.

Sitting on his shoulder where *Clementine* had been was a fluffy white creature, still as fluffy as she had been, but was now the size of a house-cat. She still had the antennae, resting on top of her head along with fluffy cat-like ears, with a bushy tail. Her wings had enlarged, with delicate soft blue markings across them. And her normal black eyes were almost a deep navy blue, with lighter blue swirls moving through, sparkles almost like a night sky as she stared up at him, letting out a squeak like mew that echoed through his ears.

“ *What the fuck!?* ” Tommy screeched. Zoey chuckled.

“I was wondering when she’d choose to reveal herself.”

“Well I mean, she needed more strength, after all, fae creatures connect themselves to their companions just as they do them.” Lucinda countered. Tommy turned to them.

“A what?” He whispered, looking back down at the creature that had comfortably started flying, licking the boy’s cheek happily with a purr.

“A fae creature, Tommy.” Zoey explained calmly. “They live around Yggdrasil forest, but many leave. They don’t interact with people all that much, but those that do are said to be *powerful* familiars to witches and warlocks. They hide in plain sight by disguising themselves as normal creatures. *Clementine* that day had found you, and I suppose she liked you, so she bonded to you almost immediately.”

“Is that why you let me keep her!?” Tommy moved to the moth- fae, that carefully lowered, letting him hold her like he would a cat, wings fluttering as they rested comfortably on her back, melting into his hold, hissing at anyone else who tried to come close who wasn’t Lucinda or Zoey.

“Well I wasn’t about to *deny* a fae Tommy. I didn’t feel like inviting a curse onto our family.”

Lucinda nodded. “Now I know *why* you’ve been so quick and strong for your level. Your bond will be stronger than most familiars. You will both be able to sense the other’s whereabouts, and *Clementine* will be able to sense your emotions at any given moment.”

“Huh...well then-...” Tommy looked down at the creature in his arms, that looked right back up at him, blinking slowly. The hybrid smiled, hugging her close. “Guess you’re more special than I thought at first, huh girl?”

Clementine squeaked in agreement, holding her head up proudly as she fluffed up. Tommy laughed as he held his staff, looking up.

“So how will this work?” Lucinda gestured with her head, walking outside. Think of a spell, and move your sword out.” Tommy nodded, remembering the skills needed for his ice. *Clementine* flew up close to him, as Tommy raised the sword and swung out, a white glow encasing up the blade as ice shards flew out, stabbing into trees and the grass.

The hybrid cheered, jumping about excitedly.

He was going to have *so* much fun with this.



Tommy yawned, rubbing his face, groaning as he felt a weight on his stomach. His eyes opened slightly, shouting a little in surprise as the fae creature sat on his chest, flopping down as she booped her nose against his.

He chuckled, still not *entirely* used to her new form, but nevertheless, *Clementine* was his familiar, so the hybrid felt no fear as he stretched a hand out and ran it across her fur gently, smiling.

“Well good morning to you too. Are you always gonna look like that now?” *Clementine* blinked, before poofing, surrounded by white and light blue sparkles, and in her place was the tiny moth he’d once known, before poofing back, shaking her head.

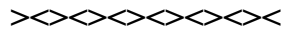
“Huh, interesting.” He chuckled, ears twitching. “Come on, let’s get some breakfast...!” Tommy laughed as the creature flew up, curling herself around his shoulders, wings folding in as she lay proudly.

The boy walked down, smiling at his family as Zoey put down his own breakfast, and a little bowl for the creature herself, which *Clementine* gladly accepted, leaping off the boy’s shoulders and digging in, though keeping her distance from Levin and Malachi.

The day they had all come back, both boys had been entirely infatuated and curious about her. And *Clementine* had reluctantly let them pet her, however she relaxed once Tommy sat down near her again.

“So-” Aphmau smiled, tilting her head- “what do you plan on doing today?”

“I gotta show Travis! He can help me a lot more now!” Tommy beamed, looking down at the sword that now rested in its hilt on his belt. “And he’s gotta see *Clementine* in all her glory!” He scratched under the fae’s chin, laughing at the wistful purr that moved from her throat, finishing her food as she leapt back around his shoulders, remaining there as the teen finished up, hugging his family before racing out quicker than they were sure he’d ever been.



“Travis!” Tommy beamed, racing over to their training area in the forest. His tail wagged as he saw the warlock already in his demon form, violet eyes shining excitedly, before landing on the sword.

“Well, ain’t that a shiny thing?” Tommy grinned, taking it out.

“It’s my staff! And my sword!”

“Impressive...so I guess you’ll want to learn how to use it?”

Tommy nodded. “Yeah...Lucinda wants me to get used to it before our next lesson. Oh- and-” Tommy whistled, and *Clementine* fluttered out of her little area in his bandanna with a tiny ‘poof’, and he grinned as Travis’ eyes widened, staring at the moth, now back in her larger and proper fae form.

“Wow-...I’ve only ever read about em...you’re lucky aren’t you?” Tommy grinned, shrugging.

“I guess. Can we train now!?” Travis laughed, eyes shining as he pulled out his own sword, the red blade glistening with its black outline, almost like shadows coalescing.

“Alright. Come at me then kid.”

Chapter End Notes

Surprise!!!~ So! Quite clearly, fae creatures don't EXIST in the Diaries world, but we decided to make it! Brownie had the idea! If you want to know more about them, check out my own Diaries AU Series, connected to it is a Google Doc with some brief info on fae creatures, but what Zoey said is also basically the gist.

(We could have made Clementine a wyvern but they had too much conscience for it, then Brownie thought of it.)

See you all next time!~ Enjoy!~

I Can't Be Beat (I Won't Hurt You, Unless You Cheat)

Chapter Summary

:)

Chapter Notes

"I missed you Tommy :)"

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tap. Tap. Tap.

The admin tapped his fingers against the desk, glaring at the screens in frustration, annoyance, and anger.

Ph1lza has left the game

ItsFundy has left the game

Tubbo_ has left the game

Ph1lza has joined the game

ItsFundy has joined the game

Tubbo_ has joined the game.

Left the game.

Joined the game.

Left.

Joined.

Again, and again, and again they would leave. And again, and again, and again they would join. He didn't like it.

When the admin made that deal with that mighty God, the God of Eternal Light, to reveal to him how people could work, to have pleasure in a game, that Eternal God, that Creation God, had smiled, eyes gleaming as he had agreed, giving Dream the power to silence his world, *this* world.

Those who came through were trapped. They were his lab rats, scuttling around a maze of his design. They would not leave. That was the deal. Not only would they remain under his domain, but those who were also mighty, the Gods of the Beyond, could not see into his game. His experiment.

Only he who was Eternal, who would keep the fire of the Universe bright would gaze in, with delight or anger, of which Dream would try to appease him or fix his mistakes.

But this mistake?

He did not know *how* to fix it.

He shouted, summoning a sword and stabbing it into his monitor he had over Snowchester, watching Phil walk back once again with that annoying ram hybrid, both smiling and chatting excitedly. He knew he couldn't just walk right up to them and ask where Tommy was.

He groaned, rubbing the bruises on his back, reminding him of the moment where the avian had thrown him off of the cliff, eyes a bright and dangerous blue.

Dream needed to be careful. But he needed to find Tommy.

He huffed, adjusting his mask back over his face.

“Well, if you want to do something right...”

‘You gotta do it yourself.’



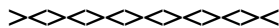
The admin pulled down his mask, wandering through the forests of the SMP, before landing on the outskirts of the place now known as Snowchester. He knew the old president lived here, alongside Fundy and Phil. The damn avian was a part of Dream's plan, regardless of if he knew or not.

He pulled the glass bottle, the glowing purple-ish pink liquid sloshing about quietly, out of his pocket, watching from the trees as he saw the avian walk out of the large home, waving to the ram hybrid as he started walking, his annoying murder asleep in the trees.

Thank XD, he mused, *I don't feel like dealing with their crap*. He knew the murder didn't like him, and if this plan were to work perfectly, he couldn't have any extra pieces added to the board. Waiting for the man to disappear through the trees, the admin drank the potion, throwing away the bottle as he took off the netherite armour, form shimmering as he disappeared from sight.

He grinned.

Whatever they were hiding, they wouldn't for long.



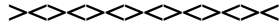
Dream followed the avian through the tundra, tilting his head as the man approached his eldest son's cottage, and to his surprise, Phil kept walking past. The admin proceeded to follow, the potion still doing its work as he followed down, eyes widening.

A pure quartz arch with a strange blue magic echoed through, and his eyes narrowed in fury. A way out.

How was there a way out!? His mind was screaming at him, using all of his energy to remain silent as the man walked through, disappearing. Dream snarled, running through the portal himself, the magic feeling cold and strange.

As though it knew why he was here.

Dream has left the game.



The admin groaned as he landed on the grass below, birds tweeting above. He had never been *thrown* out of a portal before, and he rubbed his shoulder as he grabbed the mask, adjusting it back on.

Phil was nowhere to be seen, but Dream was a Manhunter. He knew how to find someone. And Phil didn't seem to be worried about not leaving tracks. The admin grinned as he kept moving through, ruffling around for another potion, drinking it to extend his time.

He kept walking through, following Phil carefully, the avian's wings ruffling. He walked about to a clearing, and Dream stalled.

"Dad!" Tommy's voice rang out as the hybrid looked up from a sort of picnic set-up, two strange women and younger boys with them.

He was alive.

That bastard child had been here all along.

But he needed to wait. He saw the sword on one of the women's belts, and he may have been confident in his abilities, but a stranger he didn't know, combined with the Angel of Death?

Dream knew when something was a bad idea. When he didn't have an advantage. And he *really* didn't feel like losing a *second* life to Philza. It was already embarrassing enough he lost one to him.

He watched as Tommy bounced excitedly, chatting with Phil happily as he kept the two children close by. Phil gave the woman with black hair a hug, before settling down with them. Tommy's ears soon twitched as he looked out to the forest, making direct eye contact with the invisible man.

"Tommy?" The blonde sitting down tilted her head, putting a hand on his shoulder.

"Everything okay?" Tommy nodded slowly, shaking his head as he turned back to them,

nudging a little white moth that rested on his head.

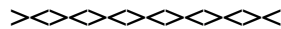
“Yeah...just thought I heard something. I’m fine mom.”

Dream grinned from behind the mask.

He couldn’t afford anything happening to that portal. He needed to strike and get Tommy back.

The boy was *his* .

And *only* his.



Tommy smiled as he adjusted the sword on his belt, glimmering with his magic. His ears twitched as he walked downstairs, Levin and Malachi jumping about excitedly.

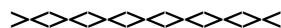
“You be careful now, okay Tommy?” Aphmau smiled, ruffling the boy’s hair. “Make sure you three are back at *least* before sundown.”

“We will.” Tommy hugged her quickly, before lifting Levin up onto his shoulders. Zoey smiled, handing him a small basket.

“And don’t forget lunch.”

“Thanks mom!” Tommy beamed hugging Zoey before handing Malachi the basket, who bounced excitedly, eager to help his older brother.

“Okay you two! Off we go on an adventure!”



Tommy sighed, leaning back as they sat by the lake, chuckling as he played with his younger siblings. Malachi looked about, fiddling with his hands.

“Tommy?”

“What is it big man?”

“I-I wanted to make something for our moms...as a surprise! It...” Malachi looked aside. “It’s the anniversary of the day that- that mom found me and brought me here...”

Tommy smiled, ruffling his hair.

“You know- when I was younger a friend called Niki taught me how to make flower crowns and daisy chains when we had a moment of peace. Why don’t you and Levin try and find some huh? Then we can make some for her.” Malachi’s eyes shone as he nodded excitedly, grabbing Levin’s hand as they ran through.

“Just stay close okay!!” Tommy shouted, chuckling as he sighed, leaning back and closing his eyes.

Everything was perfect. Just- perfect.

Until it wasn’t.

Tommy’s ears twitched as he heard a loud scream, jumping to his feet. He recognised that scream, he’d heard it when Zoey was playing outside with Malachi once and he’d gotten scared by a snake.

“TOMMY!!” The raccoon-hybrid’s instincts kicked in as he got up, racing through the forest. He pulled the sword from its sheath, glimmering with the witchcraft and energy that surged through it

Tommy kept running through, and he stopped.

The familiar sight of a white mask stared him down. He could feel the sickening grin from behind it.

“Hello Tommy~” Dream smirked, holding both Malachi and Levin by their hair, his glistening netherite sword pointed at their necks. And for all of Tommy’s practice, witchcraft or swords, he knew that he didn’t have the ability to keep Dream from hurting them.

And if he made even the *smallest* of wrong moves-

Tommy didn’t want to think about that outcome.

“Let them go Dream.” Tommy snarled. He was no longer scared of Dream. Not since he’d learned how to move on, and knew that no matter what happened people would fight for him. He was no longer the scared boy who believed he was alone. “They don’t mean anything to you.”

“No...but they mean *everything* to you...” Dream grinned from behind the mask, pushing the sword closer to Levin, the toddler squealing with a cry, Malachi’s green eyes wide in alarm.

“T-Tommy?” Malachi whimpered. And for a moment, Malachi changed to a frightened ram hybrid, staring at the boy before explosions went off, destroying him. Tommy put a hand out, trying his best to smile.

“It’s okay Malachi, it’s all gonna be okay...” The hybrid looked back up, snarling. “What do you want Dream?”

“Oh Tommy, Tommy, Tommy...” Dream ‘tsked. “Still not seeing the big picture. You disobeyed me. I want you to come back with me...”

Tommy’s breathing hitched. He couldn’t do anything. He was trapped- he didn’t know what to do.

Clementine pushed close to his neck, and Tommy remembered Lucinda’s lessons.

“You will always be able to communicate with your familiar. It is especially an easy feat for you, considering what Clementine truly is.”

Tommy knew what to do. He closed his eyes, reaching into his blood, the magick that surged through it. He connected to his familiar, feeling the fae calmly guiding him through this situation.

Clementine, he spoke, though no words came out. The fae nudged his cheek in confirmation that she heard, and was listening. *I need you to find my mothers, Aaron, the guards, everyone. I'm going to be going through the portal. Then you need to keep flying until you see Fundy, or Phil, or Tubbo. They'll know where Dream has me.* Tommy opened his eyes, flashing with a power Dream didn't get to see, as the fae flew off.

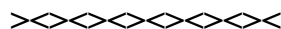
And of course, Dream paid no mind. "Alright. I'll go with you. But you let them go." As soon as they were let go, he could-

"Oh Toms, what do you take me for? The moment I let them go you fight back...why do you think I always held the discs? No...they're coming with us. So the moment you try to flee..." Dream grinned, moving his sword very slightly to nick against Malachi's cheek, the boy letting out a cry flinching away.

"Well, you remember Mushroom Henry don't you?"

Shit. Tommy nodded, sighing shakily. He winced as Dream kept a tight hold of Levin and Malachi, holding a sword to his back. The hybrid's ears were flat as he kept walking.

He only hoped they'd all fight for him.



Tommy winced as Dream threw him through the portal, his brothers close behind him. The moment Dream let them go, Tommy held them all tightly.

"Come on." Dream snarled, still having a smile in his voice. "You remember the way to Logstedshire, don't you?"

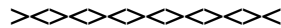
Tommy said nothing, only glaring as he held the boys close. Dream moved forward, grabbing them again. "Hey! I'm with you! You don't have to hurt them anymore!"

"You have no power here Tommy..." Dream scoffed, pulling the sword the hybrid still had from its sheath, tossing it back through the portal. "Now *walk*."

Tommy swallowed, moving out a hand to try and keep his brothers calm, before pushing himself up, doing his best to hide the tremors in his hands.

Meanwhile, Dream was giddy. He finally had Tommy back, *his* Tommy, and he had ways to make sure the boy would *never* leave him again.

His plan had worked. Everything had gone according to plan.



Everything had very much *not* gone according to plan. Dream had them held for a few moments, before a barrage of crows swooped down, cawing and pecking at him violently.

Death for the Death God!

Leave our boys alone!

Get him! Get him!

DIE GREEN BOY!

Dream shouted angrily, swinging his sword before it landed against a glistening diamond one. Phil snarled, glaring daggers at the man.

“You should really learn to watch the skies.” He growled. Dream hissed, leaping forward as he swung out against him, swords clashing. Phil was good, but so was Dream.

He almost, *almost* had the great Angel of Death pinned, before a sword slashed against his arm. The admin let out a shout, dropping his sword as he was kicked against the ground, wincing as he landed in a crater. Standing near Phil was a tall werewolf with coal black eyes, sharp and dangerous.

“Sorry to take the glory from you.”

“No apology needed. Appreciate your help.”

Dream groaned, pushing himself up. He threw down a potion of blindness, before leaping over and grabbing Tommy tightly, before more figures emerged. He recognised Fundy and Tubbo, and the two women from before, but there were more. More that he didn't care about.

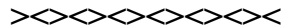
So he did the one thing he knew how to do. He summoned a netherite axe, holding it to the boy's throat. "If you value the kid's last life you'll stay back! He's *mine* damnit!"

The black-haired woman held a crystalised sword. Dream was, in a way, impressed. He hadn't seen a sword like that before.

"You really might want to rethink holding my *son* hostage." She hissed. Dream scoffed.

"Oh please." Dream leaned his head down, smirking as he felt Tommy tremble. "What will you do?"

In an instant, Dream felt hot flames sear against his skin as he was thrown back.



"What will you do?"

Tommy wasted no time. He saw *Clementine* beside Lucinda, in her fae form, and his eyes burned brightly as he summoned a torrent of flames, Lucinda holding her staff to protect everyone else from the blast.

He saw Travis holding his sword, tossing it to the boy. Tommy caught it, slamming his foot down on Dream's chest as he snarled, holding it under his neck.

"I am *not* the same as I was. I have grown, and you will *never* be able to control me again." Tommy raised his sword and slammed it down, cutting across Dream's face, the man shouting in alarm as the sword cut through the mask, tearing it off to see the scar that now went down Dream's right eye.

"Stay the *fuck* away from my family bitch." He hissed, throwing the mask down as he brought his foot down, shattering it. Phil walked forward, grabbing the admin. Tommy turned, running forward to Aphmau and Zoey, hugging them tightly.

“Mom!”

“Mama!” Malachi and Levin were next, soon picked up by Aaron and Garroth. Aphmau clutched Tommy, brushing his hair from his face.

“Oh thank Irene- Tommy are you okay?”

“I’m fine. I’m ok...” He leaned against them, trembling. “You...you came for me.”

“Of course we did Toms...” Aphmau whispered. “You’re our son... *Clementine* found us and brought us here. Lucinda found your staff and was able to track you. And *Clementine* helped Aaron find Phil, Fundy and Tubbo. Fundy and Tubbo met up with us, and Phil ran ahead with Aaron to get there first.”

“I sent my Chat out to distract Dream before we got there...” Phil smiled, the crows all settling, some cleaning the blood from their beaks.

M U R D E R

Murder the green boi

KILLZA! KILLZA!

Tommy smiled, finally letting tears roll down his face as he leaned against his mothers.

“Thanks dad...”

“How did he get through the portal?” Tubbo’s ears were down as he stood beside Tommy. Fundy scoffed.

“That doesn’t matter, what do we do now?” Phil tilted his head.

“Well, *this* combined with assisting Techno with Doomsday...I seem to recall you commissioning Sam to build a prison. That sounds like a good enough place for you.” Dream snarled, glaring daggers at the avian.

“We’ll head back now. Thank you.” Aphmau smiled gently, and Fundy shared a look with Tubbo.

“We’ll help bring you back to the portal.”

Tommy sighed in relief, closing his eyes as he let them all bring him back. *Clementine* flew over to him, the fae letting out a purr as she nudged him. Lucinda smiled softly.

“You did good, sending her. Since she’s a fae, Zoey was able to communicate with her since they’re both from the Yggdrasil Forest. All I could have done was sift through memories, and even then- using magic on a fae is a dangerous thing.” The hybrid nodded, fiddling with the bandanna around his neck, looking back at Phil, who was dragging Dream back to the main area of the SMP.

He was okay.

Tommy looked back at Malachi and Levin, still clinging to the guards tightly.

He had no doubt this would haunt them for a while, just as it had him. But this time?

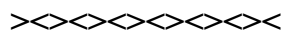
He could help them quicker than he’d been helped. He could make sure Dream wouldn’t plague their minds for as long as he had himself.

He’d make sure of it.

And if Dream ever tried to come back?

He’d take *all* of his pathetic lives.

And that was a *promise*. Tommy wasn’t the bad guy, he was a protector. And he’d do anything if it ensured those he loved were safe.



“Dream.” Sam’s sharp voice rang out across the way. The once oh-so-powerful admin lifted his head, gazing over the lava. “You have a visitor.” Sam pulled a lever, summoning the platform.

“Follow it across, you have 5 minutes.” Dream tilted his head as he heard a voice he didn’t expect to.

“You got it Sammy!” Bad grinned as he hopped onto the platform, following it as he held his hands closed behind his back, grinning as he leaned forward. “Hiya Dream.”

“So...what are you doing here?” Dream leaned forward, pulling at the prison uniform he was forced to wear. The demon smiled, tilting his head, eyes flashing.

“Well I came to visit you silly. And deliver a message...the Egg spoke to me last night.” Now *that* was music to Dream’s ears. He leaned forward, and Bad grinned.

“It told me to tell you that you gotta be patient. You must wait, and within a year ‘*all will be as it shall*’ . Just gotta wait.”

Dream grinned. “Very well. *Thank you* for the delightful visit Bad. Always nice to see a friend!”

“Bad- gotta come back over now.” Sam called back, the centaur standing by the lever. Bad turned, and grinned, his demon tail flicking.

“You got it!” Dream watched as Bad tossed something into his cell before stepping back, being led through by Sam, waving to the prisoner before disappearing. Dream pushed forward, grabbing a red vine-like tendril that burned with the Nether’s fire.

He grinned, tossing it into the cell, watching as it wriggled, before disappearing into the cracks. Dream grinned. He may only have one life left now, thanks to Tubbo (“This is for Tommy.” He had whispered before stabbing his sword through the man), but he seemed to have friends now.

He smiled, leaning back as he started humming again, taking a book out of his pocket, running his hand delicately over the leather cover.

He’d wait. The game wasn’t over, just put on hold.

And this time, he wouldn't lose.

Chapter End Notes

"Don't you want to play our game again? I hope you'll play fairly this time."

If The Sky Comes Falling Down For You (There's Nothing In This World I Wouldn't Do)

Chapter Summary

No event is without it's impact on someone.

And so it falls to Tommy to try and help his brothers in the same way he was.

Chapter Notes

This journey is almost over. Wow. I never imagined this book would get to this. But it has. Rest assured, this series will not be ending, Brownie and I have a sequel planned, and a one-shot book, and- who knows, maybe other little short stories. We'll see where this takes us.

For now, enjoy this softness and angst featuring traumatised children and an angry teen XD

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Malachi whimpered, pushing himself up as he panted, sitting in his bed inside his and Levin's room. He sighed, wiping his eyes. They were okay. They were safe, back at home.

He turned to the side, jumping as he saw Levin by his bed, his own eyes glassy as he fiddled with the small stuffed bunny the family friend Kiki had given them (he wondered when she'd be visiting again, it seemed like ages ago since he'd seen her).

"Levin? What is it?" His brother sniffled, swallowing.

"H-Had a b-bad dream..."

"You want me to take you to our moms?"

"No!" Levin almost screamed, making Malachi jump back in surprise slightly. "W-Want Tommy..." Levin sniffled. Malachi smiled sadly, nodding.

"Okay, come on. We'll go to Tommy." The once-ghost smiled, climbing down as he held his brother's hand as they walked through the hall down to where their brother's room was.



Tommy yawned, ears twitching as he heard his door creak open very slightly. The boy's ears twitched, sniffing quietly to try and determine the scent. He relaxed, immediately getting up as the scent he connected to his brothers came from the doorway.

"Malachi? Levin?" Tommy pushed himself up, ears going flat as he saw the tears that were rolling down Levin's face, red and slightly puffy. Malachi swallowed as he held Levin's hand.

"L-Levin had a bad dream..." Tommy tilted his head. From the shake in Malachi's voice, it sounded like he had one too.

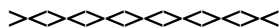
The hybrid smiled, picking Levin up as Malachi clambered in beside him. "You wanna tell me what it was about bud?" Levin whimpered, pushing close to his brother

"S-Scary m-mask man again..." Tommy froze. Dream.

Dream had gotten to his brothers, just like he had Tommy. He forced himself to reign in his anger as he glanced at Malachi. The boy wasn't saying anything, but the way he rubbed the scar on his cheek from that sword confirmed the teen's suspicions that he had the same kind of dream.

"It's okay Levin. He-...he can't hurt you again. *Both* of you, understand?" Tommy held them both close as he laid back down, making sure they fell asleep before closing his own eyes.

"I won't let him."



Tommy smiled as he smoothed back *Clementine's* fur, the fae nudging into him thankfully. His eyes were glowing softly as he looked up, Malachi playing with his toys on the carpet. Zoey was out with Levin taking him to a playdate, and Aphmau had lord duties around the town.

Tommy never minded babysitting his brothers, not in the slightest. Especially now.

The hybrid's tail flicked slowly as he sat down. Malachi looked up, smiling brightly. Tommy chuckled, nudging him. "Are you doing okay..?" Malachi nodded.

"Kinda hungry though." Tommy chuckled, ruffling his hair.

"Give me a sec then," Tommy got up, heading over to the kitchen. "It won't be as good as mom's lunches, but I've been learning." He smiled hearing Malachi chuckle slightly.

His ears twitched as one of Aphmau's dogs came trotting up. From the yellow collar, Tommy recognised it as Jiggy. He smiled, petting the dog as he sniffed what he was doing, tilting his head. "I'm getting Malachi and I some lunch boy." He pet the dog, handing him some meat before jumping, a weight slamming into his legs.

He looked down, seeing Malachi clinging onto him. "What is it bud?"

"I-I saw something out- outside!" Tommy lifted his head, eyes glowing as he summoned his sword into his hand. He looked down.

"Jiggy, protect Malachi." Jiggy nodded, growling as he grabbed Malachi gently by his sleeve, leading him away from windows. Tommy's eyes shone a bright blue as *Clementine* popped out onto his shoulders, tail flicking as she licked his cheek.

He looked out of the window, sighing softly.

There wasn't anything out there. All he could see was the shadow of some branches against another tree. Tommy walked back, sighing softly.

"Malachi, you can come out." His ears twitched as he saw his brother be brought out by Jiggy, his ears alert with a quiet snarl. Tommy smiled, bending down. "Nothing's out there...just shadows."

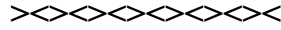
"S-Sorry...I-I just thought I saw someone..." Tommy's eyes softened as he ruffled his brother's hair.

"I know. It's okay. Come on, you can help me make some lunch for us..." Malachi nodded, clinging onto his brother's trousers tightly.

"Can...can we eat it inside? And have Jiggy with us?" Tommy frowned a little. He knew Malachi liked the view from the hill where their home was, and many times the boy had asked if they could be outside.

And Tommy would have to be blind to see how Malachi kept glancing over at the windows, almost like he was expecting something to break through. He sighed, ruffling the boy's hair.

"Sure we can. Just don't let Jiggy have anything. Mom *will* kill me."



"Levin come on, I gotta go." Tommy sighed, trying his best to pry off the toddler that had clamped himself onto the teen's leg. "I gotta go to training."

"No!" Levin whined, clinging to Tommy tighter. "Stay!"

Aphmau sighed, bending down. "Come on Lev...you'll have mommy and I, and Malachi...Tommy will be back soon. We can go to the treehouse-"

"NO!" Levin let out a sharp cry, and Tommy winced as the toddler's nails dug into him. "No wood!" Zoey flinched, still holding Malachi on the couch. Tommy's ears were flat.

It had been a week and both his brothers were still *terrified*. Tommy sighed, bending down. "Levin, look at me." His voice incorporated that kind yet stern tone he'd heard from Phil when he was younger, smiling sadly as the toddler looked up, cheeks damp with tears. "I need to go out. But I'll be right back, and we can play, okay? We can even play with the dogs if you want." He held out his pinkie, smiling softly. "I promise." Levin looked aside, whimpering but nodded, letting go of his brother.

"P-Promise..." Levin mumbled, holding the teen's pinkie. Aphmau smiled, managing to finally pick the toddler up.

"Have a good day dear..." Tommy nodded, ears flat. *Clementine* sat around his shoulders as he kept walking down to the town, the teen doing his best to reign in his anger.

There wasn't any official training today. He knew that. He knew it was a distraction. Tommy had no doubt his moms had talked about how Levin and Malachi had been. Though the hybrid *was* thankful. But he needed to try and figure out how to help them.

Tommy smiled as he saw Aaron, standing in the training area with Travis, Garroth and Laurance. Aaron smiled, taking his broadsword from its sheath on his back.

"How are you feeling Tommy?"

“Alright.” Tommy shrugged. Aaron smiled sadly, swinging his sword in his hand.

“It’s okay...come on, let’s see how you’re going. Try and disarm me. Remember, no intense witchcraft, only enough to give a *slight* advantage. I want you to primarily focus on your sword aspect.” Tommy nodded, and wasted no time lunging forward.

The teen swung his sword in his hand, moving quickly as it sliced through the air, humming with its energy and power in time with his own. He should have been thankful for the distraction, but how could he? How could he be thankful when Levin and Malachi were having nightmare after nightmare? How could he when Malachi wouldn't step one foot outside? How could he when they didn't even want to walk to their treehouse?

He never thought he'd hate Dream as much as he did now, but here he was. With every swing, he imagined slashing into him. Again and again. He plagued the minds of his brothers, and that was a greater pain than ever should have happened.

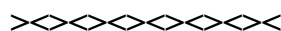
“ *Tommy* ”

He kept slashing, using his wind to slam him around. Dream had to *die* .

“*TOMMY STOP IT!*” Tommy felt his movement cease as he looked back. Travis' hand was outstretched, eyes glowing as he kept Tommy held with his own magic. “That's *enough* . Aaron is unarmed!”

..Aaron?

Tommy looked down, and where he once saw Dream he saw the familiar werewolf guard on the ground, panting as he held a hand to his arm, bleeding from a heavy cut. Tommy stepped back, and the moment Aaron pushed himself up to say he was fine, Tommy ran.



Tommy panted as he sat by the lake, trembling. He felt tears start to come to his eyes, which he furiously tried to scrub away. He panted heavily, gripping his hair as he tried to focus.

He hurt Aaron.

He tried to *kill* Aaron.

He thought Dream was gone from his mind, that he wouldn't plague the teen anymore. But now he'd reared his ugly head again.

"Tommy." He tensed, hearing Aaron's voice. Unlike the anger he expected, the boy heard nothing but softness. He turned, wincing as he saw Aaron's arm covered in bandages, already starting to stain red. He sat down beside the boy, smiling softly.

"Not a bad hit, I won't lie..."

"I could have killed you."

"But you didn't."

"But I *COULD* have Aaron!" Tommy hiccupped, and quickly hid his gaze. He didn't want to start crying. Aaron sighed, wrapping an arm around him. Tommy tensed, before melting against him (curse his weak nature to the man's natural warmth).

"Calm down...tell me what happened."

"E-Everything- I-I can't stop thinking about Levin and- and Malachi- they- they're so scared and I-I don't know how to help and I-I *HATE* how he's back in my head and I-I just want him *dead* I want him *gone* I-"

"Breathe Tommy...easy...of course this affected you." Tommy tilted his head, and Aaron sighed. "You were put in a stressful situation. You said once that- bastard knew how to keep you from doing anything. And that's what he did."

"You aren't some monster for having trauma, Tommy. And because of your past, it's heightened."

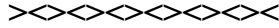
Tommy looked aside, trembling. "I didn't mean to hurt you..."

"I know you didn't Tommy. You aren't some monster."

"I..." Tommy sighed. "How do I help my brothers?"

"Same way we helped you. With patience, and one step at a time." Tommy nodded, looking aside as he let himself lean against the werewolf's shoulder.

"I think I can do that."



"Hey fellas." Tommy smiled, grinning as Malachi and Levin looked up from their room. His tail flicked, eyes shining as he bent down. "How would you guys like to help me make some of those flower crowns for our moms hm?"

Malachi's eyes lit up and Levin squealed in delight, nodding as they both got up. Tommy held their hands as they walked out of the house, and immediately Tommy felt Malachi pull him tightly.

"C-Can't we use the garden?"

"I don't think mom will appreciate us going through her garden, buddy. Sides, we won't be going far...and you'll have me." Malachi looked aside, nodding carefully. Tommy grinned, ruffling his hair as they walked through.

He smiled as slowly, slowly, they both started to relax, and were soon running about the forest excitedly, finding flowers and little vines that had fallen from trees.

They'd be alright.

He just had to take it one step at a time.

Chapter End Notes

I am sorry for the moment where Tommy didn't see Aaron. Brownie straight up called me mean for it when I shared it with her. But they shall be okay.

[Also since I forgot Aph had like 5 dogs I didn't get to make a chapter where Tommy met them so- that'll be a one-shot, so just assume Tommy's met them XD]

Tommy's learnt and healed, and now he can use those lessons to help heal those he loves. He's come so far XD

Can't wait til next time! <3

Although The Future is A Little Bit Frightening (It's The Book of Your Life That You're Writing)

Chapter Summary

Tommy practices fighting with a certain blue-haired female warrior, and learns it's never too late to change your future.

[Chapter Title is from 'Kung-Fu Fighting' by CeeLo Green]

Chapter Notes

I have been neglecting my favourite Girlboss and I apologise XD so have a wholesome Katelyn and Tommy chapter XD

We have two more chapters before this is done! The next will be an 'official' wrapup and the next will be an epilogue which will go into the sequel immediately. If you want to know when the sequel has been uploaded you can join our discord or bookmark the series!

[New Discord Link; <https://discord.gg/XRVHw9UT>]

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy groaned as he leaned against the fence, eyes half closed. Aphmau had to go to a meeting in Bright Port to apparently check up on the condition of the lord, and had taken Garroth, Aaron and Travis with her, especially since she was planning to see the werewolf tribe there as well.

Which meant he couldn't really do any special training, especially since Lucinda was gone visiting her father in Pikoro Village.

So sue him, he was fuckin *bored as shit* .

He'd helped Donna in the fields for a little, and helped Zoey with the garden, but truth be told, he was *itching* to fight something.

And this wasn't just his (still lingering) aggression towards a certain masked bastard. His brothers had been getting better, but there were still moments they'd come crying to him because of nightmares (though thankfully even those had been getting few and far inbetween).

His ears twitched as he heard some punches near the training area. The hybrid got up, wandering over, eyes glistening as he saw the familiar bluenette woman Katelyn, her knuckles on as she slashed and punched at the dummies, letting out a shout as flames coalesced around her hand, almost incinerating one.

"Ah, damnit." She huffed, taking them off as she grabbed a bucket of water nearby as she doused it. His eyes glistened as he watched, bouncing excitedly.

The flames reminded him of Sarnap, the man who always, *always* claimed they weren't natural (he kept saying that he wasn't from the nether, but every moment just proved him wrong. The man was a blaze hybrid in denial).

"Awesome!" Tommy shouted, causing the woman to jump, turning slightly. "Do you always use them?!"

Katelyn chuckled, walking over to the boy as she rubbed her wrists. "No. What happens if I lose em? Can't be powerless now can I? And I refuse to use a sword like the others, they just slow me down. Always did, even in the academy."

"I thought Garroth said you trained elsewhere."

"*With* the Jury of Nine- yes..." Tommy noticed how her hands clenched at her sides at mention of the name, before calming down. "But in order to get into the Jury, I had to go through the Guard Academy in O'Khasis. Then I got chosen. Picked from the list where those seen wait, and if a member dies the top of that list gets considered." She chuckled.

"Dante and Laurance were actually members of that list. I remember seeing them when they were still trainees at some point. Of course- they'd rather get stabbed than join that place *now*."

"Pog..." Tommy whispered. He pushed himself up as his eyes glistened, staring at the knuckles. "Could I try em!?" Katelyn blinked, laughing.

"No way in the Nether kid. Not only would these not fit you, but I don't think you'd be very good at hand-to-hand combat."

“Wha- fuck you! I could take you!” Tommy puffed out his chest, huffing, ears going flat. Katelyn raised an eyebrow, arms folding.

“Then put your skills where your mouth is. Come on-” Katelyn stepped back into the training area- “come at me.”

Tommy grinned, leaping over as he ran towards her, clenching his fists. He swung, looking surprised as Katelyn simply dodged to the side, the boy falling over. The hybrid huffed, moving up and swinging, before the warrior dodged under, aiming a swift hit to his stomach and sweeping under his feet to knock him down.

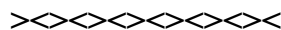
Katelyn scoffed, eyes shining playfully.

“Come find me again when you’re ready.”

“Hey- wait a fuckin’ minute!” Tommy pushed himself up, shaking his head. He looked around, watching as the guard walked off. The hybrid huffed.

He’d do it.

He’d knock her down.



Tommy’s tail flicked as he walked through the town with a purpose. And that purpose was to beat someone up. Respectfully of course.

Maybe.

His ears rose as he caught sight of Katelyn, managing to knock Travis to the ground, the guards jeering as they let him get up.

“When are you gonna learn?” Laurance laughed, slapping Travis on the back.

“He never will.” Aaron snorted. His ears twitched as he caught sight of the hybrid, coal black eyes shining happily. “Tommy? What are you doing here huh? You don’t have training today.”

Tommy didn’t pay attention. He simply leapt over the fence and looked up at Katelyn, huffing. The guard raised an eyebrow and folded her arms, an amused smile on her face.

The hybrid huffed, clenching his fists. “I’m ready.” Katelyn chuckled, shrugging.

“Alright. You lot move out.” Aaron’s tail flicked slightly.

“Just go easy on him.” Katelyn laughed in response.

“I’ll go as easy as he does, got it wolfy? He ain’t officially your apprentice yet, stop worrying.”

Tommy huffed, keeping his fists clenched as he swung. Just like before, Katelyn ducked, but before she could aim, Tommy leaped to the side, grinning.

“HA! Didn’t work that time-” As he jeered, there was a swift kick aimed at his feet as a hand grabbed his arm, flipping him onto the ground.

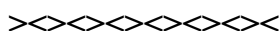
“You don’t have a strong enough stance. You’re wide open. Come to me when you’re ready.” Katelyn chuckled, helping the kid up as she put a hand on his shoulder, walking off. Tommy scoffed, kicking a stone.

“It’s alright kid. Katelyn’s more trained than a lot of us. Trains around dawn too.”

“Too early for any of us!” Laurance huffed. “Except Garroth.”

“Keep talking and I’ll make you get up with me.” The blonde retorted, earning a swift punch to his arm. Tommy tilted his head, brow furrowing as he nodded to himself.

“Right...dawn.”



The teen looked about, rubbing his eyes. For once, he thanked Pogtopia and the way it taught him to creep around without making a sound, in order to sneak out and see Tubbo without alerting the insane once-president in the middle of the night.

The rest of his family were still asleep, and he didn't particularly want to wake his brothers up at dawn.

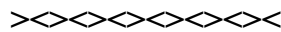
The sun glistened gently over the ocean in a slow sunrise. His tail wagged as he ran about, ears rising as he caught sight of the guard practicing in the training groups. Her head turned as he walked forward, not having made a noise. She chuckled, raising an eyebrow.

"Had a feeling you'd be here." Katelyn folded her arms, stepping back. Tommy huffed, but remained silent, causing her to tilt her head. "No loud 'I'm ready' this time kid?"

"No." Tommy grumbled. "Because-" he huffed out a breath- "because I'm *not* ready. But I wanna be!" Katelyn nodded, smiling slightly.

"Alright. Come on then. I *guess* I could show you." Tommy perked up, tail wagging as he leapt over the fence. Katelyn chuckled, walking around him.

"First, your stance is all wrong. It's sloppy, which is why the moment you move to strike I can knock you down. You need a strong enough stance that you can handle a normal punch..."



Tommy winced as he leapt around to the side, moving his arms up defensively as Katelyn aimed a punch, managing to block it as he pulled her forward, ducking under as he aimed a punch to her stomach. When she doubled back, the hybrid swept under, knocking at the back of her legs and knocked her down.

"AHHA! I did it!" Tommy laughed, tail wagging. He'd practiced with her for weeks now. Katelyn chuckled, pushing herself up.

"You did. Good work." She gave a brief smile, blue eyes shining slightly as she ruffled his hair, putting her gauntlets back on.

"Do you reckon I'd get to use a weapon like that?!"

“Nah. You’re a swordsman through and through. It’s noticeable in the way you move. But it doesn’t hurt to learn hand-to-hand combat. Never know when you’ll be without your weapon or your powers.”

Tommy nodded, tail wagging slightly as he followed after her. “Can I ask a question?” Katelyn looked aside at him, but gave a quiet nod, which Tommy took as his turn to continue. “You don’t like where you were, yeah? They gave you those weapons so-...why do you still use em?”

Katelyn looked aside. “Because it doesn’t matter where they came from. All that matters is how I use them.” She sighed, looking at him. “I’m not- not *proud* of many things I’ve done. Zane made sure to keep me loyal by threatening my brothers and even then I don’t know where they are. But this doesn’t matter. I don’t know what will happen, but I will fight for what I believe is right. And that is for Phoenix Drop and Lord Aphmau.”

Tommy shuffled on his feet. “Huh...so- it’s not too late?”

Katelyn chuckled, slapping a hand on his shoulder as she started walking back to the barracks.

“Never kid. Not to change your future. Besides, if you think *I’m* good, you should meet Nicole the Iron Fist. She’s capable of breaking *bedrock* .”

“WHY WAS THAT HIDDEN FROM ME!?”

Chapter End Notes

Blaze Hybrid Sapnap my beloved xD (Brownie had the idea of him being a blaze hybrid but also just- furiously denying it that no one believes XD)

The best way to get Katelyn's respect is to try and beat the shit out of her XD. Also I had to put a little tidbit of Nicole in the end there. And especially since she broke bedrock

(also known as bedrockium in the Diaries world) Tommy would find her absolutely badass. Who knows- maybe they'll meet ;)

Enjoy this chapter and I'll see you guys next time~

I Know Who I Am Now (I Know Who I Want To Be)

Chapter Summary

On the anniversary of Tommy's decision to stay, he realises who he finally is.

And who he wants to be.

[Chapter Title from 'Dear Wormwood' by the Oh Hellos]

Chapter Notes

Here we are. The true ending of AHITP. Rest assured, there is one more chapter, which is an epilogue. The epilogue will be a year after this chapter, the same year of which the sequel story will play.

I want to thank you all, for the support of this story. I didn't imagine this story would become- anything. When I woke up the next day after posting the first ever chapter and saw 11 kudos, I never imagined we would have a discord OR a spotify playlist. (Here's the link lovelies if you haven't joined the discord;
<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/2MLGGLyj5jGXiGFXyCGkC1?si=104f228ad1054363>
)

I love all of you. And I am so excited for where this story goes. Thank you, for everything. For helping me fall in love with my stories again. With my writing. Thank you, and I hope you enjoy the chapter <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy looked about the field, smiling to himself, sun shining softly. His ears twitched, tensing. He had a feeling, and typically when the hybrid had feelings they were typically feelings he should listen to.

And that feeling was that he was being watched.

Tommy looked about. He stood, starting to walk through the field. The first thing he noticed, finally, was that there was nothing but grassy plains. No trees, nothing to resemble the town he loved.

And yet there was someone around.

Someone he couldn't see, yet felt both familiar and a total stranger.

"Hello? Who's out there?" The teen looked around, ears twitching. Mist enveloped the area around, making it impossible for him to see anything beyond where he was standing. As he stepped, footsteps mirrored his own.

But from behind.

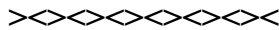
The boy turned, eyes narrowed, blinking at a shadow, something staring at him, almost mirroring his movements. "Who are you!?" Tommy huffed. There was no response.

"Answer me! Who are you!?"

And again. Nothing.

"Come on! Stop it! Who are you!?" The figure tilted its head, and spoke back, sounding distorted, like many, many voices, known and unknown, all at once.

"Who are you!?"



Tommy groaned, sunlight filtering in through the window of his bedroom. He sighed, moving a hand to his face. "Not again..." He threw his head back into the pillow, staring up at the ceiling.

For a *week* now, Tommy had had the same dream. An empty field, and someone who he didn't know yet felt like he did staring at him.

And they'd repeat back his question. *Who are you?*

Wasn't that obvious!? He was Tommy. Big man Tommy 'danger' Innit.

And yet-

He knew dreams like this weren't without meaning. And after everything, it was the last sentence that always stuck with him.

And if it *was* to be taken seriously...that posed the question.

Who was he?

The hybrid rubbed his face, shaking his head, grinning as his stomach growled. "Right. No philosophical questions before breakfast." The teen yawned, chuckling as the little fae curled up on his shoulders, walking back downstairs, smiling as he heard the voices and laughter of his family, whatever dream he had disappearing from his mind.

Aphmau turned, smiling brightly. "Morning Tommy..!" She sounded happier than usual, giving the boy a tight hug. Zoey smiled happily as she put down a plate for him. Tommy tilted his head. He was used to them being happy, but not usually *this* happy.

"Is- it something important today?" Aphmau tilted her head, chuckling.

"To us, yes. You don't remember?"

"Sh-Should I?"

"I would think so." Zoey smiled. "It's the anniversary of the day you decided to stay with us..." Tommy's eyes widened slightly, looking down at the plate. Sure enough, he recognised the breakfast. The same one he had that morning.

"Huh...guess it is..." He couldn't fight the slight smile on his face. That was the day everything seemed to feel better. For once, out of all his choices, that was the one he truly felt was *right*. He had done what he wanted. Not what other people wanted.

He jumped slightly as Aphmau ruffled his hair, caramel eyes shining softly. "Zoey and I have things to take care of today with some of the others...Lucinda and Aaron have told us you won't be having lessons today, since we also need their help."

Zoey nodded in agreement. "Do you mind looking after Levin and Malachi?" Tommy's tail wagged as he nodded, ears twitching as he huffed his longer blonde hair out of his face, chuckling as Malachi and Levin both seemed to look excited.

He smiled, soon finishing. “Course I can!” The teen chuckled, picking up Levin and putting him on his shoulders, taking Malachi’s hand as they walked out of the house, listening to the fading sounds of his mothers laughter at the boys’ excitement.



Tommy grinned as he leaned against the tree, watching his brothers carefully as *Clementine* flew about, pawing at some of the plants, her fluffy tail flicking happily, as though wagging.

“Spin!” Levin giggled, pointing at the compass Tommy had tight around his neck. Though by now, the old fraying leather that held it was now replaced by a stronger chain, so that the hybrid wouldn’t ever lose it or fear it falling off. He tilted his head, looking down.

Sure enough, it was spinning towards the portal. Tommy brightened up, making sure his brothers were with him as he ran through to the portal, eyes shining as he saw Fundy, Phil and Tubbo walk through. The ram hybrid beamed as he ran to the raccoon, both of them attempting to crash into each other with laughter.

“What the- the heck!?” Tommy immediately changed, remembering his two brothers were there, both hiding shyly behind a tree slightly, but not much. “What are you doing here!?”

Phil chuckled, ruffling Tommy’s hair. “I’m not allowed to visit my son? Besides, Tubbo and Fundy wanted to come too.” He smiled, looking down at Malachi and Levin who were smiling. “I can help you look after those two.”

“Really?” Tommy looked aside, chuckling as both boys seemed to look curious and excited. They found Phil interesting. Most specifically, his wings.

More than once Levin had almost been caught excitedly trying to pull at his wings, before the crows in his dad’s flock, his Chat nudged the boy away, distracting him with their own feathers, but regardless of the outcome, they’d always be drawn back to his wings.

Phil smiled warmly, his wings folded in carefully as he adjusted his hat. “Course mate.”

Tommy’s tail started wagging as he grinned, ears rising. Besides, he hadn’t gotten the chance to show Tubbo and Fundy how he managed to use his sword and his practices with both Travis and Aaron when it came to sword work (especially since the werewolf’s lessons had been getting longer and a *little* harder due to how close he was to being able to officially be his apprentice).

“Alright!” Tommy laughed. Malachi tugged his pant leg slightly, and the hybrid ruffled his hair. “I’ll be nearby bud, don’t worry.” He grinned, taking the boy’s hand as he hoisted Levin

onto his shoulders again, heading to their favourite place nearby the lake.



“Alright, *now* where have you both gotten off to?” Phil grinned, laughing softly as he ran around the field looking for the younger boys, who were clearly giggling from behind a tree. Fundy and Tubbo were sitting beside Tommy as they were settled beside the lake, talking about anything and everything that was going on (right now Tubbo was talking about his newest project with Ranboo).

The moment was gentle, with Tommy watching as his father, the man who had always tried so hard to do his best by him, even if the world got in the way (and *oh* did it get in the way), play with his brother, letting them run around some more, hiding behind his wings as if he didn't know they were there.

He'd all but tuned out the conversation between his nephew and best friend, and by the time he tuned back in he had no clue what they were talking about.

“Hold on, repeat that? For me?”

His nephew looked up, “Oh! Sapnap asked me if I'd seen Karl recently, apparently he's gone missing and like- not the short term missing most of us do every now and again you know?” Fundy looked saddened.

‘I hope he finds him, Karl’s a good person and with how Sapnap and Big Q's relationship has been going without him? I’m worried about what will happen to them if he's not found.’

Tommy’s ears went flat. He didn’t remember Karl that much, he’d never spoken to the man. But he was extremely close to Quackity (after all, the duck hybrid was the *only* one to be screaming for Tommy and calling Tubbo an asshole as he was exiled), and Sapnap?

Well- he was a good person (even if the man’s visit during Tommy’s exile never left his mind); all three of them deserved to be happy.

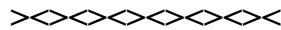
Tommy nodded slightly, and his ears twitched, hearing footsteps. He turned, smiling as Dante came walking through, his swords carefully in their sheaths as he smiled back, seemingly unaffected by the sudden surprise appearance of the rest of the hybrid’s family.

“Is everything okay?” The teen tilted his head, and the guard chuckled.

“Everything’s fine Toms. Aph and Zoey are waiting in the town square for you all.” The bluenette male gestured back to where he came, chuckling as he walked off. Tommy blinked, turning to his father, who had since picked Malachi up and put Levin on his shoulders.

“Wait- you all-...do you know something?” Phil simply smiled, and Tubbo pushed his friend to the side slightly, careful with his horns.

“Let’s just go big man! So many questions, jeez...” Tubbo laughed, as the fox hybrid beside them snorted in agreement. Tommy rolled his eyes, but smiled, quickly moving to lead the way.



Tommy’s ears twitched as he walked towards the town square, tilting his head as he saw a small amount of Zoey’s fairy lights hanging up in gentle reds and whites, instead of the classic soft yellow light that usually hung around. Some of the merchant stalls were closed, which was unusual, considering it was still quite early in the afternoon.

He tilted his head while walking forward. The place was set up nicely, and quite a few members of his family were here. There were some treats he recognised from Kawaii~Chan’s bakery, as well as other food he recognised clearly as Zoey.

Speaking of, the elf turned, blue eyes shining brightly as she hurried over, hugging Tommy tightly. The hybrid jumped, blinking confused, before his eyes glistened, seeing the familiar black hair of his mother, her eyes shining happily.

“Mom!” He ran forward, almost barreling into the goddess as she laughed.

"Hello Tommy! You've grown up so much in such short time!" Tommy blushed in embarrassment and looked around, ears twitching.

“What’s going on?”

Zoey chuckled, smiling gently. “We told you today was the anniversary of when you decided to stay with us...! So, we decided on...a little party.” Aphmau walked up, nodding as she leant up to kiss her wife on the cheek.

“We’ve had this planned for a while, and- well...you mean a lot to us Tommy. You’ve become like our son, and today- well a year ago made us...so happy. And you’ve only grown since then...” She chuckled, gesturing to the remainder of his family, the ones who he had fragmented relationships with, bridges he never believed would be fixed, yet here they were.

Here they were. All together. And Dante hadn't been shocked.

"You knew!"

Phil laughed, ruffling his hair. "Aphmau told me a couple weeks ago on my last visit." He smiled, putting the two younger boys down, looking at the taller teen. "I'm *proud* of you Tommy...and I'm glad I get to see you like this... *happy*. After all this time."

Tears immediately began to form in Tommy's eyes. However, he quickly ushered them away, wiping his eyes as he huffed. "Y-Yeah ok ok! Now I spy cake...!" The hybrid laughed, jumping as the familiar werewolf teen leapt at him, soon running off with Tubbo laughing.



Tommy sighed, leaning against the purple-leafed tree by the Irene statue, looking down at the town square below. He saw Phil excitedly telling stories to Emmalyn and Kenmur, who looked to be asking just as many questions, prompting many laughs and shakes of the head from the avian.

He saw Kristen chatting with Lucinda, the witch no doubt telling her about his progress as a warlock. He saw Aphmau and Zoey smiling while Fundy was tackled by Levin and Malachi, the fox hybrid laughing brightly.

He saw Yip chatting with Tubbo, no doubt swapping stories about the teen himself.

He saw his family, both new and old. He chuckled. What had he done to deserve this? His ears twitched, feeling a presence similar to that of those strange dreams. And once again, that question echoed in his mind.

But now he had an answer.

"I know who I am." He whispered softly. "I'm Tommy Innit, son of both Death and the Angel of Death, and the Lords of Phoenix Drop. I'm a future guard and warlock. An uncle, a big brother and a friend.' He closed his eyes, taking another breath.

'And I know who you are.'" Tommy turned, seeing the figure near the woods. He huffed slightly.

“You’re me.” He stepped closer, the figure sharing his eyes, but duller. The same blonde hair but longer and matted. Ruined clothing with a torn and bloody L’Manberg jacket staring at him. “You’re who I used to be. The used, angry coward.” Tommy puffed out his chest.

“You’re who I *don’t* want to be. Who I never will be again. I have a home now, family, and love. I want to be more than what *you* made me. What you would have made me. *You*, are my *ENEMY*.” He snarled, starting to walk back to the celebration.

“I’ve left you behind in ashes. And I won’t see you again.”

Tommy smiled, feeling the presence finally leave, as though a deep weight was pulled off his shoulders. The hybrid’s tail wagged excitedly as he ran back to his family, leaving his old pain and fears behind.

He didn’t care anymore. Not about that.

Now? He lived for his *family*.

Just like he always would from now on.

Chapter End Notes

Well, here we are. Tommy's journey of love and acceptance is at an end. Here he is with his entire family.

But all is not over. There are greater things at play.

Once again, thank you all.

I'll see you all for the epilogue ;)

Iron Bars Will Bend and Break (My Fair Lady)

Chapter Summary

'Within a year, all will be as it should'

And oh, it shall be now :)

[Chapter Title from 'London Bridge is Falling Down']

Chapter Notes

Here we are. The epilogue of AHITP. But rest assured! There shall be a sequel, so you can either bookmark the series in a whole or join our discord! Some links are scattered about, but there will be a proper link for the sequel, just let us know in a comment if it doesn't work and we'll update it.

As said, this takes place a year after Chapter 36, meaning Tommy, Tubbo and Ran are all 18. This is also straight where the sequel will take off, can't say when it'll be but- most likely not long since- Brownie and I have been anxious to start it.

Enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“London bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down.”

‘London bridge is falling down, my fair lady.’

Sam groaned, watching from the crackling monitor resting in his hand, in his other, his trident twirled about in circles anxiously.

For the entire year now, Dream had been humming that pathetic melody. Over and over just tilting back and forth, side to side, that sickening smile in his voice and on his face. The centaur was *certain* he was going to be sent insane from it.

Not only that, but it made him feel uneasy. He never liked the admin, and even less so now.

He remembered Phil calling a meeting, as he, Tubbo and Fundy revealed the man's crimes. They'd all agreed to put him in the prison Dream had commissioned; Pandora's Box. Because the centaur had been the one to help build it primarily, he was chosen to be the warden, though Phil and others came by to check on him occasionally, giving him some food if he forgot to eat.

Tubbo had been the one to take Dream's second life, leaving him with only one. Quackity had started coming to the prison too, looking angrier and angrier with each passing day.

But recently Dream had been humming that song.

And Sam didn't like it. But- he supposed everything was alright. Pandora's Box was controlled and unbreakable. Plus there was the alarm system.

Regardless, the creeper hybrid put down the camera systems, turning his head to the buzzing of his communicator. At first, he thought it was Phil just checking in, making sure everything was ok, but his eyes lit up as he recognised the caller, almost immediately answering.

"Ponk!?" The end of the line was silent before there was a familiar voice responding.

"Hey. Look Sam, you mind letting me in?"

"Oh- yes of course! Give me a moment..." Sam turned off his communicator, grabbing the camera systems. Sure enough, there was Ponk (and Sam winced at the way he tried to tie his bandanna with only one hand) just waiting. Sam quickly worked to set up the portal, sending a quick message through to the man.

Ponk then walked through, looking around. "Huh. Not bad." The centaur smiled a little, trying his best to remain business oriented.

"Y-Yeah I guess. What are you doing here? You came to visit Dream right?"

"Not really. I came to talk to you." The warden blinked, smiling slightly as Ponk walked forward, looking aside. He sighed, looking up at the centaur.

"I'm sorry."

Sam tilted his head. "What?" Blinking, the man lifted his head as he felt the trident taken away. He turned quickly, eyes widening at the form that now appeared behind him.

"Skeppy!?"

Everything went black.



Dream hummed, picking at the obsidian. He lifted his head, hearing rumbling. The admin smiled. The year had come.

“Finally.”

He jumped, as thick red tendrils broke through the floor, the wall, not burning against the heat of the lava, instead they seemed to grow, curling tightly and thick, pushing through while carefully avoiding the glittering red dust.

The tendrils and vines wrapped around, crushing the stone keeping him in the cell, creating a bridge across. Standing at the other edge, was the familiar demon from a year ago, his tail flicking.

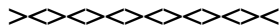
Bad smiled as Dream walked across it, stretching.

“Took you long enough.”

“I told you to wait muffinhead!” Bad chuckled, tilting his head. “Now what do we do?” Dream scoffed, before smiling as the demon handed him a glittering diamond sword.

“Well-...first I need to get rid of a certain warden...and then I’m putting this server back under *my* command. But they don’t get freedom anymore.” Bad smiled, but it was strangely sinister, his eyes glowing bright red.

“Lead the way, Dream!”



Sam groaned, shaking his head from the floor of the prison. Tight bounds were keeping his legs and feet together, as Ponk held his trident, Hannah, Antfrost and Skeppy (who the creeper had now realised had taken invisibility potions) grinned, holding his trident, a diamond sword and a netherite axe respectively.

The centaur's head perked up as he heard footsteps, and the creepy humming that had echoed from the cell for the past year. He turned to see Bad's grin as he stepped aside, and fear pierced into him as the humming got louder.

No.

No.

NO.

“Pandora's Vault is falling down...”

The sound of a diamond sword scraped across the wall.

“Falling down.”

Dream stepped closer.

“Falling down.”

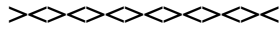
He was looming over Sam.

Dream grinned.

“Pandora's Vault is falling down.”

Awesamdude was slain by Dream

“My fair Sammy~”

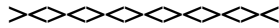


Dream sighed, moving out his arms as he spun, looking around the server, grinning. Bad walked with him, the others with him close behind.

“So, what's on your plan?” Dream held the book in his hand, running a hand along the cover.

“Well, in order to make sure people stay in line, it can't just be myself and you all, even though I'm impressed with the Egg's power.’ Dream smirked, hearing the humming of a familiar little spirit.

‘I need someone with a bit more... *passion* .’



Ghostbur hummed as he held his little sheep friend by the lead, petting its fur gently. He turned his head, fiddling with his sweater as he blinked, noticing the familiar masked man standing nearby.

“Oh- h-hello Dream!”

“Hello Ghostbur...”

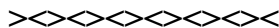
The ghost swallowed, a strange sense of fear coming over him, especially at the approach of a familiar demon, diamond hybrid and cat. “Uh- wait...you- you shouldn't- shouldn't- you shouldn't b-be- be out here...”

Dream tilted his head, smiling slightly as the others curled around him. “You've been fun to have around Ghostbur...but I have a need for someone who is a bit *better* at words than you.” Ghostbur immediately looked panicked, tears starting to stream down his face, wincing as they burned into him.

“Wait- D-Dream come on- I don't- I don't wanna go back- please- please don't-” Ghostbur's breathing picked up as the admin stalked closer, opening the book.

“Don't worry Ghostbur...”

‘I’ll make this painless as possible.’

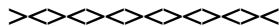


“You want us to do what?” Skeppy’s arms were folded as he stood beside Bad on the ruins of L’Manberg. Dream chuckled, putting the book in his pocket.

“I need to wait here for Wilbur. It’ll take a while. But there’s someone else I need.” Dream was smiling, turning his direction to the familiar area known as Snowchester.

“I won’t be able to control *everyone* with your little Eggpire and Wilbur alone...after all...”

“There's a little enderian I’m not quite finished with yet.”



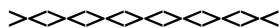
Sam groaned, shaking his head. He rubbed his chest as he woke up, feeling heavier. Then his eyes widened.

Dream was out.

Dream was out .

And nobody knew. He had a feeling he knew where Dream would go for- for whatever he wanted. And he needed to warn them.

He grabbed his communicator, very thankful that went with him, and opened up the chat he needed.



“Phil, do you mind not spoiling Michael?” Tubbo rolled his eyes, walking back into the living room, nudging the enderian sitting beside Fundy. Phil scoffed, the avian’s wings

fluffing up as he held the little gold nugget out for the little 2-year-old zombie pigman baby who was squealing with excitement.

“I am *entirely* in my right to spoil my grandson!”

Ranboo tilted his head, looking over to his husband. “I didn’t think you were Phil’s kid?”

Tubbo sighed. “I’m not. But considering Schlatt was- *himself*, Phil basically raised me whenever I was with Tommy. Even when Quackity was there- I always preferred Phil. So Michael *is* kinda his grandson.”

“Oh.”

Phil snorted, ruffling the toddler’s hair as Tubbo bent down to pick him up. The avian looked aside to his communicator, the light flashing with a message alert.

He picked it up, paling.

“Phil?” Tubbo tilted his head, looking over at the man’s sudden reaction. “Is everything-”

“-We need to get you out of here.”

Tubbo shared an anxious look with his husband, before both of them looked back, Fundy’s ears flattening with worry. Ranboo swallowed. “What- What do you mean Phil?”

The avian looked up, his face pale and devoid of any emotion but harsh *terror* .

“Dream’s broken out of prison.”



This wasn't his time...how did he get here?

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for your support, and Brownie and I shall see you in the sequel.

End Notes

Kudos and Comments are appreciated! See you when I see you guys next time <3

DISCORD: <https://discord.gg/XRVHw9UT>

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